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DIALOGUE XVIII.

MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND MR. MERRYMAN.

THE CHARACTER AND EXPERIENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER EXEMPLIFIED.

AS Henry Littleworth, from a variety of circumstances, was detained some weeks at Locksbury on Mrs. Chipman's affairs; a detail of other events, during that interval, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

There were a few serious and godly clergymen, about the neighbourhood of Brookfield, who were in the habit of associating together in rotation, at each other's houses, for the purpose of mutual edification in their sacred work. A meeting of this sort was held at Mr. Lovegood's, during the time when Mrs. Chipman's affairs were in agitation. At these meetings one of the ministers always preached in his turn. This office now fell to the lot of Mr. Merryman; and an admirable and affecting sermon he preached, in some respects not less suitable to his own experience than to that of Mrs. Chipman, from the following text: "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are

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sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." This sermon was not less grateful to the mind of Mr. Lovegood, than consolatory to the wounded conscience of the unhappy Mrs. Chipman. They say also, that the sermon was blessed to Mr. Guager, the exciseman of the parish, who, being himself an ignorant and giddy youth, and having heard that Mr. Merryman was, till of late, one of his own stamp, was struck with his warm and affectionate address from the abovementioned text, and that he now lives to God, as being himself also, "alive from the dead." Mr. Merryman, who was supposed to have some secret inclination toward Miss Worthy, after this meeting continued principally the guest of Mr. Worthy for some days: a Sabbath intervening, an exchange of labours was mutually agreed upon between Mr. Lovegood and Mr. Merryman, while such a friendly and Christian intercourse proved of equal advantage to both their congregations. Mr. Worthy found himself very happy with such a guest in his house as his domestic chaplain; and if in deep thought and contemplative religion, he was inferior to Mr. Lovegood, yet he was possessed of a lively zeal, which rendered him a very useful minister to many of his neighbours.

Under a sanctified use of his natural vivacity and constitutional courage, he was ever ready to impress on others the same blessed truths, by the knowledge of which, a change so glorious had been accomplished on his own mind. Thus, while at Mr. Worthy's, he would go round his pleasure grounds, and talk to all his labourers; if he stepped into the stable-yard, or into any of the neighbouring cottages, he would have some instructive hints to drop that he might leave a savour of the Gospel wherever he went; and this he did in such a cheerful and en-

gaging style, as frequently rendered him very successful in his attempts.

In the days of his ignorance he was light, frothy, and vain; but as soon as he was made a partaker of the grace of God, though he retained all that belonged to his natural disposition, yet he had cheerfulness without levity, and became not less profitable than lovely and pleasant in his deportment. It is, however, a very supposable event, that persons of such natural vivacity should fall into some mistakes; and an instance of this kind was exhibited by Mr. Merryman during this visit.

One morning he called at Thomas Newman's, with whose company and conduct he was much delighted; while there, old Susan Dowdy, an honest shoemaker's wife, called in with a pair of shoes for Betty, and with others belonging to the children, which had been carefully cobbled. Thomas being remarkably laborious, could not live without his rest; and being as remarkably honest, he could not rest if he was in debt: while, therefore, he was preparing to pay the demand, Mr. Merryman very affectionately discharged it for him. Upon the departure of old Dowdy, Mr. Merryman having discovered that she knew something of the blessed realities of the gospel, mentioned to Thomas, that his next visit should be to see her and her husband: "Ah," said Thomas, "I believe she is a precious old dame; but it was Dowdy's money made the match." Betty adjoins, "My dear, that is nothing to us, all have a right to settle those matters as they like best:" and Mr. Merryman being frequently a little absent, dropped all further investigation of the subject.

On the next day the promised visit took place. As soon as Mr. Merryman entered the house, he

saw an active young man most diligently occupied at his stall; a young woman as industriously engaged in the household affairs; and the notable old woman at her spinning wheel, with the spectacles over her nose, pulling and tugging away as fast and as hard as she could; and her husband's grandfather sitting in the chimney corner, quite decrepid with age. Alas for Mr. Merryman! he first began conversing with the husband's grandfather as the husband of old Dowdy, next with the husband as with her son, and then with the other young woman as a daughter, though she happened to be old Dowdy's daughter by a former marriage, still supposing himself perfectly correct. The family kept silence, not being willing to expose themselves; and the prayer with which he concluded his visit, was a distinct echo of all these unfortunate mistakes.

On the evening of the day at Mr. Worthy's he gave the history of his visits; the family knowing the preposterous match which had taken place between old Dowdy and her young husband, joined in a general laugh at the expence of Mr. Merryman's blunder,—a blunder not to be corrected by any apology whatever. All, however, agreed, that as good men do good, even by their innocent mistakes, it might answer as an excellent reproof to the parties concerned; as all such preposterous matches are very contrary to that decency and propriety of conduct we should be careful to maintain in our social and relative connexions through life.

It will, however, at once be admitted, that such *blunders* were no *blemishes* in the character of one, whose natural simplicity and undisguised integrity, and whose uncommon tenderness and humanity were of late become so very conspicuous. Still,

whatever Mr. Merryman did, it was all done in his own way. A specimen of this was exhibited during his present visit to Mr. Worthy.

On the Thursday after the Sabbath he went on business to Mapleton market. A bustle was created by the anxiety of a cow, in attending upon her calf, while driven about the market; and, in the bustle, a board, on which an old woman had placed her oranges, and apples, and gingerbread, &c. was upset: a rabble of children attempted to avail themselves of this misfortune, and began a scramble for her goods. Mr. Merryman humanely considered that her little all was then at stake, and that if she was permitted to be robbed of her slender stock in trade the calamity would be deeply felt: immediately he snatched an oaken stick out of the hands of a gaping peasant who stood by; drove away the unruly mob, and then gave his helping hand to collect the poor woman's scattered commodities, and to replace them on the board. He next gave the clown a sixpence, for the use of his cudgel, who *doff'd* his hat and thanked *his honour* for his kindness: another shilling he gave to the poor old woman, as much of her barley-sugar was so broken as to be unfit for sale. She then begged leave to reward Mr. Merryman's kindness with one of her best oranges, which he accepted; gave her another sixpence and departed; she sending after him a thousand blessings for the kind protection she had received in the hour of her distress. Her next inquiry was, who the young gentleman could be who treated her with such kindness, and when she was told that it was Mr. Merryman, the Rector of Sandover, she remarked, that she was sure he must be a good Christian-hearted gentleman; that she had heard many people say, that though he

was a sad wicked *blade* once, yet that of late he had been wonderfully reformed, and that since then he had become a *brave* man in the pulpit, and vowed she would strive hard but that she would go and hear him; and, who knows, but that the old woman's heart having been softened by this kind event, when she was able to put her resolution into effect, the word of life she heard might become "the power of God to the eternal salvation of her soul!"

Perhaps the reader may judge by another instance of Mr. Merryman's way of doing good, what was the real style and spirit of his character.

He was in the habit of giving an occasional visit to Mr. Meek, and was, as we may naturally suppose, registered among the list of his contributors, that Mr. Meek might not suffer a state next to starvation, from the cruelty and meanness of the redoubtable Rector Fillpot.

On Mr. Merryman's return from this visit, when he was within three miles of Sandover, he observed a poor disbanded soldier, who could scarcely totter along the road, sustaining the burden of a heavy knapsack, although in a deep decline, and travelling home for parochial relief. The few shillings which were given him upon his discharge were now exhausted; and the weather being warm, he could afford himself no better beverage than a draft of water from a ditch on the road. While he made this attempt he fell down and had not power to arise. Mr. Merryman at first supposed he might be intoxicated, as he observed many passing by without taking the least notice of him: he thought, however, he would ride up to him, and enquire into the real state of the case, and as soon as he discovered him to be the object of such commiseration, his heart began to melt; immediately, wiping the sympathe-

tic tear which was preparing to start from his eye, placed him upon his own beast, and lead him to Sandover with the greatest attention and care.

If ever humanity road triumphant, it was on this occasion; when a youth who, till of late, had been so dissipated and profane, having obtained mercy himself, began to exemplify it in such kind abundance to others. Thus, as Mr. Merryman's heart was teeming with compassion all the time, the poor soldier was beholding, with astonishment and surprise, the tenderness and love of his most kind conductor, while so many others could pass by before him, without shewing even a distant inclination to give him the least relief.

As soon as they arrived at Sandover, Mr. Merryman provided the poor man a lodging in a decent public-house, left him half a crown for his present necessities, and promised on the next day to repeat his visit. It was Mr. Merryman's intention to have sent the poor soldier home to his own connexions, in style more consistent with humanity; but this was soon found to be entirely impracticable; the progress of his disease becoming very rapid. He lived, however, a sufficient length of time to give good evidence, that he was brought to deep repentance under a sense of the evil of sin, his former life having been dissolute; and he died with an humble confidence in "the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

This lovely instance of humanity exhibited by Mr. Merryman, in having thus turned footman to the poor soldier, made a considerable talk: and bore such an odd appearance, especially in the eyes of the prudish and the formal, though so near a resemblance of what our Lord applauded in the merciful Samaritan, that it naturally subjected him to some ridicule and contempt. Mr. Spiteful said, he always

thought him a low mean fellow, and that he was much fitter to be the helper of a groom in a stable-yard than to mount the pulpit; and Mr. Archdeacon Smoothtongue's objection it seems was, that it was a letting down of the dignity of the clerical character, and that it was all affectation, and a sort of *Quixote* righteousness, that all the orderly clergy should be ashamed of; though, it is to be feared, the archdeacon himself had no righteousness of any sort whatever, while Mr. Merryman's own friends and neighbours well knew the integrity of his heart. All that he did, in his free and easy manner, appeared lovely in their sight, especially when they considered the principle of divine grace whereby he was thus constrained to act.

After the above observations and anecdotes, I should suppose the reader might wish to know still more of Mr. Merryman, and how it was that so blessed a change had been wrought upon his mind; the following dialogue shall therefore give the reader the information he wishes to receive.

The decorations designed for the Golden Lion have already been noticed; and these having been speedily accomplished, as the spring was now advancing, Mr. Worthy and family, Mr. Lovegood, and Mr. Merryman, one week-day evening, walked thither to examine their effects; and in order to give proper encouragement to the worthy publican, ordered that tea should be brought out, the weather being then remarkably fine and serene, under a large spreading pear-tree. While Mr. Worthy's gamekeeper was directed to bring a casting net, that they might take some trout out of the meandering brook, from whence the village is named, for the use of the family, and as a present for Mr. Lovegood: during this innocent amusement, properly so called, the following conversation took place.

Merryman. Pray, Sir, have you heard how Mr. Dolittle is after his fall? it has been reported he is not likely to recover.

Lovegood. O no, Sir, he was not so much bruised as was reported: I am told he is already nearly recovered, and that last Sunday afternoon he was at church.

Merrym. To return thanks I suppose that he did not break his neck by the terrible disaster—Well, well, I dare not boast that I am not as other men; I am sure I must say, "by the grace of God I am what I am." If I had still been left to myself, I know that I should have been in the thickest of them. I am ashamed when I recollect, for near two years after I was ordained, what a disgrace I was to my profession.

Wor. Why I am afraid, Mr. Merryman, you never was in the way of good till you heard Mr. Lovegood at the visitation.

Merrym. Indeed, Sir, from my childhood, I never had any thing placed before me but what was calculated to feed the corrupt propensities of my heart. My poor father had but a small fortune, with a large family: and though he was in the law line, he did not get much by his profession; for there were too many lawyers in our town; and they were in general such greedy sharks that they stuck at nothing; so that people thought it necessary to submit to any thing sooner than employ a lawyer.

Wor. I am afraid then you had but a bad example at home.

Merrym. I cannot recollect that there was much outward immorality practised in our house, excepting that my father was much given to swearing; and he never went to church, and my mother very seldom.

Loveg. How then did your father spend his time on the Sunday?

Merrym. Mostly in his office, and in his business; he did all in his power to avoid the expence and trouble of keeping a clerk.

Loveg. Was there then no outward sign or ceremony kept up in your family, from which you might gather the existence of a God?

Merym. It grieves me to say, I was bred up in perfect ignorance. We had not even with us the decent form of asking a blessing over our meals.

Wor. How then came your parents to think of breeding you up to the church, as it is called?

Merrym. O, Sir, though it was my father's design to have educated me in his own profession; yet, from my infancy I never could fix on any thing. And the dry study of the law was so contrary to my natural inclinations, that my father could never get me to submit to it at any rate. While I was *fagging* at the office, I would make any excuse to go and shoot the sparrows off the peas and fruit in the garden. In the summer I would run away and shew all possible tricks and fancies as an expert swimmer and diver; and in the winter, during a hard frost, he could never keep me off the ice; while I was as proud and vain of my ability as a skaiter, as I was gratified and pleased with the admiration of the spectators.

Wor. But it must be acknowledged these are among the more innocent of the diversions of youth, though it is a difficult matter to correct young minds in the excess of these pleasures: and when the inclinations are captivated by them, no wonder if such should be given over to an idle and dissipated frame of mind all the days of their lives.

Merrym. I don't know that I first pursued these

pleasures with what may be called an immoral design: but, from the unguarded levity of my mind, I soon found that this disposition grew up with me, and that I was entirely captivated and overcome by them: so that after I was ordained, I am ashamed to think, how much more I was wedded to my sports than to the church: and though I did all in my power to put on a little decency in not running after them quite so eagerly on a Sunday as on a week-day; yet, notwithstanding the day, if I heard of a hare, or a covey of partridges, being near my house, I was sure to be after them. And as for skaiting, I was no sooner out of the church but I was on the ice: and I remember one Sunday, while I was skaiting, an old gentleman, who was a justice of peace, though since dead, sent a constable after me, begging that I would not break the Sabbath, but set a better example to my parishioners. As for other idle amusements, such as cricket matches, hunting and coursing, I was at all times a ringleader in these sports. And after I had done with my out-of-door diversions, the rest of my time was sure to be spent at a playhouse, or in a ball or billiard room, or at a card-table: even such a low paltry amusement as a puppet-shew, or a country wake or revel would captivate my attention, and draw me aside; I am quite ashamed of myself, to think how giddy and foolish I have been. In short, I was captivated by every vain amusement but those of cock-fighting and bull-baiting; these abominable exhibitions of cruelty, even at that period, to me were very disgusting.

Wor. But did it not strike you that hunting, and especially horse-racing, were but very little less cruel than bull-baiting or cock-fighting?

Merrym. Yes, thoughts of that sort would at times occur; but it was in my heart to "run with

the multitude to do evil:" and I have since experienced, that we know nothing of the real tenderness which possesses the Christian, till the living power of Christianity has been communicated to our hearts.

Loveg. Then you must have been sadly out of your element when you got into orders.

Merrym. Indeed I was, excepting when I turned soldier; and got a captain's commission during the war; and when the salutary advice of the bishops came out against us, to support, by our conduct and advice, our excellent civil constitution, but not to turn our black coats into red ones, I confess I very much disliked it. For nothing but worldly motives was I sent into the church, and while I hated my black coat, I hated equally my contemptible inconsistency all the time I wore a red one.

Wor. Alas, how much it is to be lamented, that matters of such infinite importance should be given over into such hands! In this instance, what man did as evil, God has overruled for good. But you have not yet told us, while you was in such a thoughtless state, how you came to think of the church.

Merrym. Indeed, Sir, that never was a thought of mine. But when my father and uncle, who had the family estate, were together, he used *to swear*, that I was so thoughtless and inattentive, that I should never get my bread by law, physic, or trade, and that I should be fit *for nothing but a parson.* My uncle, therefore, promised him, that if he would send me to the University, as he had two livings belonging to his estates, he would give me one of them, provided none of his own children chose to take orders. And as all my cousins were much fonder of the sea and the army than of the church, I was obliged to submit to the penalty of being *turned into a parson* for the sake of a living.

And when the living of Sandover became vacant, my uncle gave it to old Mr. Mumble, who was between seventy and eighty, on condition that I should be his curate; and I had not been his curate above nine months before he died, and then my uncle presented me with the living.

Wor. I thought it was *common* to put ministers into possession of livings, on condition of a resignation.

Merrym. Yes, but my father, as a lawyer, knew that no law whatsoever could compel any minister to resign his living if he chose to keep it; so he supposed this was the safest way.

Wor. What terrible merchandise is made of the souls of men by such a traffic, and how ruinous is it in its consequences to real religion in the church!

Merrym. I am sure this had nearly proved my ruin; for after this matter was determined upon, I was to be *packed* off to a public school, where every thing like religion was as much out of the question as it well could be, excepting that we were all compelled to go to church on a Sunday.

Loveg. When I received the first rudiments of my education at the free grammar school at Beachly, we had never the least intimation given us, even in a formal way, about religion: but in my time I found it much worse at the University than at Beachly.

Merrym. I am sure the state of too many of the clergy can never be wondered at, when we consider the method of their education for the ministry;—though in those days I was so loose and wild that I thought nothing about the matter.

Wor. Why I thought our Universities were in general repute; and that all, who applied, might avail themselves of an excellent education: at least I found it so when I was there.

Loveg. Sir, your remark is perfectly just; but I

am sorry to add, at least as it was in my days, *leaving religion out of the question.* You are frowned upon if you are over righteous, or over wicked; but as to real spiritual religion, though I confess I am but a poor judge how matters then stood, yet I fear it is very little thought of. I remember however that there were some reproachful sneers circulated against a few, that since then I have heard were really serious; but they were obliged to keep themselves very close "for fear of the Philistines." But I must confess that, though I was kept perfectly moral and attentive while at college, yet I knew nothing of real spirituality till about three months after I was curate of Abley.

Mrs. Worthy. I think, Sir, you have told us before now, that the first serious impressions you ever felt, were when you began to try to make your own sermons.

Loveg. Though I had my qualms when at college that all was not right, yet it was in a great measure so, Madam; for as I was accustomed to make the exercises for the boys at school, and was frequently occupied in the same way at the University; I thought after all this, it would be quite scandalous for me to go about to buy, beg, and borrow sermons after I was admitted into orders.

Mrs. Wor. Dear sir, as your coming into these parts was such a blessing to our family, and many more besides ourselves, we should be glad if you would proceed on a subject so interesting to us all.

Loveg. Why, Madam, when I began to try to compose my own sermons, it came into my mind that I should make them somewhat like the Bible: the Bishop, when he ordained us, said we should not always be preaching mere moral essays; but that at times we should dwell on the evangelical truths of the Bible.

Wor. Well, Sir, that was good advice.

Loveg. It proved excellent advice to me, for it immediately set me on the study of the New Testament: but, alas, I soon found the spiritual eye was wanting, whereby spiritual truths alone can be discerned: for as to many things I found in the gospels, I had enough to do to make even them out; but when I came to the epistles, I soon discovered myself to be quite out of my depth, as the few pre-conceived notions I had of religion seemed to be entirely contradicted by them. And when I had procured some of the fashionable commentators of the day, such as Whitby, Locke, and Zachary Pearce, the late Bishop of Rochester; all I got from them confused me but the more; as it always struck me that the comment contradicted the text, and that instead of explaining matters, they seemed to be explaining them away. Some things were to be confined to primitive times, and others restricted to the Christians, as just coming from under the Jewish dispensation: and much of the Bible was to mean next to nothing, because it was figurative and metaphorical; but when I came to look on Zachary Pearce's comment on that striking passage, "One thing is needful;" notwithstanding all his learning, that did for him completely in my esteem.

Wor. Why, what did he make of it?

Loveg. That one dish was enough for supper.

Wor. Is it possible? what a strange letting down of such a fine expression!

Merrym. Yes, and I remember, with shame, in our different carousings with each other, in our profane mirth, how we used to laugh at the interpretation, by saying, neither one dish, nor one bottle, would be enough for us.

Loveg. Well, well, I bless God I could get no satisfaction from these lame interpreters. And one

evening, how was I struck, when, seeking for a text, my eyes were fixed on those words of St. Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians—"Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." For a time I could make nothing of the expression, till others, very similar, forcibly entered my mind,—about being "crucified with Christ;" being "dead and buried with him;" and of our "being risen with him;" and then that passage in our church catechism, as it relates to what is required of all baptized Christians, "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness." It struck me that I had been directed to instruct children in a doctrine which was entirely unknown to my own heart, and that I was a blind leader of the blind. At that moment I fell down on my knees, and wept excessively; and prayed, I think, from the bottom of my heart for the first time, that I might not presume to continue to be the pretended instructor of the ignorant, while so ignorant myself.

Wor. I suppose, after this, the tenor of your preaching was immediately altered.

Loveg. Sir, the change was still gradual. I knew I was wrong, but I did not know how I could be set right; but herein the providence of God wonderfully favoured me.

Merrym. I have often heard you explain the nature of our conversion from sin to God; but I never heard you explain so particularly the nature of your own conversion.—I wish you would proceed.

Loveg. When first I came to my curacy, I was told that five or six people went regularly, Sunday after Sunday, to hear the Rev. Mr. Slapdash, who has a small living in those parts. He is an animated bold preacher; and is attended by a large congregation; and I never could hear but that his zeal is tempered with prudence; and that he is a good man: and that, though he has a strong, ra-

pid, hasty way of expressing himself, yet what he delivers is entirely consistent with the sound truths of the gospel. Still their absenting themselves from the church gave considerable offence to the pride of my heart, not knowing that it was my ignorance which drove them at a distance.

One Sunday, however, these young men, contrary to their usual custom, stopt at home to hear me. It was about the time when that text of scripture so impressed my mind. Ignorance of my Bible, and consequently, unfitness for my office, intermixed with other workings of corruption from the pride and anger of my heart, on account of my dark preconceived notions in religion, having been so contradicted by the word of God, affected me not a little. In this state of mind I was obliged to preach as well as I could; and I remember I was remarkably low and affected on the Sunday these young men stopt to hear me. And while I was preaching, I saw them nodding and smiling, first at me, and then at each other, in such an uncommon manner, that I could not conceive but that they meant to be laughing at me for my ignorance all the time; especially as it was reported, that the man they went to hear, was quite a madman. Upon this, I went the next day, in order to converse with them on what I conceived to be their odd conduct at church; my mind being much perplexed, and my spirits very low; and having determined to speak to them with much mildness; I no sooner began to open my mouth, but tears started from my eyes. I told them they should not have laughed at me before all the congregation, on account of what they thought of my ignorance, for that I did my best; and that I hoped and prayed to God, if I was not right, he would set me right.

Wor. Well, and what effect had this upon the young men?

Loveg. Why they were as much affected as myself at my misconceptions of them. They told me that their smiles and nods were the effect not of sneering contempt, but of holy approbation and joy; for they were fully persuaded that I should soon become a faithful minister of the Gospel: and that as they never went to church while young Mr. Wanton was the curate, yet as they saw me so different from him, and as it was reported that I was soon like to be melancholy mad, they thought I might be under some serious impressions respecting the state of my soul: and if I continued to preach as I had done, they should soon discontinue hearing Mr. Slapdash, though he was a very powerful and lively preacher, as they called him, and a very good man.

Wor. Then you found these young men to be truly serious and good.

Loveg. Yes, and two of them I found to be useful and profitable companions to me, having good understandings, which they had well improved by reading various religious authors among themselves: and I was much struck before we parted, at the great modesty with which they expressed themselves, wishing I would but read some of their books which they read among themselves, that they might have my opinion how far I approved of them. They then shewed me their little library; and one of them particularly requested me to read the Pilgrim's Progress, with very precious notes, which they said, by way of recommending it, were written by a very learned man, and which I was the more willing to do, as I remembered reading it as a novel when a child. Among other books, I saw they had Brown's self-interpreting Bible; and as I began to be entirely sick of my old commentators, I begged to borrow it. This they very readily consented to; so I put the Pilgrim's Progress in one pocket, and Boston's Four-fold State

in the other, and went home; and when I took my leave of them, I was very much surprised at their humble and affectionate farewell; following me with a thousand blessings, and thanking me most affectionately for my visit. Soon afterwards I found one of them at my heels with Brown's Bible, which they wished me to keep as long as I chose.

Wor. Well, this was a kind providence; but how did you seem to like your new authors? did you much admire their choice of books for you? The Pilgrim's Progress, I confess, is an inimitable drama, and beautifully describes the state of the real Christian in his spiritual progress; yet Bunyan, in the general way, happens to be the humble treasure of divinity in the poor man's cottage; and I fear is not so often to be found in the study of a contemplative divine.

Loveg. Sir, if God had conferred on me the honour of being the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, I should have been tempted to be the proudest man upon earth. However, the simplicity and affection, of the good people I went to see, led me to cast my eyes over that book a second time, very much to my profit. For on the same day I shut myself up in my study, and began to read: page after page, my attention was arrested: and as I pursued the subject, light continued to break in upon my mind, while it brought me upon my knees again and again. I now began to see, somewhat clearly, the plan of the gospel salvation alone by Jesus Christ. Every paragraph I read was intermixed with a tear of thankfulness and surprise; and night after night I was happy to be sleepless, that I might pursue the pilgrims on their road, as I now began to find I could travel with them, while every step appeared plain before me.

Wor. It is lovely work, when we can read and

meditate under such a frame of mind. I remember how I used to hate to read the Bible, merely because I could not understand it; but as soon as I could enter into its meaning, I found no book like it. I remember, some time ago, in the library at my house, I laid my hands upon a book written by Bishop Patrick, called the Parable of the Pilgrim, but I found it a heavy performance.

Loveg. Yes, Sir, I have heard of it; it is a large lumpy volume, though the bishop was a serious and respectable man; yet while Bunyan keeps you awake Patrick lulls you asleep.

Merrym. It seems, then, that the tinker was a wiser man than the bishop.

Loveg. Why no man gets either brains or grace by education or title; many gifts of this sort we may receive as the gifts of the God of nature, or of providence; but a sanctified use of these blessings comes only from the God of grace. Bunyan was certainly a very eminent man. Once, it seems, he was very profligate, but afterwards not less serious: and though he had none of the advantages of education, yet he certainly had a very good natural understanding, a deep knowledge of the word of God and of the human heart, and at the same time very rich and chaste powers of invention. Such was the character of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress; and to the last moment of my life, shall I bless God for that book.

Merrym. But if this formerly wicked tinker became so good a man, and such an excellent preacher and writer, is it not to be lamented that some of our present preachers were not turned into tinkers, provided we could get such another set of tinkers to be turned into preachers?

Wor. I perceive Mr. Merryman will be Mr. Merryman still. But we interrupt Mr. Lovegood in his story.

Loveg. Why, I bless God, that I immediately found myself not less charmed with my Bible than with the Pilgrim's Progress; its glorious contents, began to open surprisingly to my mind, and the truths which before displeased me, I not only could receive without controversy, but with supreme approbation and delight.

Mrs. Wor. You have also told us the great advantage you received from Mrs. Goodworth, after you became acquainted with her; perhaps Mr. Merryman does not know that circumstance.

Merrym. Who was Mrs. Goodworth?

Loveg. She was the aged widow of a dissenting minister; and when I first came into the parish, I was told that she was such an ill-natured, cross-grained, dissenting bigot, that she would sooner see the church pulled down, than enter within the doors. But a few days after my visit to the young men, they went and informed her of the result of our conversation, and the next Sunday, to my great surprise, I found her added to the number of my congregation; and as much delighted and affected as were the young men the Sunday before. On the Monday I thought it my duty to return the visit. I found the old lady nursing her grandchildren: she took me into a little back parlour, and immediately burst into tears of joy, telling me, that, through the straitness of her circumstances, she was obliged to live with her married daughter; mentioning how much it had affected her, having been under the necessity of leaving the means of grace, by living at a distance from the meeting where her husband preached, and that, though she could not go after the gospel, she humbly trusted the gospel was now sent after her: that she never kept from the church out of bigotry, but only because she feared Mr. Wanton, my predecessor, was very impure, and consequently a very im-

proper man to administer the word of life to others, being himself "dead in trespasses and sins;" but that now she not only meant to come to church, but to sacrament also, if I would permit her. She then asked me to go to prayer: this was new work to me, and put me to the blush. However, as I had in private lately found my way to a throne of grace, I did not refuse, though, if it had not been for shame, I should rather have put that office upon the old lady: as I am sure I needed her prayers more than she did mine. Thus we parted, she sending after me many blessings, and prayers for my growth in grace, and for my increase in divine knowledge. The next time the communion was administered, she was with us at the table; and I well remember, when I gave her the elements, how affectionately she looked up at me, and wept so plentifully that she even bedewed my hands with her tears. What a sweet proof was this of the loving and uniting spirit of the gospel, among all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity!

Wor. I have no doubt, but your acquaintance with the good old lady was very profitable.

Loveg. Yes, sir; and still more so, as I got acquainted with her library: for though she had sold some of her husband's books, yet others of them she had preserved. Among these, I found many of the writings of Owen, Flavell, President Edwards, Gurnall's Christian in complete Armour, Archbishop Usher on the Sum and Substance of the Christian Religion, Bishop Downham on Justification, Bishop Hall's Works, and others; these she used to call her Sunday company; and to these I had at all times free access; and about three years afterwards, when she found herself in dying circumstances, she gave me several of them as keep-sakes.

Merrym. The loss of this good old lady must have considerably affected you.

Loveg. Yes; but then her death was so glorious! On my last visit she cried, "This is not dying; believers never die: I am just going to enter the presence chamber of my Lord." And then she sung with peculiar melody of heart that verse from Dr. Watts, (whose hymns she frequently quoted in her last sickness.)

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Then she would cry out, "O, this precious believing in the Son of God!" "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" "He hath loved me, and given himself for me;" and he sheds abroad this his most precious love in my heart; and I feel it like a warm coal of living fire, while I am struggling in the cold arms of death. Thus she went on, blessing and praising God, and triumphing in the redeeming love of Christ, to the latest moments of her life; repeatedly saying, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" O, sir, it is a glorious sight to see believers departing in the triumphs of faith, and with "a hope full of immortality."

Wor. No doubt, but that your acquaintance with all these good people proved a considerable help, though they were inferior to you in point of *educational* knowledge.

Loveg. Yes; but I found myself much inferior to them in point of *experimental* knowledge. No earthly wisdom, however good in its place, will do as a substitute for "that wisdom which is from above." But I soon got acquainted with two very excellent clergymen in those parts, and with a worthy dissenting minister, whose name was Peaceful, and who

was in the habit of calling on Mrs. Goodworth, though they all lived at some distance from us.

Wor. We should be glad if you would tell us how that was brought about.

Loveg. Why, sir, the next Sunday, only two of the young men attended the church, and I suspect they went over to Mr. Slapdash; for, about a fortnight after, I received an anonymous, though affectionate, letter, signed "*Paucis inter Clerum* *," mentioning their exceeding joy on the report which had been communicated to them, declaring at the same time, that they sought my acquaintance from the purest motives of Christianity, and from a desire of cultivating the most affectionate intimacy with all the spiritual and evangelical ministers of their own community. Interwoven in this letter, there was a great number of very strong and animated expressions, warning me against the fear of man; and charging me to preach the gospel, and the gospel only, faithfully, and directly to the sinner's heart and conscience, as far as divine light broke in upon my mind; so that it immediately struck me that Mr. Slapdash was the principal composer of the letter.

Wor. Well, sir, and there is no doubt but this proved a gracious circumstance in your favour.

Loveg. Sir, it proved a gracious circumstance indeed: for immediately I wrote an answer to their truly affectionate letter, and, a few days after, Mr. Slapdash came over to my lodgings; and how the dear man rejoiced over me to find me in such a frame of mind! Indeed, all things considered, he proved the best, and most suitable companion I ever met with. You know I am naturally timid; Mr. Slapdash is altogether Lutheran and bold, yet not less loving and affectionate; and though, perhaps, every word he

* From a few among the clergy.

advances may not be within the severer rules of moderation, yet I believe that his bold strokes and *wild notes* are more serviceable for the good of his neighbours, than all the fine *set music* we may have about the country besides.

Merrym. How long, sir, did you continue in that curacy?

Loveg. Not much more than four years; for when I began to be serious, and to preach the salvation of Christ, my Rector was soon informed of it, and wrote me several letters on my "new notions of religion," as he called them, which brought on a long epistolary correspondence: but when he heard that I had preached a funeral sermon on the death of Mrs. Goodworth, and that I walked with Mr. Peaceful, as a brother minister, to the grave, his patience was quite exhausted, and he gave me warning to quit.

Wor. Why, where could be the harm of that?

Loveg. Sir, my rector had imbibed all the strange, wild, high-church notions of Mr. Daubeny and others, in such an extravagant manner, that he supposed I had been guilty of the most enormous crime, in preaching a funeral sermon over one that had received schismatical baptism, and had lived in schism almost all the days of her life.

Merrym. Why, did not your preaching bring her back again to the church?

Loveg. Yes, but all that operated against me: he supposed me to be at least half a schismatic myself, since such a set schismatical people ran after me. And again, he had heard from the neighbouring clergy, that I drew away people from their regular attendance at their own parish churches: thus, for having a full church, and for bringing Dissenters to the communion, I lost my curacy; while other clergymen are driving Churchmen to be Dissenters without number.

Wor. Well, though you have often told us what a painful dismissal this was to you, when you were compelled to leave a congregation so seriously impressed, and being also the first fruits of your ministry; yet it proved a happy event for us.

Loveg. Sir, God's ways are not as our ways. What man designs as evil, God frequently over-rules for good; and I bless his name, I was not sent there but for gracious purposes. For after I had been in my curacy about three years, I thought it a call in providence, that I should marry the sister of one of the young men who visited me, and who was a creditable farmer's daughter, having a small freehold of his own; so that I got in the parish of Abley, two of the greatest blessings in life, a good wife, and the knowledge of the gospel.

Merrym. It is a great mercy when we can leave all things in the hands of God; "he doeth all things well."

Loveg. In many instances, I found this to be the case; for being thus dismissed from my curacy, the pity of many was excited towards me; though from that hour to this, I never could discover who it was that represented my case to the notice of the Chancellor, when I received the presentation to the vicarage of this parish. All that I know is, that a short letter was sent, asking me the question, that as the Chancellor had heard of my character and situation, he wished to know if the living of Lower Brookfield would be worth my acceptance. I was happy immediately to embrace the kind offer. Our first child was born about three weeks before this event took place; and just when we began to harbour unbelieving fears about how we could subsit upon our scanty income, this merciful event in providence took place.

Wor. Alas, Sir, the living of Brookfield it still but a scanty maintenance for yourself and family.

Loveg. Why, Sir, my curacy was but fifty pounds a year, so that the living of this parish has above doubled my income, besides the privilege of being independent in the discharge of my duty, which was never the case while I was curate of Abley. My rector was always saying, that I was feeding my own vanity, in affecting to be more abundant and zealous than others; and as this sort of conduct indirectly reflected upon the rest of the clergy, who were contented to do no more than what was regularly expected from them, he could by no means allow his curate to do more than others.

Merrym. Ah, Sir, it would have been well for me, if my living had been no better than yours; but as it is, I suppose, above three times the value, I found myself quite at liberty to run after that which I liked best. Thus, from the income of my living, which I received for spiritual purposes, I could procure for myself all that my carnal heart would wish to enjoy.

Wor. Well, Sir, you now know the worth of the gospel since you have felt its power; and when our hearts are converted to God, we shall dedicate our property to his glory.

Mrs. Wor. But, Mr. Merryman, you have told us enough of the worst part of your story, but nothing of the best.

Merrym. Why madam, there has been with me so much of the bad, and so little of the good, that I am sorry to say you will soon hear all I have got to advance on that subject.

Mrs. Wor. Had you then no serious impressions before you heard our minister at the visitation?

Merrym. Madam, till that time, I was acting as the vainest puppy that ever lived; always affecting the easy air of the conceited gentleman, and as

much ashamed of my professional character as I well could be; yet I by no means found myself happy in my light and frothy state of mind.

Loveg. No wonder that you were ashamed of your professional character, while you acted as you did.

Merrym. Yes, but while I was engaged in my office, many a stinging conviction was brought home to my mind: for while I was reading the prayers, and acknowledging sin in language in itself so humble and just, saying that "I had done those things which I ought not to have done, and that I had left undone those things which I ought to have done, and that there was no health in me;" and that "God would not despise the sighings of a contrite heart, or the desires of such as are sorrowful:" I used to think what profane mockery and hypocrisy it all was; how I was ashamed of myself, when I considered what people must think of me, while I was reading such prayers, and leading such a life!—But in nothing was I more disgusted with myself, than by the frequent petitions I was obliged to make use of for the grace, and influence, and inspiration of God's Holy Spirit; especially while I used to her many of the clergy, who were no better than myself, ridicule every idea of divine influences; and when I also had in the bundle of my sermons that I had either bought, borrowed, or begged, three that were designed to expose such pretensions to divine operations as being nothing better than downright enthusiasm. In short, Sir, I could neither bear my office, nor bear myself on account of my office: and no one can tell what I used to feel when I was under the necessity of administering the sacrament. When I had to repeat these words, "the remembrance of our sins is grievous unto us, and the burden of them is intolerable;" my conscience would tell me that I was uttering before God an intolerable lie, and was about to take the sacrament with this abominable lie in my mouth. Then again I was for-

cibly struck after the administration, while I was repeating these words; "And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls, and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee;" that directly after I had been receiving the sacrament, I repeated the crime by mocking God with another lie; for that I knew in my conscience, I had no design whatever to devote myself to the glory of God, but to continue the same loose, wild way of living as before.

Loveg. Had you many who came to the sacrament?

Merrym. Very few, Sir; very few indeed: and when I used to see some of these grave old people come with their Week's Preparation books, I wondered what they could think of me, who had been running after all the vain amusements within my reach throughout all the week; if they had any reflection, what must they think of me, but that I was a mere hireling and a wolf?

Loveg. How did you use to feel when you were called to visit the sick?

Merrym. Ah, Sir, it was but seldom that the people thought it worth their while to send after such a giddy, dissipated youth as I then was. On these occasions they naturally concluded, that prayers, merely said from the lips of such a light frothy chap, could be of little avail in the solemn moments of their dissolution. But whenever I had an office of that sort to perform, no one can tell how I abhorred the task. However, I used to take out *my little black service-book*, read a few prayers over as fast as I could, and then off again to my sports. I remember once I had the misfortune to be called to this office from the card-table; I accordingly put the deal in my pocket, and went to my hated task; and while I was taking out my book and my handkerchief, all over perfume, to

prevent the offensive smell of a sick chamber, (for I had a deal of affected delicacy about me,) I whisk'd out all the cards, while the nurse had to pick them up again—and then I went to my devotions!

Wor. It is a great mercy, that the wickedness and enmity of your heart did not prevent your giving a serious hearing to Mr. Lovegood, when he preached the visitation sermon.

Merrym. Sir, in all my levity and wickedness, while I could join with others in skits and jokes against real religion, yet I had a sort of secret respect for those who were truly serious and consistent: I was convinced their characters were preferable to mine. My principal mischief arose from a light and trifling and frothy spirit, by which I was entirely captivated, till my heart, I trust, was instructed to know somewhat of the grace of God in truth.

Loveg. Well, I bless God, being of a more studious turn of mind I was kept from the same excess of vanity; nor could I bear the company of the more dissolute of the rest of our body: but, if more decent, I was not less ignorant of the way of salvation revealed in the Bible, than yourself; and in our neighbourhood there lived another clergyman, known by the name of Mr. Soberman, who was very correct and chaste in the whole of his deportment: we still keep up a very friendly intercourse with each other; though he always told me I had gone too far. I am satisfied of this; we should ever speak well of good wherever we find it; and I should be happy if, in every country and in every line of life, men of such characters were more universally to be found. It would be horrid indeed, if all the clergy were equally dissolute and profane.

Merrym. O, sir, it fell to my lot to be acquainted with a sad sample of the worst men of every character! Some of these were professed libertine Deists, and among the clergy themselves I found some De-

ists in disguise. But what can be expected from the church under present circumstances? You know, sir, at the time of our public ordinations, near the Universities, what scenes are exhibited, when a set of such thoughtless youths take upon them this most sacred office. If the world knew half our tricks, how they would hate us for our hypocrisy!

Wor. I confess, all who truly love the church cannot but lament how ill she is served. But what was it that so impressed your mind while you heard Mr. Lovegood preach his visitation sermon?

Merrym. Why, sir, when we heard that Mr. Lovegood was to be the preacher, as we had been informed of his character before, we were all attention, some out of envy, and others out of curiosity, and a few perhaps out of good will; but as I so hated myself on account of my office, I thought I had no right to blame others, whose lives were more consistent than my own. So that, I confess, I attended not only without any prejudice, but rather with a strong prepossession upon my mind, that I should hear somewhat well worthy of my attention.

Loveg. (*To Mr. Worthy*) Sir, as we have done tea, if I am to be made the subject of conversation, I shall withdraw and desire Edward to take away his tea equipage, and sit a little while with poor Mrs. Chipman. I wish to put these few sheets into her hands [*he reads the title page*] "The Tempestuous Soul calmed by Jesus Christ."

Mr. Lovegood having thus withdrawn, the present dialogue shall be concluded, that the reader's attention may have time to rest before he hears more of Mr. Merryman, and of the gracious influences of the gospel, which wrought so wonderfully on his mind, and which produced such pleasing consequences on his ministry and on the whole of his life and conversation.

DIALOGUE XIX.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SAME DIALOGUE CONTINUED.

WITH

THE CHARACTER OF THREE SORTS OF MINISTERS, REPRESENTED IN CONTRAST WITH EACH OTHER.

BEFORE Mr. Merryman favours us with a farther narration on the subject of his experience, perhaps it might not be unacceptable to my readers, were they to be advertised, that there were two other ministers in the same neighbourhood, nearly of the same name as Mr. Slapdash, before-mentioned, Mr. Slopdash, and Mr. Taplash. The character of Mr. Slapdash has sufficiently appeared from the former dialogue. Mr. Slopdash would frequently boast that he was of the same family with Mr. Slapdash; but, by all accounts, the relationship was very distant indeed. It is charitably to be hoped that Mr. Slopdash was a good man. But while Mr. Slapdash had a mind warm and animated, the other was vehement and rash, and would often insult his hearers with gross personal reflections, which were too frequently administered with great indiscretion; and this he called *faithfulness*. Mr. Slapdash could also give hard *slaps* when needed; but, in general, they were administered with discretion; and if at any time, through the natural rapidity of his constitution, he failed, yet being possessed of the "meekness and gentleness that was in Christ," his mistakes were soon corrected.

Mr. Slopdash had a mind that was naturally low, vulgar, and coarse. The sentiments of Mr. Slapdash, on the contrary, were elevated and pure. If ever he descended, it was like the swallow, just to dip the tip of his wings in the stream, and again ascend. But Mr. Slopdash was quite the duck; he could go down into the filthy kennel of human corruption, and turn it up from the very bottom, and then glory in his performance. Mr. Slapdash, after he had taken his text, would for a while stick to it, and give it a very just and correct interpretation; though, afterwards, from the warm and animated frame of his mind, he would branch out, yet so as to surprise his hearers, by a brilliancy of thought peculiar to himself. His severer hearers would blame him for these eccentricities, and call him a rambling preacher; though still he was correct in his divinity, and well intentioned in his design; and in all his ramblings he was still sure to keep upon holy ground.

Mr. Slopdash, on the contrary, when he had taken a text, would not so much consider its *sense*, as its *sound;* and would conceive himself wonderfully clever if he could hit upon a meaning, the most preposterous and absurd, by way of explaining a passage the most perspicuous and plain. He once vociferated for an hour on this text: "Behold, says Pharaoh's baker, I had three white baskets on my head." Gen. xl. 16. and from hence he proved the doctrine of the Trinity, whereby he astonished his auditory not a little, and pleased them hugely; for they never heard before, that the three baskets meant the three persons in the Trinity.

He also proved nearly the same doctrine from the history of Esther; that Ahasuerus was God the Father, that Mordecai was God the Son, that Esther was the Church, and that Haman was the devil. As

to myself, I rather doubt the justice of the interpretation; for, if we abide by it, that the devil was hung, upwards of two thousand three hundred years ago (though he certainly deserved it), it is impossible to suppose, that such a wonderful deal of mischief could have been done by a *dead devil* ever since. It is, however, charitably to be concluded, that the defects of Mr. Slopdash were not in his heart, but in his head. His brains were unfortunately very ill screwed together, though had they been screwed too close, certainly many of his floating ideas would have been terribly *cramped;* but, as it happened, matters with him were in a very contrary extreme, many of the screws in his brains being remarkably loose. No wonder, therefore, that this shatter-brained divine should, by the rattling and lax state of his tongue, evidence so strongly, the loose state of his brains. Mr. Slopdash was driven, with others of the same mind, into this wild way of interpreting the Scriptures, not only in the above instances, but in a variety of others, equally as absurd, from having admitted too slight notions of the necessity of the practical and preceptive part of the Word of God. Hence he had almost run into the abominable idea, urged by some Ranters of late and modern times; that "the law is no rule of life to a believer:" but his mind was not altogether so vitiated, as to admit a doctrine, so grossly blasphemous, against the holiness of God.

There was another Mr. Slopdash, however, not far distant, equally as ignorant, but of a much worse disposition: with him neither Mr. Lovegood nor Mr. Merryman could keep up the least possible connexion, as his doctrine had, at all times, a secret tendency to prove his hatred to holiness; and his life was no better than his doctrine. This, therefore, rendered him a very dangerous preacher; while

many were found, who, being as ignorant as himself, were eager to swallow down his insulting dogmas, as if they were consistent with those pure and holy truths which are revealed in the Word of God.

He once exemplified his horrid art, in thus perverting the Scriptures, while he made a preachment from these words; "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." He actually misconstrued this holy word of caution, or rather prophecy, given by our Lord to his presumptuous disciple, Peter, into an express command, "Thou *shalt* deny me;" and thus proved that the law could not be a rule of life to a believer.

I was told also, on another occasion, he exhibited on this text: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." First, he insisted upon it, that the Proverbs are not to be considered in a moral, but a gospel point of view. That the brawling woman, was the Law; and that dwelling in the corner of the house, meant being shut up in the Church, and there the Law could not *brawl* at us, as all in the Church were in a justified state: but in regard to those who were living in the *wide house*, these represented such as were living in the wide house of the world, and they would hear the *brawlings* of the law, *scolding* them for their wickedness. So that *this* Mr. Slopdash had no idea of the wickedness he was guilty of, in giving such a view of the just and holy law, by comparing its most righteous sentence, against our unrighteousness, to the *brawling* of an angry woman.

If I have not already exhausted the reader's patience, he shall have some further evidence how this man could pervert the wise book of Proverbs, into language the most preposterous and absurd. "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that

loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Having thrown aside the common-sense interpretation of the passage, as directing us to avoid the love of sinful pleasure, he insisted upon it, that the *pleasure* here meant was the pleasure of true godliness, and that the wine and oil meant the spiritual blessings of the gospel: "he shall be a poor man" he expounded as meaning "poor in spirit;" not rich in his own esteem. After the same wild and foolish way, he interpreted what Solomon says of the four things that disquiet the earth: "A servant when he reigneth;" that is, said he, when we who once were the servants of sin, reign with Christ: "A fool when he is filled with meat," that he interpreted, as meaning, when we "fools because of transgression," are filled with heavenly food. Perhaps it would have suited as well, had he said, that it meant himself, when his gaping admirers gave him a good dinner for talking nonsense. "An odious woman, when she is married," he says, was designed to represent the marriage of the odious sinner to Christ; and "A hand-maid, when she is heir to her mistress," was to mean how we sinners are made heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ!!! I am satisfied, after all these instances, from the abovesaid Mr. Slopdash, respecting his method of interpreting the Scriptures, he will be quite contented if I suppress others, some of them being even indecent, and all of them as absurd and preposterous as any of the former. And indeed the other Mr. Slopdash, who was known to Mr. Lovegood, tired his patience till it was quite exhausted; while Mr. Merryman, for a long time, attempted to convince him of the impropriety and absurdity of such interpretations of Scripture. But as there is a certain degree of pride and positivity belonging to the whole of the tribe, all Mr. Merryman got, was the pity of Mr. Slopdash, who always conceited his own ignorance was superlative wisdom,

and that the wisdom of others was to be accounted their ignorance.

Through the sides of Mr. Slopdash, however, the Rev. Mr. Taplash, minister of a little, gay, gossiping town, in that neighbourhood, called Clack, would make his most vehement attacks against Mr. Slapdash; and, indeed, against every other minister, who with unaffected simplicity, and godly sincerity, preached the Gospel to the consciences of his hearers. These he would charge as being all alike, supposing that the follies of some were equally imputable to all; and though he was a man of no great consequence or worth, but in his own esteem; yet where truths are naturally disliked, any sort of a witness will be readily admitted against them.

Elegance of composition, and a genteel delivery, were all that Mr. Taplash could admire, which he thought were wonderfully accomplished in himself, while he was dealing, with all possible affectation, his flimsy, frippery, unsentimental harangues, as a very acceptable treat, to those who could be gratified with empty sounds, and a mere parade of words.

The orator, when he first made his appearance, would be primmed and dressed up in the most finished style; not a hair would be found out of place on his empty *pate*, on which the barber had been exercising his occupation all the Sunday morning, and powdered till as white as the driven snow. Thus elegantly decorated, and smelling like a civet-cat, through an abundance of perfumery, he would scent the air as he passed. Then, with a most conceited skip, he would step into the pulpit, as though stepping out of a band-box; and here he had not only to display his elegant production, but his elegant self also; his delicate white hand, exhibiting his diamond ring, while his richly-scented white handkerchief was unfurled, and managed with remarkable dexterity and

art. His smelling-bottle was next occasionally presented to his nose, giving different opportunities to display his sparkling ring. Thus having adjusted the *important* business of the handkerchief, and the smelling-bottle, he had next to take out his glass, that he might reconnoitre the fair part of his auditory, with whom he might have been gallanting, and entertaining with his cheap talk, the day before; and these, as soon as he could catch their eye, he would favour with a simpering look and a graceful nod.

Then as to his devotions: these were performed in a remarkably *gentleman-like* manner; though the best of it was, that they were no sooner begun than they were ended: the same also may be said of his sermons, they were special short; fifteen minutes, being the full length of the sermon of a fashionable divine, he never exceeded. While the ingredients of all his compositions seemed to be nothing better than flimsy declamations, and religious compliments, he would be talking of "the reward we were to receive, from the fair hand of our own virtuous conduct, which, at a very easy rate, we might secure to ourselves, as our religion by no means secluded us from innocent amusements;" doubtless referring to the card-table, the ball-room, and the theatre, "which we were all permitted to enjoy, in order that we might return to the service of our Maker with a greater relish and delight;" and it is reported, that he once actually composed a prayer for a *religious* young lady, on her confirmation, after she had discharged her godfathers and godmothers from that vow on her behalf; "to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh!"

Mr. Taplash, would also, at times, adorn his harangues with scraps of poetry, principally culled out

of Shakespear's plays ; and at one time, after a very tasty specimen of his elocution, in which he had been displaying the rich repast conscious virtue brought home to the pious mind, he thus concluded, with the following verse out of Thomson :

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse *her* praise."

The orator stood as all astonished at the excellency of his own harangue : gave a very elegant *congee* to his auditory, and then most gracefully sat down.

A text of Scripture, or even the name of Christ, could scarcely ever find admission into the sermons of Mr. Taplash. In one of his fine moral harangues, descanting upon the beauties of virtue, and the excellencies of a virtuous life, he thus addressed his auditory, in a sentiment he had gathered from an heathen orator: "Virtue, thou fairest of names, whose enchanting power can sooth even the savage breast! Virtue, I say, couldst thou come down dressed in human shape, and in all thy beauteous array, surely thy godlike appearance would win the foulest heart, and all the world would at once adore thee as a goddess supremely blessed ; and in themselves, also, not less supremely blessed, when graced with the influences of thy most tender and transporting charms. O ! thou goddess, divinely glorious, descend, and let us see thy lovely features, that we may all adore !"

At once the buzz of universal applause was heard throughout the congregation, as most grateful incense, offered up to feast the pride and vanity of the preacher. But soon afterwards, this very fine speech, so very finely delivered, happened to meet with a terrible mishap; for a gentleman of property asked Mr. Taplash, to lend his pulpit to old Mr. Blunt, a worthy clergyman in that neighbourhood, which he could not well refuse, though much against the grain.

He having been informed of this fine speech, quoted it almost verbatim as it was delivered; then added, "Virtue did once descend in human form, dressed in the person of God our holy Redeemer, and adorned in the perfection of excellence. And did the world admire him for the beauties of his holiness, or adore him for his lovely charms? Just the reverse; was he not hated because he was lovely? and was not the cry against him, crucify him, crucify him? and did they cease their vindictive cry, till they had put him to death, even the ignominious death of the cross?" Never was Mr. Taplash's smelling-bottle so much needed as upon this occasion; and he used it very plentifully, while his pretty countenance at once reddened like the rose; nor could the auditory tell what they should think of themselves, that they could be so led away by the weak harangues of Mr. Taplash, which were so easily refuted by the sound sense of Mr. Blunt.

If ever Mr. Taplash appeared a little more than commonly warmed and animated, it was when he was preaching against fanatics and modern enthusiasts. On these occasions, he would be always descanting on the powers of reason, whom he would dress up as another of his goddesses; that the Almighty had given her sufficient powers for the reformation of mankind; or if she should fail, conscience would be called in to lend her aid, whom he would call "the sacred monitor of the Deity—the vicegerent of the Almighty in the human bosom—the mirror of merit, from whence we receive the conscious reward of every virtuous action." Such would be some of his fulsome compliments to the corrupted heart of man; and such was the style of this wretched fribble in a cassock.

And now the reader shall be left to determine whether of the two is the more disgusting; the ig-

norance and vulgarity of Mr. Slopdash, or the conceitedness, pedantry, and puppyism of the genteel and elegant Mr. Taplash. Having thus represented these great characters before the reader, the dialogue shall be now continued.

Worthy. Well, Mr. Merryman, as Mr. Lovegood is withdrawn, you may speak with the more freedom; how that good man hates praise, though no person upon earth so well deserves it!

Merryman. Why, Sir, the very style in which he mentioned his text, struck me not a little. You know in what a grave and solemn manner he always reads the word of God. I remember the text, "Watch thou in all things; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry." On that occasion, he wisely judged it might be most advisable to read his sermon; though I always like him best when he preaches from the fulness of his own heart; but he knew that extempore sermons are sure to give offence to the clergy, especially in their present state. That sermon he afterwards lent me for my private perusal; and what a sermon it was! What a contrast he displayed between the carnal ministers of the world, who neither know their Lord's voice, nor seek to know it, and the spiritual and faithful ministers of the gospel, as delineated in the word of God!

Worthy. Directly as I began to read my Bible, I was at once convinced, that the spirit and temper of real Christianity were as opposite to the spirit of the world as light is to darkness. And when that poor dissipated creature, Lord Rakish, gave me a call one morning, and happened to find Mr. Lovegood with me, I remember his grand objection against the Bible was; that it was impossible for *human nature* to

come up to it. I well recollect Mr. Lovegood's admirable answer: "So your lordship settles the matter, not by force of argument, but from what you *feel* in yourself; the Bible must be wrong because you *feel* wrong." Immediately, Lord Rakish, said "Why don't you think I should like to believe the Bible, if I could, as well as yourself"? Mr. Lovegood directly answered, "Pardon me, my Lord, if I deny it; you, and thousands more beside, love sin too well to believe the Bible."

Merryman. What an excellent remark! But this was nearly the same application he made in his visitation sermon. That it was utterly impossible the carnal world could love the holiness and spirituality which existed in the real Christian; as by the whole tenor of his conduct, he appeared a living witness against them who have a name to live and are dead; while all Christ's real disciples are not of the world, for that God hath chosen them out of the world, therefore the world hateth them. That consequently, as far as the real ministers of Christ follow the example of their holy Master, in life, and doctrine, they also must suffer the reproach of the world with their suffering Redeemer. And that, therefore, his disciples positively declared, "that all they who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and that "*living godly in Christ Jesus*," would ever draw down odium and persecution, at least of the tongue, (however, through divine providence, religion was established and protected by law,) where its real influences were not established in the heart; and that we should find it so, if we made full proof of our ministry, or attended according to the directions given in the ordination office. "To be messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; to teach and premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek Christ's

sheep who are dispersed abroad; and for his children, who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever:" and after he had given a large quotation from that most excellent exhortation, I well remember the contemptuous sneer that passed between Mr. Spiteful and old rector Guzzle on that occasion.

Worthy. No wonder at their sneers. We all know the spirit and temper of Mr. Spiteful: and as for rector Guzzle, I never heard him famed for any thing, but that he was the greatest eater and hardest drinker of any man about the country. But I thought after I had read the sermon, Mr. Lovegood was the most striking on that passage, "Do the work of an evangelist."

Merryman. Indeed, sir, I had no conception at first, that there could be any other evangelists than the writers of the four Gospels.

Worthy. But he gave us all to understand, that the work of an evangelist was to spread the Gospel. And in what a full and concise manner he described the leading sentiments of the Gospel preacher!

Merryman. I remember well his weighty observations on the importance of the ministry; and I felt every word as against myself, for my presumption and wickedness, in taking upon me such an office, and from such motives, while I was so perfectly careless; living like a downright heathen, and yet daring to assume the character of the minister of Christ. What strong expressions he made use of, when calculating the infinite value of but one immortal Spirit! That "all the vast revolutions of kingdoms and empires were but for a time; the wide-extended splendor of the greatest of them, as once they existed, is now no more: not so the soul of the meanest individual: being of infinite duration, it is of infinite worth:" urging from this, that our doctrine should

be the most pure, our example the most holy, and our diligence the most assiduous and persevering.

Worthy. Do you recollect how he urged that part of the text, "Watch thou in all things?"

Merryman. Yes, I recollect enough to have convinced me, and many others, if they could have attended to it, that our careless lives, and sacred office, were the greatest contradiction to each other, and in entire opposition to the word of God, which directs us to "be instant in season, and out of season; to make full proof of our ministry;" in short, "to spend and be spent for Jesus Christ;" while, at the same time, the negligence of the generality of us was so evident and notorious. But what striking observations he made on those words, "Endure afflictions!" He at once met the objection he supposed would be made, that this part of the text must be confined to primitive times only; and that now the profession of Christianity, since its establishment, was "attended with ease and honour*." But I remember with what solemnity he asked the question, "Is the carnal mind otherwise now, than it was then,—Enmity against God? Could age cure the diseases of the human heart, which is described as being *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?* No wonder, therefore, if in every age we exemplified the justice of the charge, that we are *haters of God;* and what could be expected from such, but that they should be *haters of the godly?* He further, I remember, pressed the point, by first quoting the beatitudes, as in the fifth of Matthew; ob-

* An expression of the late Bishop Warburton, when in the exertion of his zeal against *modern enthusiasts.* Though a Bishop of a church which so repeatedly insists on divine influences, yet like many others, he entirely denied all divine influences whatever; thus he completely reduced Christianity to a system of deism, or of natural religion, as it is called, while he pretended to vindicate her sacred cause.

serving what a fine epitome it was of the mind of Christ, as it dwells in the heart of every true believer. That the real Christian was poor in spirit; and that such only are of the kingdom of heaven: that he was a holy mourner, under a sense of sin; and that such alone should be comforted: that he is found among the meek; and that these only inherit earth and heaven too: that they hungered and thirsted after righteousness, or rather a holy conformity to the will of God: that he was merciful; and therefore should obtain mercy: that he was pure in heart; therefore should see God: that he was a peace-maker, and therefore should be numbered among the children of God. He then made the comparison between the high spirituality which belongs to the real disciples of Christ, and the poor cold morality so much talked of, though, after all, so little practised among the people of the world. Then he mentioned a variety of passages of the same import, and concluded with this text: "Whatsoever ye do in word and deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

Merryman. Till that hour, I never had the most distant conception, what was meant by the Gospel, or a Gospel preacher, any more than the horse I rode on to the visitation. But I am sure all that he spoke was true respecting the impurity and unholiness of mankind in general, and, indeed, of all as in a state of nature. A deal too much have I already seen, though yet so young; and I have had proof enough, what the Bible says is true, "that the whole world lieth in the wicked one." Almost all I have ever met with, have been nearly of the same stamp, following what their corrupted hearts evidently liked best; "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." I am sure all these were my delights till I heard Mr. Lovegood.

Worthy. But I remember, he as admirably shewed how the evangelist, or evangelical minister, had also to expatiate on the glories of the Gospel, as manifested in our redemption by the blood of Christ, our acceptance in his righteousness, and the sanctification of our natures, by the operation of the Divine Spirit. I think our excellent friend crowded too many ideas into the same subject; but, no wonder, as it was most evidently his design to take that opportunity to give the most comprehensive view of matters in his power. What he delivered, contained sufficient substance for many a large volume.

Merryman. I really was no critic, while he was pouring down the substance of such volumes of divinity on my poor ignorant head and wicked heart; yet nothing so astonished me as my ignorance, except my presumption, while he took the opportunity, during the course of his sermon, to quote a variety of awful passages against such a set of faithless hirelings. He produced several of them from the 34th of Ezekiel, which I never forgot from that hour to this. "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that feed themselves. Should not the shepherds feed the flock? The diseased have ye not strengthened. Neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them; and they were scattered because there is no shepherd, and they became meat for all the beasts of the field, when they were scattered and none did search and seek after them. Therefore thus saith the Lord God, behold, I am against the shepherds, and will require my flock at their hands, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more, for I will deli-

ver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them." I remember, at the same time, he introduced another passage from the same Prophet, as belonging to the watchmen of Israel: "When I say to the wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Worthy. Yes, and there is another passage, which I remember to have read in his sermon, and which he quoted from Isaiah. "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough: and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his own gain from his quarter."

Merryman. Yes, and I remember how he set forth at the same time, the dreadful words pronounced by our Lord against the Scribes and Pharisees, the false teachers of the day, and against all such "evil men and seducers, who are sure to wax worse and worse;" and who run counter to the express command of God. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves, your servants, for Jesus's sake." And I well remember what solemn countenances appeared among the laity, though afterwards he was so plentifully reprobated among the clergy, for having exposed them in such a manner before all the people.

Worthy. He expose them! It had never been in the power of Mr. Lovegood, or any one else, to have exposed the clergy by such expressions, if they did not expose themselves by their improper conduct. It was, however, enough to make the ears of them that heard it to tingle.

Merryman. But the observations he made on the last clause of his text, struck me, if possible, more forcibly than any of the former. Cannot you remember, Sir, the weighty remarks which he made on that passage in the text, "make full proof of thy ministry;" how admirably he described the important duties of the ministerial office, and that we were commanded to "give ourselves wholly to it, that our profiting might appear unto all men." Then he asked how the man of fashion, as it is called, who was only known to be a minister, by the colour of his coat; the covetous, the voluptuous, the negligent, and the proud, could dare to register themselves among the ministers of a crucified Redeemer. And that when it was the bounden duty of every private Christian, "to give all diligence to make his calling and election sure," and even "to work out his salvation with fear and trembling," what must the people think, when they see these ministers, so much the reverse of what they themselves are commanded to be, according to the common standard of Christianity?" Then he quoted that passage from St. Peter, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." I think I now see him, as he was then in the pulpit; he stopped, and made a solemn pause, then added: "Holy brethren, such we are in office, and such we should be before God and man; what manner of persons ought we then to be, in all holy conversation and godliness," to be the leaders and instructors of a people so sacred in themselves, and so highly devoted to God."

Worthy. I don't remember reading that passage in the sermon; but he told me, while he was delivering it, some texts from the Scriptures struck him so for-

cibly, that he introduced them, and gave a short comment upon them; and this made him preach a quarter of an hour longer than he designed.

Merrym. Yes, I heard enough of the length of his sermon, though I bless God it was not long to me. The whole of it was but just an hour. But the ridicule of almost all the clergy, both as it respects the length of his sermon, and the holy warmth with which it was delivered, shocked me exceedingly.

Wor. Ah, sir, had they been at a play-house instead of a church, neither the length of the play, nor the pathos of the actors, had given them the least offence. The actor is allowed to represent imaginary things, as though they were real; while the minister of the truths of God, is to be stigmatized as a madman unless he represents real things as though they were imaginary.

Merrym. Well, sir, and I don't suppose you thought your worthy minister to blame, in going a little beyond the limits he designed, in making some additions to the written sermon he composed for the visitation. For though I admire the tenderness of his mind not to give offence, when it possibly could be avoided, by writing his sermon, as the truths he then delivered would be deemed sufficiently offensive among those who heard them; yet I cannot conceive why speaking extempore from the pulpit, should give more offence than at the bar, or in the senate, or in any other public assembly.

Wor. If, indeed, it be required of a minister, that he should be "apt to teach," why should we not expect a feast as much from a public pleader in the cause of religion, as a public pleader at the bar? The offence, therefore, taken at what is called extempore preaching, I suppose is principally found to be among those who are exposed thereby, for undertaking an office they are so ill qualified to fill;

though I would speak with caution, as I by no means suppose, that every minister is altogether unfit for his office, who cannot speak extempore.

Merrym. Well, I found I was in a measure obliged to commence an extempore preacher, before ever I designed it; for as soon as I became serious; none of my old sermons would do for me any longer; nor were there any to be bought that would suit my taste now: and my mind was so occupied, after hearing Mr. Lovegood, that I was quite unfit to sit down to compose any thing like a regular sermon; so that having written some thoughts as they occurred to my mind, I explained them as well as I could from my notes.

Wor. But what was the effect of the visitation sermon, after you came from church, and attended with your brethren at the dinner?

Merrym. Sir, I was exceedingly shocked at the profane ridicule which took place against Mr. Lovegood, almost from every quarter; while Mr. Lovegood, Mr. Godliman, and poor old Mr. Meek, collected together, in one corner of the room, to keep each other in countenance. I was heartily glad, however, to see, in the midst of all this contempt, old Dr. Orderly, and Mr. Sedate his curate, come up to him, and shake him by the hand, and thank him for his sermon. Observing, that though perhaps he could not entirely agree with him in all points of divinity he had advanced; yet that he had shewn a necessary and a well-timed zeal against the loose and improper conduct of too many of their brethren. This gave me encouragement to follow his example. And when I told him, that one of the most dissipated and negligent of the same order, begged to follow the doctor's example, in thanking him, from the bottom of my heart, for the just rebuke I had received from his lips; and prayed that God would give

me grace to remember it to my dying moments, a tear began starting from my eye, and Mr. Lovegood, Mr. Godliman, and Mr. Meek had enough to do to stifle the feelings of their minds at the same time. As to Mr. Lovegood, he was much more overcome than myself: we went and stood together for a short time, by a window in the room, and very little could either of us say, while we mingled the sympathetic tear with each other, as subsisting between those who feel the joy of angels, when one poor sinner is brought to repentance unto life.

Wor. Had our invaluable friend preached nothing better than a sort of a cold, formal, halfway sermon, he had not given half the offence, nor yet would he have done half the good; truth can best defend itself without the assistance of our low cunning, in attempting to make it palatable to the carnal mind: but the Bishop, it seems, was quite as much pleased with his sermon as Dr. Orderly.

Merrym. I was very glad the bishop took so much notice of him, though I heard that Rector Guzzle, and Mr. Toper, his curate, and Rector Fillpot, who sat close together, talking about nothing but good eating and drinking, afterwards did all they could to prejudice his lordship against him. It is reported when Rector Guzzle said, "You see, my lord, these modern preachers are all for grace:" the bishop replied, "It is to be lamented that the clergy, in general, have not more of that grace exhibited in their lives and conduct, which Mr. Lovegood has so well recommended to their notice." Though I believe he also agreed with Dr. Orderly, (who is much respected by the bishop, and by every one else who knows him,) that Mr. Lovegood rather went a little too far.

Wor. Well, I confess I cannot see the good of that cold moderation which some admire. When

the cause is of God, we cannot be too zealous in promoting it.

Merrym. But zeal, in such a cause, is sure to be charged as being the effect of madness. I heard of a near relation of mine, who has some preferment in Ireland, and who, but a little time ago, was quite as dissipated as myself, and is now as zealous for the cause of God as he once was for the cause of vanity and nonsense; when he was accused by one of his "false brethren" to the bishop, as not only being mad himself, but that he had *bitten* others of the clergy also, received for answer, that if that was madness, he hoped he would go on till he had *bitten* every clergyman in his diocese.

Wor. I rather wonder that a greater variety of objectors did not enter the list against Mr. Lovegood's faithful testimony on this occasion.

Merrym. Oh, sir, there was Mr. Flippant, a young strippling, just in orders; but he puts me too much in mind of myself, how he went skipping and prating about the room against Mr. Lovegood's sermon. He came and asked me, among others, if had ever heard such a ranting fool before? I had sufficient courage to answer: Oh, sir, I fear the charge of being ranting fools may be more justly urged against us for our wickedness, than against Mr. Lovegood for his preaching

Mrs. Wor. It is of very little consequence what such empty chaps have to say: but, I suppose, after this you soon became intimate with Mr. Lovegood.

Merrym. Madam, I could not rest, as you may suppose, till I had an interview with him. Directly, therefore, as he moved from the dinner, I followed him: my heart was so full that almost every word I spoke to him was intermixed with tears of contrition and remorse; while he, with the greatest affection, began to pour into my wounded conscience all the

consolatory promises of the Gospel, observing what a great mercy it was, that I was now convinced of the folly and evil of my past life, and what a blessing this might prove to hundreds besides, if, by the grace of God, I continued in the same mind. When we parted, Mr. Lovegood affectionately invited me to see him. As it unfortunately happened, I was engaged on a visit to Mr. Bluster, at Revel Hall; Mr. Lovegood advised me to send my excuse, as I could now say I was engaged on a business which demanded my particular attention. So the time I meant for Mr. Bluster I passed with Mr. Lovegood.

Wor. It proved a very favourable event, that immediately as you found your need of an instructor, you at once had one at hand so excellently well calculated for your purpose.

Merrym. Indeed, Sir, it was; for you must think what a situation I was in, when just emerging from my ignorance, a mere babe in Christ, and in spiritual knowledge, I found that I had to fill the place of a father in God; for such fathers, I apprehend, are the only fit instructors of the children of God.*

Wor. I fear there were very few who could properly be called the children of God, who needed your instruction in that parish, so that the difficulty could not be very considerable while you had to instruct others still more ignorant than yourself.

Merrym. True, sir, but then I was perfectly ignorant how I was to set about that *low* office of a spi-

* It is probable that on this supposition the fears of Thomas Newman were excited, in dialogue the 6th, lest Mr. Lovegood should be promoted from the vicarage of Brookfield to the archbishoprick of Canterbury, judging very rightly how well he deserved, not only the title of the *right* reverend, but even the *most* reverend Father in God, both from the rich experience of the Gospel on his own heart, and having also so many around him, who were his spiritual children, and over whom he acted in a manner so fatherly and so wise. Oh, that a Mr. Lovegood, independent of every political principle, may never be wanting to fill each vacant bishoprick in our land!

ritual instructor: but by passing the two days I designed for Mr. Bluster with Mr. Lovegood, he gave me a clue for obtaining spiritual knowledge, which afterwards proved a wonderful advantage to me. He particularly advised me to read the first book of Homilies; to employ my time in modernizing the language, and then read them over as sermons, to my congregation.

Wor. Did you take the advice?

Merrym. Sir, I have before told you I could think of nothing but myself, and my ignorance directly as I began to examine myself by the new views which had been brought to my mind: and though I found the book of Homilies exceedingly instructive, and though I have loved the church of England ever since, as in this land she is certainly the pillar and ground of truth*; yet I rather chose to follow that part of Mr. Lovegood's advice, to attempt some instructive hints, as I read the lessons appointed for the public service, and when I got into the pulpit, I have before told you how I stammered out the truth as well as I could.

Wor. I should suppose this change wrought on your heart, was not a greater blessing to yourself than a matter of astonishment to all the people at Sandover.

Merrym. I bless God, many of my parishioners were not less affected than myself, when I began to tell them all, how grieved I was that I had been leading them wrong, both by my example and doctrine; and that now I hoped in God, that I should

* Mr. Merryman might not suppose from that observation, that no blemishes could be found which vindicated the conduct of others in their conscientious dissent from the established church; though he laments that there are any such dissenters to be found, as blame Mr. Merryman and others, for their conscientious conformity to a church, notwithstanding some defects, whose liturgy is so evangelical, and whose doctrines are so sound.

preach them better doctrine, and shew them a better example; and while I was thus talking to the people, it is amazing how poor Sam Resolute, one of my comrades in iniquity, was affected. I was in hopes for some time that his heart had been truly changed; but since then he has awfully declined. I hope, however, he will yet be brought back, for I met with him the other day, after he had been at a horse race, and begged him to come into my house. He followed me like a criminal; I plucked up courage, and would go to prayer with him, and it is amazing how he wept, and with what contrition he mentioned his backsliding state.

Wor. People must have been filled with remarkable astonishment at such a change.

Merrym. Why, sir, it was beyond expression curious what strange reports fled about the country concerning me. Some said, that the change was occasioned by dejection of spirits, having met with a heavy loss by gaming; others found out that I had been crossed in love; some said that I had seen my uncle's apparition, who died about six weeks before; and others thought it was the effect of a fall from my horse, when I was taken up for dead at Gambleton races, whereby my scull had been nearly fractured, and that now I was quite gone mad. In short, it was so currently reported, that I was mad, that young Ned Sparkish, one of my comrades in vanity, actually came over to see me, and enquired if it might not be necessary to consult a Physician, to know what remedy might be necessary to heal the cracked scull I met with on the horse course.

Miss Wor. Why, sir, I should rather think it might have been supposed your scull was quite as much cracked when you were galloping after every mad amusement, and when you pitied me and my sisters, at Mr. Bluster's, that we were to be bred up

in such a mopish manner, as that we were not to be allowed to touch a card; and as you expressed yourself, that my father would as soon see the devil come into the house as a dancing-master; but I am sure, what the grace of God has done upon your heart has been a great blessing to me.

Merrym. Why, madam, who could tell you I made such a speech as that? I confess, though I have frequently expressed my pity that Mr. Worthy should educate his daughters in such a mopish manner, as I then thought it; yet I don't think I ever said your father "would as soon see the devil in his house as a dancing-master."

Wor. [*to his daughter*] This, you know, my dear, was a speech of Mr. Spiteful; and when he has it in his power to exemplify the spleen of his heart against any of the supporters of vital religion, he never thinks it a crime to exaggerate.

Miss Wor. But sir, since you favoured me and my sisters with the present of Mrs. Hannah More's book on Female Education, we can very willingly give up the silly amusement of dancing and card playing, for the sake of the rational instructions we receive in the room of them. I am sure, when I happened to be with the Miss Giddys the other day, I was satisfied no body need to envy them the privileges of their sort of education.

Merrym. Why, my dear Miss Worthy, through the divine blessing, I now see how much it is to be lamented, that the young women of the present day are turned out from their different boarding-schools such mere baubles, fools, and playthings, that they scarcely deserve to be esteemed as rational creatures; but I had no serious views of the evils of these things till I became serious myself.

Wor. Yes, and when you were half a madman, and as thoughtless as you could be, you were then judged

to be in your sober senses; but when you became "sober and temperate in all things," then you were supposed to be a madman. We never know the worth of our own minds till such time as we are blessed with the grace and mind of Christ.

Merrym. I am sure the Spirit of God, in his divine operation on the human mind, may well be described as "the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding." What a lovely sedateness and pleasant calmness are they possessed of, who feel the restoration of "the kingdom of heaven within them," which is beautifully described in Scripture as being "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!"

Wor. Mr. Lovegood preached us two admirable sermons, a few Sundays ago, on that subject, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."—But here is Edward coming; I suppose it is with a message from Mr. Lovegood.

Edw. Sir, will your honour want the best parlour when you come in? for a young gentleman and his lady in a one-horse chair, and a servant with them on horseback, stopt to read the poetry your honour had put over the door,* and have asked for a dish of tea; and say, if I can accommodate them, they had rather stop the evening with us than go two miles farther to Mapleton.

Wor. O no, Edward, we shall be going home directly.

Edw. But I am afraid my accommodations are not good enough for them; for I am sure by their manner they are real *gentlefolk*.

Mrs. Wor. Then you will find it still more easy to accommodate them. You have all things, though in a plain way, yet very clean and neat; and if they

* See Dialogue 17th.

want any thing you have not got, send to Trusty, my housekeeper, and she will let you have it.

Wor. Well, we will leave a couple of the largest trout for your guests, and call on Mr. Lovegood; and we will go home and leave the house clear for your visitants.

Edw. Thank your honour and madam, for your kindness.

Wor. Farewell, Edward. But be sure and send if you want any thing.

DIALOGUE XX.

BETWEEN MR. WORTHY, MR. LOVELY, AND OTHERS.

THE CONTRAST; OR, CONJUGAL HAPPINESS, FOUNDED ON CHASTITY, FIDELITY, AND AFFECTION.

EDWARD goes to Brookfield-hall on the following morning, after the arrival of his new guests, while the family were at breakfast, and begs to speak to Mr. Worthy. Edward is introduced.

Edw. Sir, your honour said, that I must call on you if the gentleman and lady, who came to our house yesterday evening, wanted any thing. They want nothing but the liberty to walk in your honour's park; and they are so pleased with the situation, and so well contented with our plain way of accommodating them, that they mean to stop over Sunday; for I made bold to tell them what a *wonderful fine man* we had for the minister of our parish, and that it was he who made the verses your honour had put over the door; but I should be ashamed to put them into our pew.

Wor. Well, Edward, there will be no difficulty on that score, for though we are pretty well crowded with Mr. Considerate's family and our own, yet my daughters can sit with Mrs. Lovegood, and then we shall have room for them.

Mrs. Wor. But do you want any thing for their accommodation.

Edw. Nothing, madam, but Mrs. Trusty's *receipt* with your leave to make some jellies; the Lady is in a very poor state of health, and he is so tender of her! They seem to be a most loving pair—Poor Mrs. Chipman! the sight of it quite cuts her to the heart;

she is always saying she might have been as happy as they are, if it had not been for her own folly, and the evil consequences of sin.

Mrs. Wor. Trusty shall send some jellies to your house directly.

Wor. Perhaps a little fruit also may be acceptable.

Edw. Why, the Lady was asking if we had any, and we gathered some cherries and strawberries for them; but it is not in our way to raise such dainties as your honour has at the Hall.

Wor. I shall tell the gardener to send them a basket of fruit, and I shall call on you to-morrow, and invite them to tea.

Edw. Thank your honour. The dear gentleman, (and I am sure, by his kind and good behaviour, he must be some downright gentleman;)—He thinks about nothing but his wife; she is very sickly, and he is sadly afraid he shall lose her.

Wor. I hope it is not another sir Charles and Lady Dash's story.

Edw. O sir, their behaviour is so different, it cannot be:—I am sure it cannot be.

Wor. Have you learnt the gentleman's name?

Edw. Why, sir, when their servant sat down to supper with us, I made bold to ask him—His name is Lovely. He came from a place called Fairfield, near Grediton. It is amazing what a character the man gives his master and mistress, and what an affecting story he tells about them; I think there have been nothing but affecting stories at our house of late; *as how* he married against the consent of his rich uncle; and that he is very angry with him; but I can scarcely tell your honour *the rights of it.*

[On the next day Mr. Worthy accomplished his hospitable design: as the weather proved lowering, Mrs. Lovely continued the guest of Mrs. Worthy, while Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovely took a short

walk about the gardens; and, when seated in the greenhouse, the following conversation took place.]

Wor. I am afraid you meet with homely accommodations at the Golden Lion, though I am satisfied the worthy landlord and his wife, will, in their plain way, do their best to accommodate you.

Lovely. O, sir, we can never be more delighted with our accommodation than we are. As we passed by we stopt to read the poetry: it struck us so exceedingly, that we thought we would gratify our curiosity by going into the house; we called for tea, and we were so astonishingly pleased with the neat and decent appearance of matters, that we at once determined to stop short of Mapleton, where we intended to have slept. Besides, we were so struck with the enchanting scenery from the lovely situation of the village, the neighbourhood being so beautifully dressed by the taste you have displayed about your own house and pleasure grounds, that we at once determined to continue, at least, a few days in our present quarters.

Wor. Have you a long journey then before you, sir?

Lovely. Oh, no sir, I am only taking easy journeys from place to place, by the advice of our physician, to see if any thing can be done for the recovery of the health and spirits of that invaluable creature, who has been my wife for about these six months. We are under peculiar embarrassments, [*he hesitates and wipes his eyes, then adds,*] my relations, some of whom are very affluent, are exceedingly displeased at the marriage, and I am afraid I shall lose the best of wives by the affliction.

Wor. I know, sir, how indelicate it is to ask you questions of this sort, as it seems almost bordering upon impertinence; but may I suppose your only crime has been, that you were captivated by a very

amiable young woman, whose birth and education were inferior to your own.

Lovely. O, sir, no apology is needed; and our minds have suffered so severely by this event, that it will be a great indulgence to me, especially as I have taken the liberty to enquire so much into your character since I have been here, if you will allow me to be more particular.

Wor. We cannot well leave our present retreat, as it begins to rain, and whatever you communicate shall be in confidence.

Lovely. Oh, no sir, no confidence is necessary. The part, my dearest wife and I have acted, may be published in every newspaper throughout the kingdom, and it will never put us to the blush.

Wor. Sir, after such a declaration of your honourable conduct, I cannot be less anxious to hear your story than you are to relate it.

Lovely. Sir, before you can fully understand matters, I must first give you a short history of our family connexions. My father has a small hereditary estate, which clears him between five and six hundred a year, and that he might increase his fortune, he engaged with others in a large brewery. He married a Miss Greedy, whose family is very rich, but as it is the scheme of that family, like many others, to hoard up all for the eldest son, her fortune was nothing greater than my father had a right to expect, it being only three thousand pounds. By that marriage my father had five children; my younger brother died almost an infant. So that our family at present consists of myself and three sisters; two of these are creditably married, and for this they have to thank my father, who being a person of strict integrity, never saw it just to make such a vast difference between his children; and having thus, by care and attention, portioned off my sisters with very decent fortunes, he tells me

I have little to expect from him but the family estate.

Wor. Well, Sir, I congratulate you in having a father of such integrity and worth. I am surprised that he should have been so displeased at your marriage.

Lovely. He displeased at the marriage!—no, dear sir, it met with his highest approbation; and he has not a daughter of his own that he can love better than my dearest wife; she was a creditable tradesman's daughter, or rather in the mercantile line; well educated and brought into the family with her eight hundred pounds on the day of her marriage. But, O sir, if you did but know half her excellencies, you would say she was the greatest fortune imaginable in herself, inestimable beyond the value of money. It has been the displeasure of my rich uncle, my mother's brother, which has been the cause of our perplexity.

Wor. What was that to him, if your marriage was conducted with so much purity, chastity, and propriety?

Lovely. Sir, it was greediness and family pride. I have tainted the blood of the family by marrying a tradesman's daughter, when I might have enriched it by marrying the daughter of an Earl; and my mother unhappily joined with him in all his objections.

Wor. But you are not of his family after all; and how could you with your comparatively small fortune, and when even that was not to be yours till after your father's death, support the daughter of an Earl, in the extravagant style in which they generally expect to live!

Lovely. O sir, but he meant to make me his heir.

Wor. What then, had your uncle no children of his own?

Lovely. Sir, he never was married for the sake of

an offspring, but that he might enlarge his property. He therefore availed himself of the folly of a rich widow, who was fifteen years older than himself; and when he had possessed himself of her fortune, he treated her most cruelly. However, he had plenty of children, as is supposed, by other women; for he is a most debauched character, and at the same time a most extortionate miser, though he was still fond of making a family show; and till lately he meant to make a son he had, by a married woman, in that neighbourhood, his heir; as she was, as they call it, better bred than most of the low women with whom he had been connected: and the children he had by these, being ashamed to own them, he would have packed off to nurse, at the cheapest rate possible; and nothing rejoices him so much as when he hears of the death of any of them.

Wor. How came he to alter his mind, and not make the son you mention his heir?

Lovely. Sir, he bred him for that purpose, but in so mean a way, and introduced him among such a terrible set of low associates, that he turned out quite a blackguard: and being educated under such large expectations, he became also very extravagant: then as his father was too covetous to give him remittances equal to his extravagance, he got himself connected with a set of swindlers, and that he might be able to pay some gaming debts, he committed such crimes, that he was obliged to leave the country, or be sent to gaol; my uncle therefore gave him fifty pounds, and sent him to America, and there, it is reported, he died of the yellow fever.

Wor. What horrid evils are connected with such a life of debauchery, that a man should be such a detestable brute thereby, as to be ashamed of his own offspring, even so as to wish them dead! How different the happy state of those children, whose existence is their parents' boast and joy; how I hate the low libi-

dinous tricks of the present evil, adulterous generation!

Lovely. Sir, I am sure it is impossible to detest them worse than they deserve. My uncle, however, after the death of this, his profligate bastard, as I was his heir at law, began to think of adopting me as such. My father could never bear the name of him; yet when he was frequently sending for me, he advised me by no means to insult him by personal incivilities, as his property, according to legitimate right, would next be mine. As my uncle ordered me, I therefore went to his house; when the more I knew of him, the more I was disgusted with him.

Wor. Were you obliged to live pretty constantly with him then?

Lovely. Not entirely so; for I was always striving to make an excuse of absence; and the argument, which best succeeded with him, was about the brewery; that as my father farmed a good deal of his own estate, he would be a considerable loser in the brewery, unless I kept the accounts; for he never had but two objects in view,—by every means, however base some of those means might be, to enrich the family, and to gratify his impure desires.

Wor. Well, sir, this proved a just and providential excuse, to be as little as possible with such a family.

Lovely. But, Sir, it was by this favourable turn towards me, that a chain of events was produced, which have proved the most perplexing and distressful to myself and my dearest Ann.

Wor. Really, sir, your history becomes so interesting, that I am quite anxious to hear the result of it.

Lovely. Sir, before any expectation of being the adopted heir to my uncle's estates had been made known to me, a design of marriage had, in a great measure, been settled between myself and my dearest wife; and not less to the satisfaction of our parents

than myself. All that he ever said, was "please yourself, and you'll please me; money is no object; happiness in the marriage state consists in something better than money:" But when my uncle was determined to make me his heir, I was immediately to be married to some woman with money, or blood, as it is called. One of Lord Gambleton's daughters was therefore immediately thought of, and though his Lordship had considerably reduced his fortune by his extravagance, yet as for want of a male issue they were co-heiresses, it was judged an excellent match on my behalf; but a more worthless *right abominable* never existed among the right honourables: and thus betwen his Lordship's blood, and my uncle's money, at all events I must be united to this noble family.

Wor. O, this noble blood, and this love of money, what mischief they create! But how did you get over the difficulty?

Lovely. Why, sir, I knew that it would not be in my power to deal with my uncle, but by gentle means. When he proposed the match, I told him the connexion I had in a measure formed with Miss Commerce before he had mentioned his kind design of making me his heir. He started, and said, "who the Devil is Miss Commerce?" When I told him she was a respectable tradesman's daughter, he immediately began swearing, after the mode of his general conversation: "that he would never allow any of his family to be united with such a set of d——d blackguards;" calling me a low fellow, and saying, if I would not see Lord Gambleton's daughter, he would adopt another heir; and that he would have nothing more to do with me; and that he expected I should first see how I liked the eldest, as that might prove the greatest advantage to myself and the family.

Wor. Really, sir, you had a difficulty before you, not easily to be surmounted.

Lovely. Sir, I told him I could have no objection against seeing any of Lord Gambleton's daughters, but that I hoped he would put no restraint upon my affection, as that might prove a source of misery to me, through life; and so matters were waved for the present, till I had time to consult my parents.

Wor. Well, sir, and I should hope your parents did not advise you to sacrifice your affections for the sake of money or blood.

Lovely. O, sir, my father behaved like a father, but my mother was just the reverse. She was at once struck with the proposal; observed, what a fine thing it would be, to have her son the acknowledged heir of the family to which she originally belonged, and to be united to such noble Blood; and that my present engagement with Miss Commerce was not so far gone, but that I might break it off. O, sir, what a hard task was this to myself, and the dear creature to whom I am now so happily united!

Wor. It must have been a hard task indeed; but how did you succeed in evading the difficulties of this perplexing dilemma?

Lovely. You must suppose, sir, I was under the necessity of meeting with Lord Gambleton's family, who came on purpose to visit my uncle; and lady Georgiana, being the eldest, was the first I was ordered to notice, and who was introduced to me accordingly; and of course, I was obliged to be very complaisant to her in return; while, as I suppose, she was directed to be more than complaisant to me. I cannot express myself how much I was disgusted, even at first sight, at the fulsome forwardness of this *paltry mess* of noble blood, when brought into competition with the excellent understanding, undisguised modesty, and unaffected simplicity of my dearest Ann.

Wor. Sir, I confess you would have made a sacrifice much to your discredit, had you, contrary to every just and generous feeling, given up for such motives, an object so worthy of your affections.

Lovely. Sir, if I had not taken the liberty to enquire into your character, I should not have been so happy in your approbation of my conduct; I am satisfied it will therefore still meet with your approbation, when you hear the result of these events.

Wor. Dear sir, I have now no doubt of it.

Lovely. After this wretched bit of forwardness, ignorance, and self-conceit, was proposed to me, to supplant my dearest Ann, for the sake of money and blood, my uncle presently perceived how much I was disgusted at her, and told me, (I shall not repeat the disgustful oaths he made use of on this occasion,) what a brewery blackguard I was, not to behave more civilly to one of Lady Georgiana's rank; that if I married her, I might, if I pleased, keep the other girl as my mistress; and he was sure a sum of money, which he was ready to advance, would accomplish his wishes and mine; or that he had been dreadfully mistaken in the disposition of women, as far as ever he had to do with them.

Wor. Then your uncle supposed that all other people were as unprincipled as himself; and that every female character was of the same description as those low objects of his brutal desires with whom he had been connected; though I confess it scarcely seems possible that you could have a stronger inducement presented before you, to behave dishonourably to the good lady, to whom it seems you were so solemnly betrothed.

Lovely. Indeed, sir, it seemed next to nothing to me, after a second interview with Lady Georgiana, and Lord Gambleton's other two daughters: for my uncle insisted upon it, that I should go with

him to return the visit; and, O, the horrid conversation I there heard! the worst that could be, from a proud unprincipled Peer, and a worthless extortionate miser.

Wor. I am afraid, Sir, I shall ask too much if I request you to proceed.

Lovely. O no, Sir; *the Right Honourable* had nothing to say, but that from his free living, according to the rank of life he was obliged to fill, and through some gaming debts, he had diminished his fortune; and that he could get no more from his tenants, as he had racked up their rents to the utmost penny he could demand; and, therefore, as courtly favour generally shone on noble blood, it might prove a convenient match to both families. As for loving one girl better than another, *that* they conceived to be all nonsense: and though it seemed necessary to propose the eldest first, yet if I proved rather squeamish about Lady Georgiana, there was Lady Augusta, and Lady Catharine, though there is scarce a pin to chuse between them; if any thing I think the preference might have been given to the eldest, but I am sure bad was the best. Still it was by no means against their noble blood that I was disgusted; let people be as honourable in character and conduct as they are by birth and title, and I would always esteem them worthy of double honour; but when these three empty scraps of vanity were to be brought into competition with my dearest Ann, I confess they appeared the most odious creatures I ever beheld.

Wor. I am sure, sir, that you, as a man of thought, must have felt very severely on this occasion. You cannot be ignorant of the style of education among young persons of rank: look at the plain, honest, country milk-maid; next contrast her with the vain baubles turned out, not only from the families of

too many of the Right Honourables of the day, but from most of our modern boarding schools: these from being first mere babies, afterwards get something above it as they grow up towards child-hood; then they are sent to those destructive places of female education, where they are a second time reduced almost to a state of baby-hood; and in this fool's paradise, they seem happy to live through all their lives, fifty times more offensive babies than if they had never left their cradles.

Lovely. Yes, sir, and three such as these were then presented before me, on account of money and blood, to be preferred to the excellent and intelligent person I now enjoy.

Wor. I should suppose, however, you must have suffered much, before you could have been extricated from these difficulties.

Lovely. Indeed, sir, no person could have been called to a more severe contest than I have sustained, between my affection, my judgment, and my worldly interest; for my uncle's principles were perfectly libertine. He would be ever saying, that "the end of life is for every man to gratify himself, as suited best with his natural appetites and dispositions." He was perpetually reading heaps of French publications on that subject: but here was my difficulty; what he liked best, I was to like best also, or else suffer the vengeance of his high displeasure. He had fully imbibed the sentiments belonging to their system of mock liberty, that men should be left to live as they list, without the least controul.

Wor. What government can subsist, where every one is governed by his own abominable lusts and passions? But your mother thus joining with your uncle's views, must have been another very considerable impediment in your way.

Lovely. Indeed it was; for she began immediately

to act so cruelly and disgustingly to my wife, that she was soon obliged to discontinue all her visits to our house, though before these *golden* promises were made, it was a settled business that a marriage should take place.

Wor. Well, sir, under such circumstances as you have related, neither your father nor your mother ought to have refused their consent; and, I am sure, when they had once solemnly given it, they had no right to retract it; and on account of such motives so improperly retracted, it would be equally unjust in either of you to have renounced the pure and chaste promises of a mutual connexion, which subsisted between you. It were well, if both parents and children would duly consider the proper limits of their reciprocal duty towards each other; but for want of this, how frequently do children and parents distract their own minds, and destroy the peace of all connected with them! But what was the result of these matters?

Lovely. Sir, my uncle for once gained a victory over his covetousness, by straining a point in connexion with Lord Gambleton, to see if they could not bribe her, by the promise of a thousand pounds, provided she would be off from the engagement. The accomplishment of this business was to be put into the hands of my mother, and she the more eagerly entered into it, as her head was filled with a set of splendid dreams, that if they could blend the two families into one, whether it might not be possible to procure another patent of peerage, on behalf of the female line, through which the noble blood was still to flow; and nothing pleased the pride of my poor mother like the idea that her only son might by this match wear a coronet; and upon these chimerical principles of happiness, we were called to sacrifice our affections and solemn engagements with each other.

Wor. The feelings of both your minds, must have been seriously disgusted by such base contrivances; and at the same time so artfully calculated to tempt both of you to violate the solemn promises which had subsisted between yourselves: but how did Mrs. Lovely receive the proposal?

Lovely. Sir, the immediate answer my wife sent, (for we were not then together,) was just what I should have expected from the independent dignity, chastity, and goodness of her mind: "That to pawn her affections for the lucre of gain, was so much beneath every feeling she possessed, that she at once rejected it with entire disdain; and that if they could find a chapman in me, for the sake of such rewards to give her up, after the most sacred promises which had passed between us, she should ever esteem it a most merciful deliverance to escape one of so mean a mind; and that it would be nothing with her, whether I married any of Lord Gambleton's daughters, or any one else I might chuse to prefer, though she herself had not the most distant idea, that I could act a part so unfeeling, so ungenerous, and so vile." Dear sir, who could not but admire a mind replete with such dignity of thought, and with such a generosity of heart?

Wor. But, I hope, sir, that this spirited letter so far settled matters, as that you got rid of these importunities, that you might marry according to your wish?

Lovely. No, sir, my uncle still kept up his expectations, that, either by craft or cruelty, they might prevent our union; and in order to accomplish this, the next plan was to send me into the south-west of Ireland, where he had an estate, that I might see after his tenants, and collect some arrears of rent, with a merciless, crafty, hard-hearted, wretch of a lawyer at my elbow, to watch all my motions; and with secret instructions to try to debauch my morals and

conduct as fast as he could; but in this, I thank God, he could not succeed, and there I was ordered to continue till my uncle followed me, which, as he said, would be in a few weeks.

By this plausible pretext, in first making me the steward of what, according to his promise, I was afterwards to possess, I conceived it my duty to follow his directions. But this was all done to try if possible to break the heart of my dearest Ann. Being, however, suspicious of their designs, I made it a point to call on her before I went, and after I had told her the difficulties I had to encounter with, I pledged myself, in the most solemn manner, before her and her parents, that, whatever might be the consequence, we would unite for life.

Wor. Sir, I love you to my heart, for your fidelity.

Lovely. But, O, sir, I never shall forget what we all felt on this occasion; though what I did was under a positive and deliberate determination, that I had rather a thousand times support myself, as the servant of my father's brewery, with such a wife, than be united to the best of the three noble paltry puppets that had been exhibited before me.

Wor. Were you obliged to be long absent on this errand?

Lovely. Sir, my uncle kept me above three months in suspense; still making some frivolous excuse to delay his coming. And, O! what tricks and projects to accomplish their designs of preventing our union! First, the letter-carrier, unknown to the post-master, was bribed to bring all letters that passed between my dear Ann and myself, to my uncle or my mother, and these were opened and secreted from each of us.

One letter she was allowed to receive, written as by my direction, though not in my hand; stating that I had employed one of my comrades in wickedness, to correspond with one Mary Coleman, a com-

mon strumpet, engaging to give her twenty pounds a year for the maintenance of a bastard, they feigned I had by her, as I was under the necessity to marry Lady Georgiana Gambleton, from family circumstances; but still that my occasional visits should not be wanting; and this letter was supposed to have been mis-sent and intercepted, and then conveyed into the hands of that good little woman, that it might be the cause of breaking off the match, or of breaking her heart; and indeed it had nearly accomplished the design. Nobody can tell the distracted state of mind she was immediately thrown into, and in which she continued, till the fraud was detected; and the contrary surprise of joy, when the plot was discovered, was not less trying to her tender feelings, than the deep grief she had before sustained.

Wor. What an infernal plan was this, to ruin the peace of both your minds! but could Mrs. Lovely for a moment believe all this?

Lovely. Sir, she knew not what to believe. Her nights were sleepless; and her mind was almost distracted. First, she could not account for my apparent neglect, as our letters were intercepted: and then my mother, being deep in the stratagem, was directed to tell my dear Ann, that she had it from my authority to inform her, that our connexion could not take place, as circumstances were so altered since I first became acquainted with her; and that still a large recompence for her disappointment would be at her disposal, when she chose to accept it: and these accumulated circumstances, at once threw her on a bed of sickness, from which it was expected she would never recover.

Wor. Indeed, if she believed half the stratagem, replete with such dissimulation and craft, no wonder that she should be completely overset by the apparent cruelty of your conduct. But how could

they suppose that a plan of this sort should not very speedily have been discovered?

Lovely. Sir, it seems they had other steps to pursue, that their tricks and projects might not be disclosed. During my residence in Ireland, a reverend gentleman was to be sent after me, known by the name of Dr. Cringer, who was to take me out of the way for several months, by conducting me the tour of Europe, and to make me the accomplished gentleman, by teaching me some of the modern European languages. This gentleman was one of Lord Gambleton's chaplains, and possessed a living in his gift; and since then I have discovered him to be the meanest sycophant, and the merest *toadeater* to his lordship that ever existed: however, this plot discovered itself before it was fully accomplished.

Wor. I should be happy to hear how this took place.

Lovely. Sir, while my dearest Ann was lying, as it was supposed, on her death-bed, her father wrote to my father to know what could be the cause of all these strange circumstances; and why he should suffer the loss of such an invaluable daughter by a conduct so treacherous and unjust in me. Immediately both our parents met on the occasion; it would require some hours to tell you the pains they took to investigate the stratagem; but yet how speedily they transmitted to me the discoveries they had made!

Wor. You must have been considerably struck at this discovery.

Lovely. Struck, sir! nobody can tell what I felt under the idea that the affectionate and generous heart of that excellent creature was ready to break through my supposed treachery, while I loved her inexpressibly, and was so fully determined to be faithful to my vows.

Wor. But I should hope, sir, your perplexities

soon terminated with the discovery of these different plots.

Lovely. Sir, I made not a moment's hesitation to travel directly from Ireland to Mr. Commerce's; and, though I took all possible care that matters might be so broken to my dear Ann, as that she might not be too much overcome by the news of my arrival, and by the consideration of the events, which made me take the journey; yet, O, sir, what a meeting it was! Her tender and affectionate frame was so overpowered, especially during the first interview, as that no words can sufficiently express what she, and, indeed, all of us, felt: we wept, and sobbed, and thus sympathized with each other for some time, before a single word could be spoken, on either side. At length our affectionate parents retired from the room, and when they returned, they informed us, that they had both entered into a firm resolution, that in order to put an end to all these detestable tricks and cabals, we should never again separate from each other till our marriage had actually taken place, for that they cared nothing for all events and consequences about large estates, and noble blood, as they were determined to make us both happy by an immediate union.—All this was kept an entire secret from my mother and uncle; and as soon as my dear Ann was sufficiently recovered to be conveyed to Church, we were married accordingly; and, O, sir, the tears of sympathy, of mutual affection and joy, on that occasion, will never be forgotten!

Wor. But, I suppose, this must have given considerable offence to your uncle.

Lovely. Sir, I did all in my power to soften matters, but in vain; for, immediately after marriage, I returned to the post at which my uncle had stationed me in Ireland; and, though I had found that the

worthless lawyer he sent with me, had informed him of my elopement, yet, as he could only guess at the cause, I had to reveal the event to my uncle by letter. This I did with as much tenderness and respect as circumstances would admit, assuring him, that if I had displeased him by taking this step, yet that, in every other point of view, I wished to appear respectful, obedient, and attentive to his commands; but, that I most humbly requested him, if he still meant me as his heir, that he would dispense with the European tour, at least, for the present; as duty and affection strongly called me to attend upon the excellent young woman who was now become my wife, and who possessed every possible qualification to render herself a most highly respected character, in every situation of life she might be called to fill.

Wor. You should have added, excepting that of *noble blood.* But how did your uncle receive this letter?

Lovely. Sir, his rage was inexpressible. He wrote me a few lines, filled with oaths, for my folly; charging me to leave his house in Ireland directly; and to undertake the office I held at my father's brewery, as that was the most fit for me and the *shopkeeper's girl,* I had presumed to marry against his consent.

Wor. Well, sir, after all, it cannot be said you have lost what you never had, though the sacrifice you have made, of what you had in reversion, was very great; but, still you have gained the greatest advantage to your character and conscience, and an excellent wife into the bargain.

Lovely. O, sir, I have a full compensation for all my losses and troubles; though she had not the supposed advantages of the politer style of education of the day, yet, having a very strong and retentive

mind, by her own diligence and attention, she has provided for herself a fund of knowledge above most of her sex. She is exceedingly well read in history, and even in some branches of philosophy, especially in astronomy; the languages have, by no means, escaped her notice: she is a perfect mistress of the English, and writes an admirable letter; and all this knowledge she acquired by her own industry, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of the domestic concerns of a large family, to which she always gave the utmost attention; at one time very diligent as her father's scribe, and at another time not less attentive to fill an active station, even behind the counter when needed.

Wor. After such real accomplishments as these, you had no great cause to lament the loss of what is called a politer education. Had she been one of those poor, paltry, affected, ignorant, conceited *misses*, turned out of our modern boarding schools, the loss of such a flimsy bit of nonsense in female shape might have easily been repaired.

Lovely. Yes, sir, but to me it appears as though the world could not produce her equal; she is one of such an obliging mind and temper, that she never is happy, but as she can make others happy; while she is blessed with a disposition the most serene, affectionate and kind. I am sure, if I can but preserve her life, I think I shall be the happiest man upon the earth. [*Lovely weeps.*]

Wor. Well, sir, as the principal cause of her perplexity existed no longer, let us hope that her health will not only soon be restored; but that the rage of your uncle will, after a while, subside, notwithstanding he has been disappointed in his projects. "The hearts of all are in the hands of God."

Lovely. Sir, these things are nothing to me: I possess all I want in my dearest wife, though I heard

that my uncle should say to my mother, the other day, that he could not but admire my honesty; notwithstanding I was such a fool, (with an oath,) in not following his directions; and another event took place soon after our marriage, which appeared to us not less remarkable than unexpected.

Wor. What was that, Sir?

Lovely. One of the former generation of the Greedys, a great-uncle of mine, still lives: he is an old lawyer, and is now past eighty; though he is covetous and mean, and mercenary to a proverb, yet, soon after our marriage, he came to see us; and mentioned how sorry he was that the match was displeasing to my uncle, though he confessed he approved of it highly, as he believed my wife would be a very *prudent* and *saving* woman; and had I married any of Lord Gambleton's daughters, they might have made me a *spendthrift*, and that he hated nothing worse. Now as I must be very unhappy at home, on account of my mother's displeasure; and as my wife's spirits and strength were much impaired by what she had already sustained, he said he feared her life was in danger; and therefore had consulted a physician for her, who had prescribed moderate travelling, or a change of scene, without much fatigue, as her disease was more in her mind than her body; and, therefore, he advised me to take her, by slow journeys, from place to place, that her health and spirits might be recruited. In order to cover these expences, he begged my acceptance of fifty pounds; promising, at the same time, to leave me all his property, provided he saw that I was a *frugal* young man; engaging also to do all in his power to reconcile my mother to the match.

Wor. Well, sir, though your great-uncle's disposition inclines him to be parsimonious and mean, yet, in this respect, he behaved to you in a manner that was generous and kind.

Lovely. Yes, sir, but the very next day he repented of it; and wrote to my father, telling him that he must have interest for it while he lived, though he still meant to appoint me his heir; he never was known before to do a single action, that looked either generous or kind; but having had several sharp contests about money matters, with my uncle, who had lately discarded me, they were quite at variance; he seemed, therefore, to be willing to take me up in opposition to him. Nor did my uncle's way of living please my great-uncle at any rate; for though he would do any thing for money, yet, at times, when among the great, from family pride, he would be somewhat splendid and expensive in his style of living; and this always displeased my great-uncle exceedingly.

Wor. Ah, sir, such are the clashings of interest, found among the vices of mankind! But the displeasure of your mother must have been the cause of considerable concern to the whole of your family.

Lovely. O, Sir, it has entirely destroyed our family happiness; though it is my father who has felt the most: he neither can find any happiness in my mother as his wife, nor can I find any comfort in her as a parent, while she hates my dearest Ann as much as my father loves her; and is living in perpetual hopes of her death, that another effort may be made, if possible, to get me in the mind to relish some of this noble blood: so that, at present, we are obliged to retire from home for the sake of peace; and all this is the more cutting, as it comes from a mother, who once appeared to love me very tenderly; but, still she is my mother; it is too painful for my recollection!

Wor. I perceive then, dear sir, that you are almost under the necessity of a temporary banishment; and as travelling from place to place is very expensive, do, sir, let me request the favour of you and

Mrs. Lovely to pass some time with us at Brookfield Hall. We are supposed to live in a salutary air; and you have your own little vehicle to take yourself and Mrs. Lovely to different parts about the country, for the sake of moderate exercise and air; you can travel about as you may like, and still make my house your head-quarters. If you please, sir, as the shower seems to be over, we will adjourn to the house, and settle it with Mrs. Lovely. I am sure Mrs. Worthy and my daughters will be very happy in her company; Mrs. Lovely's want of noble blood will be of no consequence at our house. We are no great admirers of this commodity, as it is in general found in its present degenerate state.

Lovely. Dear sir, what kindness and attention to an entire stranger! But as to support, both my father and my wife's father are determined to join in all that is necessary to assist during our present perplexities; and, though we suppose we must retire, for the sake of peace, into some little country cot, at a distance from my mother, till matters may soften; yet, should it please God to restore her health, a very little will make us comfortable, as we are so happy with each other. But I am sure, sir, Mrs. Lovely will be quite overcome by your most kind and affectionate attention to our situation.

Wor. O, sir, don't mention any thing about these matters. I don't know what comfort there can be in life, but as we act for the mutual good of each other. True Christianity is sure to produce real politeness without the assistance of the affectation of the world. We are commanded to "be given to hospitality," and to "be pitiful and courteous." I must, therefore, insist upon it, that you allow me, without any further ceremony, to make you and Mrs. Lovely our guests, while you continue in these parts. [*To a day labourer.*] Here, John, go directly to the Golden Lion, and ask for Mr. Lovely's ser-

vant, and tell him to bring his master's horses and carriage, and all their packages, immediately to my house.

Lovely. Oh, dear sir, this is quite too much! —I am afraid my poor dear wife will feel herself entirely thrown out of that humble contemplative state of retirement we wish to enjoy, by her being introduced into your house.

Wor. O, Mrs. Lovely will find just the contrary, within half an hour after she has really commenced our guest: we have nothing to do with the fulsome formal parade of the world at our house. [*To the labourer.*] Why don't you go, John?

John. An't please your honour, I'll go directly.

Lovely. Sir, if you insist upon such an extraordinary act of hospitality, I should be glad to go with him, as I have some matters to settle with my servant on this remove.

Wor. Well, sir, then I shall go to the house, and tell Mrs. Worthy and Mrs. Lovely how we have settled matters, and shall expect your speedy return.

Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovely immediately separated; but as there are still a variety of events which may require an abridgement to prevent repetition, the reader will excuse the dress of dialogue, while he is further informed, that Mr. Worthy accordingly went home, and in the fulness of his benevolent heart received Mrs. Lovely rather too abruptly for the tender feelings of her delicate and sentimental mind; telling her that he had heard every circumstance respecting them; and that he was quite in raptures at the fidelity and integrity of Mr. Lovely's conduct; and begged their acceptance of every token in his power of their hospitality and esteem. He insisted upon it that they should be their guests, at least, for some days; and that, after they had received a short sample of their sincere and

sympathetic regard, they should judge for themselves, how long they might further favour them with their company.

This so won upon the mind of Mrs. Lovely, that she could scarcely support herself under the strong impressions of gratitude she felt from this instance of truly Christian benevolence. Her husband just then came in, and found her scarcely able to speak, and in tears, from the influence this had upon her most grateful and affectionate disposition.

The cause of this was immediately explained to him. Let the reader's imagination next describe the feelings of this very sincere and affectionate youth; thus engaged in wiping away each tear as it dropt from her eye, while he had enough to do to quell the like sympathetic tear as it involuntarily forced itself through the same sluices of his affection: and then let him judge whether Mr. Lovely would have been a happier man, had he neglected one of such a mind, for the sake of either of the three unsentimental baubles, whichever it might have been, that, through the mere pride and covetousness of the parties, was designed to have been entailed upon him.

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Lovely commenced the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, while the honest landlord of the Golden Lion parted with them with considerable regret. They could not, however, help remarking, in the course of the evening's conversation, how very orderly all their little matters were conducted at the public house, and that it was the first house they ever remembered of that sort in which they heard the private voice of family prayer.

In the course of the evening conversation, Mr. Lovely started some queries concerning a young woman, who appeared quite of a dejected turn of mind, and asked whether it was from some deep affliction, or, it should rather appear, from some melan-

choly derangement. But when Mr. Worthy began to tell the story of Mrs. Chipman, as it has been before related to the reader, it was soon found too strong a contrast of what had passed between Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, for their tender minds to bear, especially as related to the feelings of Mrs. Chipman, since she had been made sensible of the evil consequences of sin. The conversation, therefore, took another turn. Mrs. Worthy made some enquiries into the family of the Lovelys, as her mother used to claim relationship to some of that name. By this means they discovered that there was no very distant relationship between the Worthys and the Lovelys, though they were very glad it was not on the side of the Greedys. Mr. Lovely also had to console himself with a hope, that an intermixture into that family might ultimately be of no great harm to the next generation, as his grandfather was too much the other way, and had suffered considerably, by lending large sums of money to some, in being security for others, and liberal upon all occasions, so that his fortune had been much injured by his generosity.

Upon this discovery, the easy and affectionate appellation of *cousin*, was at once adopted, and the conversation became familiar; soon after which, the day was terminated by supper, and prayer. The day following being the sabbath, the reader may expect another dialogue, as the result of that day's exercises. And if this dialogue be now in the hands of those who retire to their rest, without first dedicating themselves to God, by family prayer; while they conclude the evening by reading this little dramatic attempt, may this laudable custom, so seriously attended to at Brookfield Hall, excite my kind readers also to break through the united barriers of sloth and shame; and, ere they close their eyes in sleep, may they close the day with God!

DIALOGUE XXI.

BETWEEN THE LOVELYS AND THE FAMILY OF BROOKFIELD HALL.

THE CLAIMS OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS EXAMINED.

THE following day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lovely attended the family to Brookfield Church. The pleasing sight of so large and devout a congregation, collected from every quarter, and the holy reverence with which the service was conducted, surprised them not a little. Mr. Lovegood's sermon was from that text; "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:" and, though they both felt the text suitable and desirable, as it related to their own situation; yet the application, at first, rather surprised them, that we were all sinners before God; and that chastisement was needed to detect the latent venom of corrupted nature, however it might be cloaked from our view, by the favourable circumstance of a good disposition, and a life of strict morality: that though we should esteem every good we enjoy as "the gift of God," and hold such gifts in due estimation, as they, at least, prevent an abundance of evil; yet, the real good which made us meet for heaven arose from another source: and, though he believed that where there was a high degree of morality, or uprightness before man, (as even so much as this was of uncommon growth,) he humbly trusted that there might be

the seeds of the divine principle secretly implanted; yet, after all it is "the *grace of God* that bringeth salvation, and which teacheth us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And in Mr. Lovegood's application of his sermon, though he cautiously avoided an indiscriminate charge against all good, as though it were evil, because we ourselves are so; yet, he still urged that there was nothing good in us, but what was blended with evil. He appealed to the consciences of his hearers, if all of them had not found, more or less, some unwarrantable murmurings and repinings against God, during sharp and heavy afflictions; until their hearts, under the influence of divine grace, were duly humbled to acknowledge their own sinfulness in his sight. He then brought the instance of holy Job, how he, for a time, was found in rebellion against the correcting hand of God, till he was better instructed by a deeper knowledge of his holiness to cry in humble submission, "Behold, I am vile."

These considerations brought to Mrs. Lovely's recollection the many unwarrantable reflections which had passed her own mind during her afflictions, though she thought little of them for the moment; yet now, for the first time, her conscience began to recoil at them, as being a proof of the inbred corruption of her nature, of which before she had scarcely the most distant conception. She had frequently been reflecting upon the native goodness of her heart, praising herself rather than God, that she was *naturally* so much better than the rest of mankind; and wondered how a merciful God should permit her to be so afflicted, while many, so far her inferiors in all the principles of virtue and morality, were prosperous.

Under these dark conceptions of her own heart, she would be arguing with Job in his unhumbled days, "that she was clean and without transgression; that she was innocent, and that there was no iniquity in her; but that God yet found occasion against her, and counted her for his enemy." A very few reflections, however, of this sort, forced the penitential tear from her eye, and laid her humbled heart in the dust before God. Instead of "entering into judgment with God," she could now cry, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified."

At the sight of this, Mr. Lovely was not a little affected, as he greatly feared that these strong impressions might be attended with such consequences, that her delicate frame might sustain fresh injury thereby. After their return from church, they retired to a private seat in the pleasure ground for a short time before the dinner was placed on the table, and the following conversation took place.

Mrs. Lovely. My dear, what a wonderful sermon we have been hearing this day! If these things be true, I fear we are both wrong.

Lovely. Wrong, my dear—How can we be wrong? What harm have we done! If we are not right, the Lord have mercy upon thousands!

Mrs. Levely. Though I dare not say that I can accuse myself of any gross immoralities, yet you cannot conceive what proud, angry, and rebellious thoughts I have secretly had against God, during our affliction. I never had the most distant idea till this day, what an evil state we must be in, when such a

tribe of evil thoughts are to be found in our hearts: but I hope and I believe your heart is not so bad as mine.

Lovely. O, my dear love, we must not suppose that the Almighty will eternally condemn us for a few bad thoughts: you know that "his mercies are over all his works," and that "he will not be extreme to mark iniquity."

Mrs. Lovely. O, no; it is not that I fear I shall be eternally condemned for my bad thoughts; but I find and feel myself such a sinner because I have them. Why should I for a moment have harboured such evil conceptions against God, when he so justly punishes me as a sinner, and still so mercifully punishes me for my good? In what a fine manner Mr. Lovegood explained that text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth." But did you ever see such a serious and devout congregation before? No wonder that even the public house should have been so reformed under such an excellent minister. And what a charming family the Worthys are, and how truly pious. I am afraid we cannot say we are like them. —I am sure, I am not.

Lovely. O, my dearest Ann, I am much afraid lest your unjust notions against *the native purity and goodness of your heart* should so perplex you, as to deprive you of all the consolation you have *a right* to claim to yourself. But however you may think of Mr. Lovegood's sermon, it by no means struck me as being so super-excellent. First, I have no great opinion of your *extemporaneous* preachers. I can very readily give up all these for the sake of hearing a minister upon some good grave moral subject, who has properly and carefully corrected his sermon before he preaches it. And then I think what he said had rather a tendency to make the Almighty a hard

task-master. He certainly is a man of ability, and I don't doubt but that he has a *very good heart*, and I dare say his *stern way of preaching* has done a great deal of good among *the common people;* but in one part of his sermon he seemed to preach to us as if we were *all a pack of heathens.*

Mrs. Lovely. To be sure, he made some very strong remarks in shewing what a great difference there is between Christianity as it is revealed in the Bible, and as it is practised by the people of the world; but I cannot help thinking there was a deal of truth in what he said. I fear lest I should be found, after all, nothing better than a mere "whited sepulchre," in the sight of God.

Lovely. My dear creature, how can you for a moment admit such a preposterous thought! I wonder you can so *overlook your own goodness:* though I am quite delighted with Mr. Worthy's hospitality, yet I am very sorry that Mr. Lovegood's sermon should have left such a strange impression on your mind; and I am sure such dreary notions against yourself are not only the most inconsistent and unjust; but, I fear also, lest they should so prey upon your thoughts, as to be injurious to your constitution, unless you can muster up proper resolution to resist them. Will you allow me, my dearest life, to request you not to think of going to church again this afternoon? You could scarcely bear the crowd which was there this morning: you were almost ready to faint half the time; and I am sure his notions in religion will never do for you: at least, in my opinion, you have unhappily misapplied them.

Mrs. Lovely. I thank you very kindly for your advice: but what shall I do? If I grieve you by again going to church, I fear I shall as much grieve and perplex my own mind in staying at home.

Lovely. O, my dear, I'll stay at home with you;

and read some of the Saturday's papers of the Spectator; you know they are all upon moral subjects; or one of Dr. Blair's sermons, if Mr. Worthy has got them.

Mrs. Lovely. Indeed, my dear, I never could read either in those papers, or in Blair's sermons, any thing like so interesting as what I have heard this day from Mr. Lovegood. I think you a little misunderstand him: perhaps when you have heard him again, you may be better pleased with him. With your leave, I am exceedingly desirous to hear him a second time; but if I should grieve you by acting against your kind advice, it will equally be the cause of grief to me.

During this short conversation, the dinner-bell summoned them into the parlour, to the family meal, which, on a Sunday, at Brookfield hall, is very plain, but plentiful: and served at an early hour, that their second attendance on divine service might not be interrupted. During the meal, Mr. and Mrs. and the eldest Miss Worthy, who of late had become very serious, made such remarks on the sermon as were widely different from those dreary notions of real religion which Mr. Lovely began, from misconception, to entertain. He discovered that Sunday, at Brookfield Hall, though the most solemn, was the happiest day of all the seven; and that they could quote different passages of the sermon which they heard from their excellent minister with supreme approbation and delight. This staggered his prejudices, though it did not remove them. Soon after dinner the cheerful voice of praise was heard at a distance from the children of the Sunday school, who were kindly accommodated with Mr. Worthy's laundry, as a school room. This at once attracted the ear of Mrs. Lovely; and, after some enquiries were made respecting that institu-

tion, she looked at her husband, and dropt a tear. He, seeing the agitation of her spirits, requested her to walk out, and the conversation on the same subject thus recommenced.

Mrs. Lovely. Will you, my dear, indulge me with the privilege of attending at church again this afternoon? Surely the religion which makes this excellent family so happy can never make us miserable. When I heard the song of praise from the voices of those poor children, how did I wish that I could but transform myself into one of their number, that I might attend again at church without grieving you!

Lovely. You know that my advice is from the purest principles of affection; but if you cannot be happy unless you again go to church, I shall say no more. Only, my dearest creature, for my sake and your own sake, be on your guard that Mr. Lovegood's *harsh* doctrine may not injure your health. I cannot bear to hear you call yourself "a whited sepulchre," and that you should have such unjust notions of the supposed badness of your heart, when I am sure you have given sufficient evidence that it is so *virtuous and good;* and, indeed, I think we have neither of us been so remiss in any part of our duty, as to be registered among the most unworthy and negligent of mankind.

Mrs. Lovely. I am afraid, if we have been attentive to the lesser duties between man and man, we have been too remiss in the still more important duty, required of us in our love and service of God. Can't you remember that was one of Mr. Lovegood's observations during the sermon?

Lovely. Now, upon this principle alone it is I ground my objection against your attendance. I confess the Worthys are a very cheerful and happy

family; but, however Mr. Lovegood's notions may do them no harm, yet as your afflictions have much sunk your spirits, *his strong notions of religion* may not be so suitable to you as to them; and this makes me think, notwithstanding their kindness, that our visit to this place, for your sake, must be short; as I fear these new dreary sentiments respecting yourself may hurt your health.

Mrs. Lovely. Oh, my dear, with your leave I hope we shall continue here, at least, for a few days, according to the most hospitable and affectionate invitation of the family. Indeed it would be quite rude to do otherwise; it would look as though we had taken some disgust, while at the same time their kindness is inexpressible. And did you not mind what a heaped dishful of slices of bread and meat was sent out to these poor children? And Mrs. Worthy told me, that it was the constant custom to cut up a large joint, and some other fragments, that each child might have his Sunday's repast as well as his schooling: and I am told that the children and all their parents are brought into the laundry every Monday evening, and examined and instructed by Mr. Lovegood; and that once a quarter he has them publicly in the church, and makes a sermon on purpose for them, and then afterwards gives all the parents and children a supper together, in the servants' hall. O, my dear, do let me beseech you to stop a few days in these parts, that we may know more of this excellent family; and let us get acquainted with Mr. Lovegood. Mrs. Worthy says, he always dines at their house on the Monday, when he comes to instruct the children and their parents; and she says, he is a cheerful man, though he is so very religious; and, if ever your Uncle, or old Mr. Greedy, should leave you his fortune, we shall have plenty for our poor neighbours as well as

ourselves; and I am sure we cannot meet with better instructors, how we should act for the good of others than as we take pattern from what is now before us.

Lovely. How can you, my dear life, think yourself "a whited sepulchre," when you are so full of charitable purposes and good designs?

Mrs. Lovely. O, it is on account of the intermixture of evil I still feel. I am ashamed to say what I feel. Why should I have such bad thoughts! But the bells are ringing for church. I seem quite revived at the thoughts, that your objections are removed; for you cannot but have observed the most pleasant conversation of the family, and the creditable, comfortable, orderly way in which they live. Surely the religion, which has done them so much good, can never do us any harm. O, do, my dear George, O, do, let me go to church, and let me request you to come with me!

Lovely. My dear, you quite disarm me, and while I submit, I confess I rather go with you to guard you against some mistaken impressions which you have already imbibed, than by shewing my approbation of your zeal. However, I'll go with you, having already fortified my own mind against all the wrong notions we heard this morning: I have only to request you for your own peace,—Be upon your guard.

After this conversation they immediately returned, and went to church with the family. Mr. Lovegood on that afternoon, preached a more awful sermon than usual, on the parable of the Ten Virgins; observing what a remarkable similarity subsisted for a while between such as were wise, and others who were foolish, till the day of trial made known the difference between them. That the lamp of a pro-

fession may give a splendid light for a while, but at length it may go out in everlasting darkness. That the grace of God may be so nearly imitated by natural gifts and outward advantages, as that many persons may "have a name to live and yet be dead." He first mentioned some who might have "the form of godliness and deny the power." He asked his formal hearers if they had ever examined their hearts by that expression, "The power of God." He remarked its emphatic meaning,—how different from a mere mechanical form! that though he by no means condemned *forms of prayer*, for that we had them in our psalms and hymns, and in the word of God itself; yet, that these would not cover the sin of those who were merely *formal in prayer*. That the best and most spiritual forms of prayer, if not offered up from a heart which was spiritual, were but an abomination: for that God thus complained of his own Israel: "This people draweth near to me with their lips, while their hearts are far from me." He observed further on the same subject, that forms of prayer could never *create*, though they might *lead*, devotion: and that as we advanced in the spiritual life, we should be constrained to extend the wings of devotion, and not merely confine ourselves to such directories, as once we needed, in the earlier part of the divine life: but that as our spirits "grew up into God in all things," we should find that the fervor of holy prayer would require to be released from the cold and frigid business of a form; especially when we retired into the closet, that we might "pray with all prayer and supplication in the spirit."

He then discoursed on reading the Bible; attending public worship, and frequenting the Lord's table; shewing that as these were the means of grace we might expect good from them; yet, that it was

possible to give a very diligent attendance on all these things in a formal customary manner with our lips, without the *oil of grace:* that the question was not so much *what* we did, but that we should examine the motive *why* we did it: that the true worshippers of God, whose services were acceptable, were only they who "worshipped God in spirit and in truth." He then made some remarks on a living faith which ever united to Christ, and by which union alone "the oil of grace" was communicated to our hearts, and distilled itself throughout all our actions: that a mere dead faith made a *professor;* but, that it was a living faith that made a *possessor* of the grace of God in deed and in truth.

He next went on the business of rectifying another mistake, that "the oil of grace" consisted in our being blessed with good natural dispositions. He observed, that even among the brutes, though of the same kind, some of them had their good dispositions, and proved naturally manageable and kind, while others of them were sulky and perverse; and that this mere diversity of disposition was equally conspicuous in the human race; and, consequently, a mere good disposition, however excellent in its place, which might be found in a brute, as well as in the human race, could never be called "the oil of grace;" That these *sweet-blooded sinners* were too frequently found among the most negligent and profane before God; yet, in their way, affectionate and kind towards others of their fellow sinners, while all of them were equally at a distance from the holy spiritual mind belonging to those who are truly "in Christ Jesus."

Having thus warned his hearers against supposing that a mere good disposition, however good in its place, was of the nature of divine grace, he next shewed that a life of the strictest morality might

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exist when "the oil of grace" was still wanting.—Mr. Lovegood boldly said, that an Atheist might be a moral man as well as a Christian*; and, that the morality of most men was in general little better than negative, consisting much more in what people did not do, than in what they really did: and that any man, from self-interested motives, would, for the sake of his own ease and comfort, attend to the common rules of morality, as all those who violated them were guilty of the grossest acts of folly against their own interest. That a man of unjust and knavish principles was sooner or later sure to suffer for his own folly. That the man of passion and revenge would certainly entail much greater sufferings on himself than what others had felt from him, by the mad violence of his anger. In short, if a man did but consult his own health or interest, he would be moral: and that, however highly advantageous a strict attention to the rules of morality would prove to the good of society, yet, that real Christians, who were blessed with the "oil of grace," had much higher motives to go by, than such as were to be found among mere moralists. On these things, he afterwards so well expatiated, that it puzzled Mr. Lovely's mind not a little: on the one hand, he felt himself half angry, that all his religious props were knocked from under him, while he found it a considerable difficulty to deny the truth of what he had heard. But when he perceived, that Mrs. Lovely was still more seriously impressed

* It is probable Mr. Lovegood borrowed this expression from a famous charge, the present bishop of St. Asaph delivered, when bishop of St. David's: it is possible also, that his lordship may know, that even a professedly Christian bishop may be less than moral, as well as an Atheist; witness many of the bishops of Rome. The conclusion, therefore, is, that such a man, notwithstanding his zeal, and the high office he may fill in the Christian Church, is, not only *less* than a Christian, but *worse* than an Atheist.

under a further discovery of her defective righteousness, and began again to express the anxiety of her mind, after her second return from church, how much both of them had fallen short of the sacred standard of real Christianity ; he was still more highly incensed against the *harsh doctrine* of Mr. Lovegood, which had so discomposed the mind of his dearest Ann. Even the blessed tears of repentance, as they trickled from her eye, pierced him to the heart, while he heard with astonishment that one of so pure a mind, in his esteem, should still acknowledge herself such an unworthy sinner in the sight of God. Matters, however, thus passed till the next day. The reader is therefore requested to suspend his curiosity till the morrow; and, after a night's rest, the subject will be resumed.

DIALOGUE XXII.

BETWEEN THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE LOVELYS.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

ON the morrow, Mr. Lovegood attended on his customary visit. Mr. Worthy having introduced his guests to each other, it was observable, that Mr. Lovely received the address of Mr. Lovegood with a degree of coldness and formality, very contrary to that which belonged to the natural sweetness of his disposition: and after dinner the following conversation took place. [*Mrs. Lovely appears rather fainty and weak.*]

Lovely. I told you, my dear, that going to church yesterday afternoon would be too much for you. [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] And, sir, I must be free to tell you, that your doctrine is *too severe and harsh* for my delicate and tender wife; though I am sure, sir, you mean it for the best, and I should be glad, if all the clergy followed your good example.

Loveg. Indeed, sir, it was not my design to have advanced any thing that was improperly harsh and severe; and if I have been guilty of such a mistake, I wish to be open to conviction, and shall be quite ready to retract it.

Lovely. Why, Sir, you must allow me the liberty to say, I never heard any Divine but yourself make

so free with the character of Job, as you did in your morning sermon; certainly he was a very holy man.

Loveg. Dear sir, did I in any wise deny it? though for a while he had such strange apprehensions and misconceptions of God.

Lovely. Sir, Dr. Nescience *, the minister of our parish, gave us a very different character of the

* Learned men should have learned names. No wonder then that Dr. Nescience has his name from a Latin derivation, though in plain English, Dr. Know-nothing; all my other names I believe my readers can pretty well comprehend without understanding Latin. A facetious old clergyman, Dr. Burton, Vice provost of Eton, when I was at that school, passed some neat sarcasms upon a person of a very ignorant and pedantic character, recommending him to an uncle of mine, as being a gentleman of *great nescience*. The person began bowing and scraping; supposing the Doctor had passed upon him some very high compliment; the Doctor, therefore, heightened the compliment, by observing, that he could not say too much of him on that subject; for that he knew him to be a man of *great Nescience*, of *very great Nescience indeed*; and nothing further was discovered by the pedant, than that the highest compliment was passed upon him; and, it is probable, our present Doctor was one of the same family.

Dr. Nescience, it seems, procured his Doctor's degree, not from his own University at Cambridge, where, had he made such an attempt, his knowledge had been well sifted, and his ignorance thoroughly exposed: from Cambridge therefore he received no higher honour, than that of the first degree of a Bachelor of Arts: but he came at his *Doctorship* by a much shorter cut, from one of the famous Universities in the North of Scotland; and in order that he might obtain this high literary honour, a testimonial of his learning being needed, this he procured to be signed by three reverend gentlemen of the same redoubtable order of Doctors; Dr. Numscull, Dr. Papscull, and Dr. Loggerhead.

This information, however, as it respects Dr. Nescience, and by what means he obtained the high honour of being called *the Doctor*, reflects not the least discredit on Dissenters, nor yet on some others of real erudition, where there are unhappy barriers in their way, to procure such degrees in a more creditable line; but Dr. Nescience, and the rest of his fraternity of the same order, have found out this, as the ready way to *look big*, with a little, or even no learning. Before he procured his degree, he was denominated *the little Rector;* but now he found himself upon the pedestal of this Scotch Diploma, he had the satisfaction of being called *the little Doctor;* and the satisfaction, also, of several sharp *curtain lectures* from his wife; this famous honour having cost him not less than £10. She oftentimes reminding him, for his extravagance, of the old proverb,

life of Job, when he preached upon that text, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go; my heart shall not reproach me, as long as I live." The Doctor told us, that it was *his own righteousness* which was his confidence, and that thereby he obtained the *reward* of heaven.

Mrs. Lovely. But you know, my dear, neither you nor I have any great opinion of the little Doctor or his curate, Mr. Flimsey: we have both observed, while they seem to be aiming at something, they can make nothing out of it. But don't you think you have a little misunderstood Mr. Lovegood? [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] Sir, it might be much to the satisfaction of myself and my husband, if you would explain yourself more fully on that subject.

Loveg. Dear sir, there is no doubt of the integrity and uprightness of Job: but while he was *righteous*, he was also *self-righteous*. There was his crime; and this rendered him proud and angry before God.

Lovely. Proud and angry—Why, was not he the most patient man upon earth?

Loveg. Yes, sir, but his great patience awfully failed him, till, by divine mercy, it was restored. We have proof enough of this, when notwithstanding his very deep afflictions during the seven days and nights he passed in meek and holy submission, under the deepest afflictions, he afterwards could curse the day in which he was born. If you read that chapter, sir, you will be as much struck at his rebellion at one time, as at his patience at another.

A fool and his money are soon parted; he contrived, however, in a measure, to quiet her mind, under the idea that the loss of the money would soon be recovered, as he was going to turn author, by re-publishing three famous novels; Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and Old Mother Goose's Tales. These he meant to enrich with certain annotations, lucubrations, and remarks of his own composing; and he had no doubt but that his Doctor's degree would wonderfully quicken the sale of the publication.

Lovely. But if he did wrong in this, yet in other respects he was doubtless a very righteous man.

Loveg. Certainly so, sir; and, before man, no one had a greater right to vindicate himself against the accusations of his three friends, who certainly mistook his case: they concluded him, very unjustly, to be an arrant hypocrite, and that God had detected him, and therefore he was severely punishing him for his crimes. As far as human righteousness went, he might venture to say, "he would hold it fast, and would not let it go;" and no doubt, but that with the greatest justice he could further add, as it respected the great and upright character he sustained; "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, and my judgment was as a robe and a diadem: I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out."

Lovely. Why, sir, was it possible for any one to do more to deserve the character of a righteous man, than he did? Could he be a good man and a bad man at the same time, sir? I cannot think we are called to renounce our integrity.

Wor. Really, sir, you and I have been stumbling upon the very same "stone of stumbling, and rock of offence;" I was as proud as ever Job was, of my righteousness, when I only looked at the surface of my character, as it appeared before man; and I thought Mr. Lovegood brought strange things to my ears, when I heard him assert, from the Bible, that "there was none righteous, no not one."

Loveg. Sir, Job did not know how much he had

of the latent Pharisee in his heart, whereby he was led to "trust in himself, that he was righteous," like the Pharisees of old, though in other respects he was by no means of their hypocritical cast.

Lovely. Why, how can another be righteous for us?

Loveg. Dear sir, you do not understand me; he was rather led to applaud the goodness of his own heart on account of these things, while he forgot to give glory to him, "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, do proceed:"* or, if you please, to give it you in other words, it should appear that he was more bent upon trusting in his own righteousness, than in God who made him righteous; for, respecting the best of men, it may be said, as Eliphaz replied to Job, "What is man that he should be clean; and he that is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? Behold he putteth no trust in his saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight. How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh in iniquity like water?" And again, "Can man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous; or is it gain to him, that thou makest thy way perfect?"† Nor can we conceive a more striking query than that which we find in the same book. "How can man be justified with God; and how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold, look even to the moon, and it shineth not: yea, the stars are not pure in his sight; how much less man that is a worm, and the son of man that is a worm?"‡

Lovely. But, really, sir, though I confess I am no divine, don't you think that Job's friends went too far in speaking against the *merit* of his righteousness?

* Common Prayer Book. † Job xxii. 2, 3. ‡ Job xxv. 4, 5, 6.

Loveg. I have already said, that they went much too far, while they accused him of hypocrisy and wickedness; yet we shall find that God himself terminated the controversy, by shewing Job, not only the folly of the supposed *merit* of his righteousness, but also the sinfulness of those proud thoughts, which must be brought down, as it were, by force of arms. Do, sir, let me remind you of that passage in St. Paul to the Corinthians: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, (or vain reasonings,) and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought unto the obedience of Christ."

Lovely. Sir, these are very strong words; are you sure you have quoted them correctly? though, I dare say, you have done so to the best of your recollection.

Loveg. I believe, sir, I am perfectly exact; but while we further investigate the book of Job, I will consult my pocket Bible, and we shall then go on certain ground.

Mrs. Lovely. Did I not tell you, my dear George, that Mr. Lovegood could well explain himself on these points? you see how he makes the Bible his constant study.

Lovely. My dear, I am quite ready to hear what Mr. Lovegood has to say, though I much fear lest his religion should do you harm.

Loveg. [*With his Bible in his hand.*] Dear sir, the religion of this book can never do us any harm; and if you will allow me to continue my observations on the book of Job, that should be first noticed which is said in the beginning of the thirty-second chapter of that book: "So these three men ceased to

answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes;" and Elihu being sent of God to settle the controversy, thus charges Job for his presumptuous thoughts before God. "Surely thou hast spoken in mine hearing, and I have heard the voice of thy words, saying, I am clean without transgression; I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me. Behold, he findeth occasion against me; he counteth me for his enemy. He putteth my feet in the stocks, he marketh all my paths. Behold, in this thou art not just: I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why doest thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters?"* In the thirty-fourth chapter, also, we find him reproved for the same sort of pride and rebellion: "Job hath said, I am righteous, and God hath taken away my judgment. What man is like Job, who drinketh up scorning like water? who goeth in company, (at least in his conversation,) with the workers of iniquity, and walketh with wicked men. For he hath said, it profiteth a man nothing, that he should delight himself with God." So that Elihu is, as it were, obliged to vindicate the cause of God against the profane suggestions of Job, by saying, "Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness, and from the Almighty that he should commit iniquity: yea, surely God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment; for that Job had spoken without knowledge, and his words were without wisdom." It is the desire therefore of Elihu, "that Job may be tried unto the end, because of his answers for wicked men: for he addeth rebellion unto his sin, and clappeth his hands against us, and multiplieth his words against God."

Mrs. Lovely. See, my dear, how plainly Mr. Lovegood makes it out what sinners we all are, on account of such wicked thoughts.

* Job xxxiii. 8—13.

Lovely. Why, I confess, the subject never struck me in this light so forcibly before; but I am unwilling to give up the point even yet: I wish to take some time to consider for myself; and, with Mr. Lovegood's leave, to consult with other divines on the subject.

Loveg. By all means, dear sir, truth never suffers by investigation. But even in the next chapter you will find a deal more of the same proud language charged on Job, as uttered against God. "Thou saidst (said he) my righteousness is more than God's;" therefore he adds, "What advantage will it be to me, and what profit shall I have if I be cleansed from my sin?" Elihu, therefore asks Job the question, "If thou be righteous, what givest thou him; or what receiveth he at thine hand? Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteousness may profit the son of man:" thus, he concludes, that "Job opened his mouth in vain, and multiplied his words without knowledge." And, sir, if I have not tired you with the number of my quotations, you may see further what was the design of God in this controversy with Job, "that he might withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man;" he therefore humbled him by sickness, and a variety of the most severe dispensations in providence, that he might further be convinced of the sinfulness of his heart; for "If any man say I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profiteth me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light; for all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, and to be enlightened with the light of the living." How wise and applicable was therefore the advice of Elihu? Surely, it is meet to be said unto God, "I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more;

that which I see not, teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do so no more."

Wor. Indeed, Mr. Lovely, I think you would find it truly profitable, if you would attend a little more closely to the experience of Job. The speech of Elihu always struck me, as containing some of the most strong and conclusive arguments against the proud and vain conceit that any of us can be righteous before God. What arguments he deduces from the purity of God, the infinity of his wisdom, the dignity and majesty of his existence, to shew man the emptiness and folly of all he does, and to lay him in the dust, that he may be sensible what a poor unprofitable creature he is in every point of view, and that "in his best estate, he is altogether vanity."

Lovely. But, did not God, after all this, turn the captivity of Job, and make the latter end of his life more glorious than the former, as a proper *reward* for his integrity, humility, and patience?

Loveg. No, verily, my good sir, God never gave him a *reward* for his goodness; though he mercifully restored him by his mere grace and forgiving love, even after all the hard and presumptuous thoughts he had uttered against him: but not till after he had cast him down from the high pinnacle of his pride, into the valley of humiliation, where we all, either sooner or later, must be brought to lie. And there, if you read with attention that most instructive and remarkable history, you will find how God himself condescended to deal with him, till he made him to lie in the dust, and then he was first constrained to cry, "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth: once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice; but I will proceed no further." And let me request you to consider the solemn con-

clusion of the controversy: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Worthy. My dear Mr. Lovely, I have heard Mr. Lovegood frequently remark what a mistaken book this has been, among all those who have not been sufficiently attentive to this blessed portion of holy writ; and that no part of the word of God can be better calculated to humble the pride of man, and to produce in us a deep sense of our own unworthiness: so as that we may be brought to accept salvation, where alone it can be found, in the person of our blessed Saviour, who lived and died to justify the ungodly.

Mrs. Lovely. O my dear, sure you must be convinced what Mr. Lovegood and Mr. Worthy have been saying is all true: as to myself, I must confess what a proud, blasphemous, and rebellious wretch I have been. O, that the Lord, for Christ's sake, would have mercy upon me! [*She drops a tear.*]

Mr. Lovely. [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] Sir, I must request you to drop this subject; you see my wife cannot bear it; her mind is much too tender to sustain the shock of *your harsh religion;* besides, sir, I cannot admit the doctrines you have advanced, till I have examined matters more closely for myself: [*to Mr. Worthy.*] and I believe, sir, with your leave, it will be necessary for my wife to recreate her spirits by a short walk in your pleasure ground.

They accordingly submit, and the parties retire. Between the Lovelys, the conversation took the same turn as before: he continuing to plead the necessity of her non-attendance on Mr. Lovegood's

ministry, for the sake of her health; and she repeating her most anxious wishes to hear more of those things, which, though they had forced some tears from her eyes, yet she was satisfied were well calculated to do infinite good to her heart. Mr. Lovely still finding it necessary to submit to her importunate desires, they returned, and attended with the rest of the family to the meeting of the poor children. Mr. Lovegood's method with the children was at all times the most tender and engaging; but, now, in his exhortation, especially as he had found a poor child that had lately been impressed under the evil of sin, he made it a point to bring forward, in sweet abundance, those precious promises of the Gospel, which might be best calculated to cheer the heart of Mrs. Lovely, under the new discovery of her sinful state; and this had so far the desired effect, that the gloomy apprehensions of Mr. Lovely again, in a measure, seemed to subside, and a degree of cheerfulness took place, which continued through the evening of the day.

Mr. Lovely's mind, however, continued to be so exercised upon the subject, that he was not only determined to dispute every inch of ground with Mr. Lovegood; but provide himself with such materials as he conceived would be best calculated to make him a successful combatant. He accordingly went the next morning to Mapleton, and enquired where there was a book-seller's-shop; he was recommended of course to Mr. Wisehead; and asked him if he had any books of good sound divinity? Mr. Wisehead would have put into his hands many of the books of the modern Socinians, and, among others, he requested him to read a few pages of Priestley on Necessity. Mr. Lovely then asked Mr. Wisehead if that was not an abridgement of Hobbs, Spinoza, and other infidel philosophers. Upon this

some conversation took place between Mr. Wisehead and Mr. Lovely, who was much more shocked at the horrid extremes of the Socinians, than ever he could be at the dreary notions of Mr. Lovegood. Finding, however, that he could make nothing out from this quarter, he next enquired about the minister of the parish, whether he thought it would be deemed impertinent, if he went to consult him as a divine. Mr. Wisehead observed, that he supposed Mr. Dolittle might give him a kind reception, and that he was sure to find him at home, as he was but just recovering from a fall from his horse; but that there was a Dr. Dronish, the dissenting minister, whom he attended, who was looked upon to be a very able and *rational* divine. Mr. Lovely thanked him for his information; but that if the Dr. was an admirer of the same sort of divinity as was to be found in his shop, he had rather go the *regular* way to work, and consult the minister of the parish. Having thus resolved, he purchased nothing more than a flimsy sermon of Mr. Archdeacon Smoothtongue's, shewing that all the *austere* texts in the Bible ought to be confined to primitive times, as they were not fit for the present day, and took his leave of Mr. Wisehead, and resorted to Mr. Dolittle's.

He first introduced himself as a traveller; mentioned his kind entertainment at Mr. Worthy's, and then began telling him how his mind had been unhinged and puzzled by the preaching of Mr. Lovegood. Dolittle immediately interrupts, by saying,—"What did you go to hear that mad fellow for?"—"Sir," said Mr. Lovely, "I always love to go to the parish church of a Sunday; and his divinity struck both me and my wife, as being very different from what we commonly hear. I should be glad, sir, if you would but explain some matters

to me; I come, with your leave to consult you as a divine."—" I explain matters!" says Dolittle: " what have you to do with such abstruse notions in religion as he preaches? You are not the first person that has had his brains turned by going after the ranting nonsense preached by that good-for-nothing designing fellow."—[*Lovely adjoins:*] " Why, sir, Mr. Lovegood, in my opinion, is neither a mad man, nor a bad man; but, I confess, I at least expected a civil answer to a civil question."—Dolittle answers; " Sir, to tell you the truth, when people come canting and talking about their souls, I always suspect they come with some design; and I am sure they do if they come from that quarter. None of my parishioners ever come to me with such whining tales. I tell them their duty of a Sunday; and if they practise it, that is enough for them; and it will be enough for you: and so you may go away and mind your business; for I expect, sir, you are upon the catch; but you shall get nothing out of me." This coarse reception was quite like a thunder-clap to the mild and amiable Mr. Lovely, and made him glad to escape from the presence of the enraged Rector as fast as he could.

These rebuffs, however, did not damp the inquisitive zeal of Mr. Lovely after truth; and while he could start many objections against Mr. Lovegood's doctrines, yet he had some serious misgivings that all might not be right notwithstanding. This visit, however, had this good effect; the contrast between the bluntness and ignorance of Rector Dolittle, and the meek, humble, and affectionate conduct of Mr. Lovegood, made Mr. Lovely, afterwards, receive with greater candour and moderation whatever he had to advance on these important subjects.

Another circumstance, however occurred, which

also gave a still more favourable turn to his prejudices. Though Mr. Merryman had left Brookfield Hall, on the previous Saturday, yet he returned thither on the Wednesday. An attractive load-stone, in the person of Miss Worthy, was supposed to be the cause of these frequent communications; and the reader will have no reason to doubt, but that the result of this courtship will be as honourable, correct, and good, as the parties are themselves. There are few living, of a more amiable, pleasant, and excellent turn of mind, than Mr. Merryman, since he has known the grace of God in truth; while every year, Mr. Lovegood has the uncommon satisfaction to see his beloved son in the gospel grow in every good word and work.

No wonder that one of such amiable temper and manners soon stole into the good graces of the Lovelys. Mr. Lovely especially admired his great candour and liberality, in speaking about that worthy old clergyman Doctor Orderly, though he had been holding a long controversy with him on conditional justification; admiring that a difference in sentiment could not prevent him from speaking very largely of the Doctor's temper, diligent discharge of his duty, liberality and great attention to the poor; that while his dignified priestly appearance would rather alarm them, yet his humble deportment would still allure them; that, by the very respectable regularity of his conduct, he had got the character, among others, of a precise old fool, and especially from the following circumstance, which had recently taken place.

While Mr. Sedate his curate, was on a visit at a distance, to see his friends, the doctor was unexpectedly taken ill, when his presence was needed to attend the funeral of one who died of a mortification. A speedy interment being necessary, the Doc-

tor was in much perplexity to know who should perform this ofice; it was hinted to him that the Rev. Mr. Jackadandy, a neighbouring clergyman, would be glad to do that service for him. This the Doctor instantly resisted, saying he would sooner die than that the sacred offices of the church should suffer the disgrace of being performed by such coxcombs in divinity. The Doctor accordingly, dressed like an old woman, in his morning gown, with his handkerchief about his head, staggered out of his chamber and performed the office.*

The reader will naturally suppose, that on the Wednesday evening lecture, Mr. Lovegood would avail himself of the assistance of Mr. Merryman, and a previous hint having been given him respecting the state of the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, he preached a very appropriate sermon on the following text,—" Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" and all the family returned from the church serious, yet cheerful and happy. This gave Mrs. Lovely a further opportunity of obviating her husband's objection, as it respected the melancholy consequences of real religion. Mr. Merryman is always cheerful, and now she was cheerful too; and though, at times, she would still drop the penitential tear; yet, as she was in the way of hearing so much of these generous promises, which are so freely held forth in the word of God,

* If the reader wishes for a further description of the race of these *pseudo*-spiritual monkies in holy orders, they are generally to be known by their loose and vain affectation, especially in their dress. They are the fools of fashion; and, as they now dress, you would rather suppose them to be a set of jockies in half-mourning. The present Mr. Jackadandy always appears stuffed out with such an abundance of wadding about his neckcloth and collar, that he reminds you of a pouting pigeon. His coat behind is cut quite short like a soldier's jacket, while he never appears but in his short boots, over his coloured stockings, whisking about his little cane with amazing dexterity like a magic wand; and as soon as the fashion changes, there is no doubt but that he will be the same dap-

her mind seemed to be much more allured by the gospel, than alarmed by the law; and this made Mr. Lovely less anxious to move his quarters.

On the next evening, however, at family prayer, Mr. Merryman read the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans, which so decidedly settles the point of our justification, alone "through the redemption which is in Christ," that Mr. Merryman supposed he had a right to say, some people were more in danger from their good works than their bad ones, if they were tempted to make them a matter of their confidence before God.

After the family service, it appeared that this speech considerably offended the self-righteous views of Mr. Lovely. He thought it very odd, that the Almighty should require nothing of us in point of justification; and that, if such sentiments were just, good people had no better chance for heaven than bad ones; that, though we certainly ought, in a measure, to trust in our Saviour's merits, yet, it still seemed very strange to him, that nothing should be required of us to entitle ourselves to those merits. Thus the conversation on the same subject recommenced, while Mr. Merryman very properly begged that the Bible itself, without any forced commentary whatever, might settle the point. The same apos-

per Jackadandy in the next extreme, should the jacket or coat grow into such a size as to be turned into a petticoat.

One observation further, as it respects the furniture of the *pates* of these Jackadandys. Their studies are mostly confined to the paltry, loose periodical publications of the day: out of these they pick and cull different passages, and these, with awkard impertinence, they retail as their own. As for the study of divinity, how far that claims any share of their attention is easily settled. When one of them, being under examination for orders, was asked, Who is the mediator between God and man? he *profoundly* answered, it was His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Can any one wonder that the grave and respectable Dr. Orderly should be so disgusted at such a Jackadandy, as not to permit him even to bury the dead?

tle was, therefore, referred to, to make good his own conclusion, that a man is justified by faith only without the deeds of the law: while Mr. Lovely was not a little surprised to find in the fourth chapter, that the justification of the person of Abraham was by faith only in the righteousness of Christ, which was *accounted*, *reckoned*, or *imputed*,* to all them that believe; and that the works of Abraham, as mentioned by St. James, were not to justify his person before God, but his faith before man; because if it were otherwise to be interpreted, it would be utterly impracticable to reconcile St. Paul and St. James to each other; and equally impossible that we could be justified by the faith of the Gospel *only*, as St. Paul declares, in order "that we may have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus the perplexity of Mr. Lovely was very considerable, while the conversation was highly satisfactory to the feelings of Mrs. Lovely, who almost shocked the formality of her amiable husband by saying, that all she did was intermixed with sin, and that she felt her need of mercy as much as the vilest Magdalen on the earth.

Mr. Lovely, however, finding, himself hard pressed, begged for quarter: he requested to know, as Dr. Orderly was such an excellent man, and seemed to be more of his way of thinking, whether he could not contrive so as to have an interview with him. The hospitable and friendly Mr. Merryman immediately observed, that he did not doubt it; that he and the worthy Dr. were on very friendly terms; and that, as his living was but about six miles from his house, he was sure the Dr. would treat him as a gentleman and a Christian. But as he was always much engaged in composing fresh sermons for his congregation, he did not love to be inter-

* These three expressions are all the same in the original Greek.

rupted towards the latter end of the week; that he could as yet give Mr. Lovely nothing better than bachelor's fare, though he hoped to see better days, (casting a wishful look at Miss Worthy) but that still he would do his best.

This generous conduct and affectionate familiarity still more interested the Lovelys in the favour of Mr. Merryman. A promise was given that they would make an excursion to Sandover; the result of which will soon be communicated to the reader.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

BETWEEN MR. WORTHY, MR. LOVEGOOD, FARMER LITTLEWORTH, HENRY, AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF MRS. CHIPMAN RESUMED.

Containing an Account of the Return of Henry Littleworth, and the happy Death of Mr. Chipman.

DURING the absence of the Lovelys, while on their visit to Mr. Merryman, Henry Littleworth returned. The result of this visit shall now be brought forward.

Farmer Littleworth. [To his wife.] Why, Dame, here is old Nelly Trot, the letter-carrier; she has brought a letter from Mapleton, and it is from Harry. Dear child, I hope he is coming home. It appears to me as if he had been gone a *long ful* time. [To Miss Nancy.] Nancy, my child, pay the postage, and give poor Nelly a cup of drink.

Miss Nancy. Nelly, what does the letter come to?

Nelly. Eight-pence, Miss.

Mrs. Littlew. Eight-pence! why, it is just double since this French war.

Farmer. Never mind, dame, the Lord be thanked! better pay a few more taxes than be governed by *Bonypart*, and the *French folk;* but, come in, and let us read the letter. [The Farmer puts on his spectacles and reads it.]

" MY MOST DEAR FATHER,

" Through the great mercy of God, all the designs of my journey to Locksbury have been

fully answered. Mr. Chipman resigned his soul into the hands of God on Wednesday last. What blessed things he said during his sickness, and what a glorious end he made of it! I was with him in the solemn moments of his departure. When he felt himself going he took me by the hand and kissed it, and then said, God bless you a thousand times for your attention to my precious soul. I said to him, dear sir, you are just going 'to be dissolved and to be with Christ;' then he stammered out, word after word, 'Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Immediately he closed his eyes, appeared very *fainty*, squeezed my hand, and then said, 'God is come;' fetched a long sigh, and breathed no more. Mr. Reader was also standing at the bed-side; and when he perceived his son-in-law was going, fell down on his knees, and offered up a secret prayer; and, after he found he was dead, while a plentiful shower of tears were running down his cheeks, he kissed his corpse, and said, 'Oh, that my poor unfortunate daughter should have been the death of that most worthy man.' Oh, my dear father, what scenes I have beheld since I left your house on this occasion! but be sure don't tell Mrs. Chipman what Mr. Reader said when her husband died. And I think it will be best not to inform her of any thing about his death, till after my return, for then I can first tell her what a blessed state of mind he was brought into before he died, which may be the most likely way of preserving her heart from being broken by the death of her husband, through her unfaithful conduct.

"Oh my dear parents, how rejoiced I am, that my base conduct had not the same effects on you as Mrs. Chipman's elopement has had on her poor husband: and what a mercy it is, dear Father, that your

once profligate son should now be employed on an errand, in which he has had the honour of conveying the news of the same salvation he has felt on his own heart, to others that were once as ignorant, if not as wicked, as himself."

[Here the Farmer takes off his spectacles, and weeps, and cries, "O this child, this sweet child! see what the grace of God can do! The Lord be praised! O what would I give, if Polly and Patty were but like my dear Harry!"]

Mrs. Littlew. Master, your spirits are so affected, had I not better pour you out a glass of currant wine?

Far. No, I thank you, dame. Harry's lettter is but a short one, I'll read the rest of it. [The spectacles are again mounted, and the Farmer proceeds with the letter.]

"As the end of my coming to this place is now accomplished, and as I have already been above a month from home, I wish to return as soon as circumstances will allow; but Mr. Reader is so very anxious that I should stop over the funeral, and help him to settle his son's affairs, that I cannot resist his importunate request. I fear, therefore, I shall not be at home till next Friday, or Saturday se'nnight; though, indeed, if I were to stop in these parts another Sabbath after the next, I think my patience would be quite exhausted. You cannot conceive, my dear Father, what a difference there is between the sermons of Mr. Fribble and Mr. Lovegood. Blessed be God, I never was made so thankful for the preaching of the word of life, as since I have for a season been deprived of it. At times it quite affects me, that the people in these parts should hear no more of the Gospel, and sometimes hardly as much as might be expected from a mere Heathen philosopher. As I hope, with the Lord's blessing,

to see you again so soon, I need only, for the present, add, that, when you have time, it might not be amiss if you could ride down to Mr. Lovegood, and consult him about the best plan of laying before Mrs. Chipman her family affairs: and in this, and in every concern, may the Lord give us wisdom and grace to act as shall be most consistent with his glory! With my kind love to my sisters, and most affectionate duty to you, dear Father and Mother,

I am,

Your most dutiful and loving son,

HENRY LITTLEWORTH."

The Farmer, according to his son's advice, went to Mr. Lovegood to consult him. Mr. Lovegood was of opinion that Mr. Worthy would be glad still further to interest himself on this business. It was therefore agreed, that directly as Mr. Henry came home they should all go together to Brookfield Hall, and that Mr. Lovegood should give Mr. Worthy previous notice of their intentions.

Henry returned on the Friday eve, as he mentioned in his letter. We pass by all the affectionate intercourse between his own relatives on his arrival, and record the conversation which took place on the Saturday morning, according to appointment.

Farmer Littleworth, Henry, and Mr. Lovegood are introduced.

Worthy. How do you all do? Come in, Mr. Littleworth, I wish you joy on your son's return.

Farmer. Thank your honour; but it seems as if he had been gone for an age. Harry and I never loved one another as we do now, till we both were taught to love the Lord. [*to Henry*] *Ay'nt* it so, my dear child?

Henry. Ah, father, I hope we shall both have eternal reason to bless God for his love. This sets all right between parents and children, and all the world, if all was wrong before.

Wor. Well, let us all sit down, and then Mr. Henry will inform us what passed at Locksbury, that we may know how to act.

Henry. Though I have already been telling my father about matters; yet, for the sake of your information, sir, I had better relate things from the beginning.

Wor. I wish you would, Mr. Henry. By what we have heard from the letters you sent to your father, I expect it will be a very interesting narration.

Henry. Why, sir, as soon as I came to Locksbury, I first called on Mr. Reader, told him who I was, and on what errand I came, and then gave him Mr. Lovegood's letter, and the three books. While he read the letter, he appeared very much affected indeed; and after he had finished it, he cried, "What would I give to know the writer of this letter! What a good man, and a good preacher he must be, to have wrought such a reformation on my poor daughter! And what a character Mr. Worthy must be, to take so kind a part on behalf of that unfortunate girl!" After some other conversation, he observed, [*to Mr. Lovegood*] that your notions in religion were till of late, widely different from his; but that he conceived the reason was, that he had been much more engaged in studying the works of man, than the word of God.

Loveg. After that declaration, I think you had better not have given him the books which were sent for his acceptance.

Henry. Why, I could not do otherwise, as they were mentioned in the letter; but I said he was to

judge of those books, only by the word of God, and not of the word of God by them.

Wor. Did you go to see poor Mr. Chipman, the same day you had the first interview with Mr. Reader?

Henry. No, sir; Mr. Reader said, after he had dismissed his school, he would prepare his son's mind for the visit on the next day. And so he took Mrs. Chipman's letter, and that which you, sir, [*to Mr. Lovegood,*] wrote to him, that he might read them before I saw him.

Loveg. This was a prudent step; but what was the result?

Henry. O, sir, the condition poor Mr. Reader was in, on his return that evening, can never be expressed. He told me the grief of his son-in-law was so strong, that he could not leave the house till near midnight. Mr. Chipman's perpetual cry was, "Oh, that my dear Jemima had known Mr. Lovegood before she had met with that horrid profligate, who seduced her!"—It was very affecting to see an old grey-headed man, crying, sobbing, and sighing, under such a calamity.

Wor. After this, I suppose the next day you visited Mr. Chipman?

Henry. Yes, sir; but before we went to bed, I plucked up courage and said, "Sir, is it not time to go to family prayer?" He blushed exceedingly and then answered, "I generally pray by myself;" and then added: "But if what Mr. Lovegood says be true, I fear I never prayed in all my life." And being so young in years, and so much younger still in grace, I thought it would look too forward in me to propose prayer myself. I am afraid I was once much more bold as a sailor, than I am now as a Christian. After this Mr. Reader shewed me to my bed, which

he had kindly provided for me, and the next day I went and visited Mr. Chipman.

Wor. Poor man! and how did you find him?

Henry. O, sir, there I saw one that was but a little while before a fine personable young man, literally dying of a broken heart, and reduced to a skeleton, in the last stage of a rapid consumption, with his hands twisted in each other, and his eyes running down with tears. Then he cried, "Oh! that unfeeling wretch, who could take such a cruel advantage on my poor thoughtless wife! What a treasure I once thought I possessed in her! Well, well, I thank God that she is a penitent; and the Lord make me a penitent too! For though I have been kept from all outward acts of injustice between man and man; yet now I see, by Mr. Lovegood's letters, and by some closer attention to my Bible, that I had need of mercy before God, as bad as if I had been the biggest reprobate upon earth." And seeing them both so very humble, I took courage, and asked them if I should go to prayer, and they immediately consented.

Loveg. And how did they seem after prayer?

Henry. Oh, sir, all the time we were at prayer, poor Mr. Chipman did nothing but sob and cry, till I was almost as much overcome as himself; and Mr. Reader was quite as much affected as either of us. I humbly trust, sir, through the mercy of God, it was prayer indeed.

Farmer. [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] And what a mercy it is, that my dear child can make such a *distinguishment* between real prayer and *sham* prayer. The Lord be praised!

Loveg. Well, but Mr. Littleworth, with your leave, we should be glad if your son would continue the story.

Henry. After prayer, I talked to them from my own experience as well as I could; what wicked hearts we all have, and how we all sin, at least by our short-comings, every moment we live; and then I went on telling them of the glorious salvation of our blessed Redeemer, and the need there was that our hearts should be changed, or that we must be regenerate and made new creatures in Christ, before we could be taken to glory. And I remember it was just then, that Mr. Reader said, it was but the other day he thought it all nonsense to talk about a change of heart, if we were but moral; but that now he shuddered at his own ignorance.

Loveg. All this was blessed teaching. The first work of the Divine Spirit is to convince a man of sin: we know nothing, till we know that "we are vile."

Henry. Yes, sir, and Mr. Reader seemed to be convinced of this, for he said to me, "I seem to have been doing all my life, and have done nothing right after all."

Loveg. Well, well; this knowledge must have been not less profitable than it was painful.

Henry. He even went so far as to say, that nothing shocked him so much as what he once fancied was his righteousness. He was thoroughly convinced, that even his prayers were but mere farce and form; and that, as of late he had been seriously reading over the Church Prayers, he now saw he had been saying a thousand times with his lips, what he had never felt in his heart.

Loveg. Nothing but a knowledge of our misery will ever prompt us to seek for mercy. How different the language of Mr. Reader now, to what it was when our correspondence first commenced! But as it seems by your letters to your father, the family would not let you leave them till after Mr.

Chipman's death, you can tell us further of the good man's experience before his departure.

Henry. Why, sir, I first advised him to withdraw all his thoughts from the calamities he had suffered by the seduction of Mrs. Chipman, as all those temporal connexions would soon be dissolved by death.

Loveg. That was good advice. Was he able to follow it?

Henry. In a great measure he was. Mr. Reader and I went to see him every day, and sometimes oftener. He was never happy but when one of us was with him. Sometimes we went together; and at other times we would take it by turns. And when Mr. Reader was with him, as well as I could, I used to attend on his scholars; for Mr. Chipman was always complaining of his ignorance, and begging us to read to him, when his strength would in any measure enable him to attend. He in general used to engage his father to read out of Beveridge's Private Thoughts; but when I was with him, he would scarce suffer me to take up any other book but the Bible.

Wor. I suppose, to speak the truth, you could tell him the meaning of it a little better than his father?

Henry. Why, sir, I did it according to the best of my poor little ability; but it is amazing what questions he would ask at one time, and what surprise he discovered at the plain reading of the word of God at another: and the nearer he drew to his end, how delighted he seemed to be with the gracious promises of redemption and pardon through Jesus Christ, crying, "Nothing but mercy will now do for me." Then he mentioned those words in St. Jude, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life."

Loveg. It is happy for us when we are brought

to that blessed point. Christ on his mercy-seat must be all our hope.

Hen. How he was delighted with such texts as these: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—"Behold the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."—"Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost, them that come unto God by him; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—"Ye are complete in him." And when I was reading that text, "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus," I remember how he cried, "Blessed be God, I shall soon be presented perfect in Christ Jesus!" Then he said," Mr. Littleworth, do I quote that text aright"—"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect; it is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us?" And then he added the other part of the text, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I remember he talked in this manner about ten days before his death.

Loveg. Why then, it should appear, that as the strength of his body decreased, his faith and confidence in God increased.

Hen. Indeed, sir, it did; for often when I asked him a question, he would directly answer it by a quotation from Scripture. Once, when I asked him how he was, he answered, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart and mind through Jesus Christ." Then he paused and said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose

mind is staid on thee, because he trusteth in thee :" He is " my resting place," and " his rest is glorious."

Wor. It is really surprising how well he recollected the Scriptures.

Hen. Why, as soon as he recovered from his fever, he began asking for his Bible ; and from the first of his visitation, he was ever seeking after something he was satisfied was still wanting. Mr. Fribble brought him Pope's Essay on Man, and recommended him to say his Universal Prayer, thinking that would do him good.

Loveg. Good ! What good could he get from such heathenish trash ? What poor sinner could ever find out salvation by Christ, by reading such divinity, if it deserves the name ?

Hen. Indeed, when I was with him, there was very little danger of his being captivated with such books ; for when I once told him that he liked the old book best, he cried, " Old book ! why every letter of it is new to me. How ashamed I am of myself, that I have so much neglected it till now ; but, Oh, what grace and mercy, that God, at the eleventh hour of my short life, should have made it such a delightful book to my soul ; though I never knew its real meaning till after Mr. Lovegood had corresponded with my father." Towards the conclusion of his illness, he grew so spiritual, that he seemed almost always in prayer, or engaged in quoting some promises of the Gospel, so that it was with some difficulty we could get him to settle his family affairs.

Wor. And how did you settle that difficulty, Mr. Henry ?

Hen. Why, sir, it was mostly done by Mr. Reader and myself. The old gentleman is half a lawyer, and is often consulted on law occasions ; and

Mr. Chipman left that matter entirely with him: he only desired it might be mentioned, that he forgave his wife from the bottom of his soul; that, as he trusted her repentance was sincere, she ought not to think of a second marriage, while their only child, and still an infant, demanded the utmost of her attention and care. That, though he would wish to leave it under guardians yet he recommended it to the guardians to intrust it to the mother so long as she did her duty by it; that what little property he might have realized by his business, should be preserved for the child; but that under the direction of the guardians, the interest might belong to his wife for her maintenance, and for the education of the child; and Mr. Reader and I settled his accounts as well as we could.

Wor. This was very just and fair, and we shall all act in the same upright manner, while we are under the influence of Divine Grace.

Farmer. But, Harry, my child, I would rather hear you go on, and tell us how the good man died; it is *mighty moving* to me, to hear what precious things he was able to speak. Blessed be God, at times, I know something of the same experience; though, at other times, I feel myself sadly *tosticated* by the devil and my wicked heart; yet I think, by the blessing of God, I feel I hate sin a thousand times worse than I hate a toad.

Henry. Well, then, father, we'll go on with the rest of it. Poor Mr. Chipman, a few days before his death, had strong fainting fits, and was entirely confined to his bed. After one of these fits, he cried, "though my flesh and my heart faileth, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for evermore." And when I observed that he appeared very fainty, he directly answered, "For this cause I faint not; for though my outward man perish, yet the in-

ward man is renewed day by day." And then again, after he had been discharging a deal of corruption from his lungs, and looking at his hands and arms, now worn away to mere skin and bones, he cried, "This corruptible shall put on incorruption; and this mortal shall put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory." I am sure that I have given up my precious soul into the hands of my dear Redeemer: and though I seem to feel myself the poorest sinner that ever lived, yet now through him I can sing, "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Loveg. He seemed to be made of "a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord," while his memory was preserved wonderfully retentive and correct.

Henry. Sir, he was always asking me to point him out those parts of Scripture, which I thought were most applicable to his state, as a dying man; and those chapters or psalms he would be perpetually reading, as long as he was able, while his poor head was tottering upon his shoulders, through weakness all the time. He was particularly delighted with the gospel of St. John. Once I remember he said, "How little have I known, till of late, what our blessed Saviour could mean by saying that he was "the bread of life," and "the living bread which came down from heaven;" but now it is explained to me by what our Lord said, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him;" and, "whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day;" and my soul can truly cry, "Thy flesh is

meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed." He was also peculiarly delighted with the fourteenth chapter, about our Lord's having gone before to prepare many mansions for his people. And I remember while he was talking on that subject, with what a rapture he brought forward that text, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then he repeated the first verse of a hymn I had frequently read to him, and with which he was wonderfully delighted.

Loveg. What was the hymn, Mr. Henry?

Henry. Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauties are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Then he repeated these words:

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Farmer. [*To Henry.*] But I thought, my child, you told me he was most delighted at that hymn our minister *put out*, at the funeral of good old Edward Heaven, the Taylor: what a *brave* christian *for sure* he was!

When we behold the heavenly state,
The rest that doth thy saints await!
What streams of comfort fill the soul,
What floods of bliss around us roll!

Above the world by faith we rise,
And taste the joys above the skies;
With angels feast, with angels join,
In hymns immortal and divine.

On wings of love still upward borne,
Downward we look with holy scorn;
The pains and pleasures of this life,
Afford us neither joy nor grief.

[*The Farmer hesitates*]—There, now, if I have not forgot how it goes on! I am afraid I am too near a-kin to the old man, Master Bunyan calls Mr. Forget-good.

Henry. I think I can recollect them, father; it is amazing what a heaven seemed to be upon Mr. Chipman's countenance whenever he repeated them.

While we enjoy this blissful sight,
With hearts o'erwhelm'd with sweet delight;
We long to reach that heav'nly shore,
And see this evil world no more.

O how we dread to sin again!
'Tis sin alone that gives us pain:
We wish to melt in tears of blood,
Because we sin against our God.

But what are all these tastes of love,
To those we shall enjoy above?
Just as a drop to all the sea;
A moment to eternity!

Wor. No wonder that he felt himself so delighted with a hymn, so suitable to his state; but did he continue in the same happy frame of mind till his death?

Henry. Why, I once remember he sighed two or three times, and seemed a little dejected.—I reminded him of that text, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him." He directly said, "Why should I fear, God is love: he hath loved me, and given himself for me. He'll never leave me; he'll never forsake me." I can't recollect half the good things he said, but I never shall forget the two last visits Mr. Reader and I paid him on the last day of his life.

Loveg. It is very confirming to hear of the testimony of dying believers in the Lord Jesus: as I mean to make some improvement of this event from the pulpit, I should be glad of further particulars.

Henry. We were not a little surprised on the morning visit, at his first requesting Mr. Fribble should be immediately sent for, and that he might be desired to come while we were there; and according to his wish, he was sent for directly. He then gave me the reason for the request, in some such broken language as this. As an instrument in the hands of God, how are we indebted to Mr. Lovegood for all we know? "It is the dying wish of my heart that he may be invited to our town; and I have no other desire to speak to Mr. Fribble, than to beseech him to lend the pulpit on that occasion to Mr. Lovegood; and I hope it will be no injury to my poor penitent wife, and my dear child, if I leave him ten pounds to pay the expences of the journey. Mr. Reader not only approved the plan, but mentioned how glad he should be to receive him into his house as a guest; adding, that till he had corresponded with Mr. Lovegood, though he had so often read his Bible as a school-master, he never understood it as a Christian.

Farmer. How in the days of my ignorance did I admire our Rector Mr. Dolittle, for two sermons he used to preach against modern *'Thusists*, and *as how* it was impossible for any one to understand the Bible, unless they had been at the *Univarsity*, but I did not know that text in those days: "I thank thee, O father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes!"

Wor. Why, really Mr. Reader's remark was a very excellent one, spiritual truths can only be spiritually discerned: the Bible is a most delightful and surprising book to those who are under the illuminating grace of the Gospel.

Henry. Oh, sir, the old gentleman has told me, that he could scarcely attend to the younger class

of his scholars, through perpetual surprise how he could be so ignorant with that book of knowledge in his hands. But before Mr. Fribble came, I read him the twenty-third psalm, for I knew he wanted something short and sweet; and how he was delighted with that passage, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" Though he seemed for a time quite revived, while he was mentioning that you, sir, [*to Mr. Lovegood.*] should be requested to visit Locksbury, yet as after that he seemed quite languid, I proposed that we should have a few words of prayer, and begged Mr. Reader would perform that office, at the request of his dying son-in-law; and it could scarcely be called prayer after all.

Loveg. No wonder at his hesitation on that occasion.

Henry. O, Sir, how the good old man stammered and wept while he prayed! and I remarked that almost every word he made use of, was from his recollection of some Scripture expression; and his feelings were so strong, that he could scarcely utter those words, which he adopted and converted into the language of prayer, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And after the prayer was ended, I was astonished to hear how well Mr. Chipman recollected that passage also; "We all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord;" and with what an ecstacy of joy he quoted them. Just then, Mr. Fribble came in, saying, that though he was willing to perform his duty according to Mr. Chipman's request, and therefore came directly as he was called; yet as he was engaged to

a card party, which he was obliged abruptly to leave, he was rather in a hurry. Mr. Chipman said, that he did not send for him for his prayers; but, as a dying man, to request him, that the minister who had done so much good to his once beloved, but now unhappy wife, might have the use of his pulpit to preach his funeral sermon; as it was acknowledged by all that their own parish was notoriously wicked.

Loveg. Did he acquiesce?

Henry. Directly, sir, without the least hesitation, for he hates preaching as much as you love it: and again, he is under obligations to Mr. Reader, for he used to make almost all his sermons for him; though he now begins to complain of them, as being written in too *strict* a style for his congregation.

Loveg. Why, Mr. Reader, in one of his letters, honestly told me, that he was in the habit of composing and transcribing sermons for many of the clergy about those parts; and as the price of them was five shillings each, it generally produced him an income of between twenty and thirty pounds a year; for though Dr. Trusler's loose copper-plate sermons were considerably cheaper, yet Mr. Reader's were much less likely to be detected:* he wrote to me, therefore, to know how far I judged it to be a lawful occupation; and without the least hesitation I told him by all means to continue it; only to write consistently with the plan of the Gospel; as not only

* An egregious blunder of this sort once happened even in the famous University of Cambridge, at what is commonly called the Sound Church: the Dr. has a notable sermon on these words, "See that ye fall not out by the way." And so it fell out that it was preached by different ministers three Sundays running. The clerk on the fourth Sunday admonished the preacher not to give them a fourth edition of "See that ye fall not out by the way," for that the parish was all very peaceable. The reply was, that he had no other in his pocket, so that the people must have that or none. The Reader would not dispute the probability of this anecdote if he knew after what sort of a fashion the churches in and about the neighbourhood of the universities are unfortunately served.

the clergy themselves, but many of their hearers, might hear those truths thereby, which they probably might not meet with, should he discontinue his occupation—

Wor. Of sermon-maker-general, I suppose we may call it, to the *learned* clergy in those parts. But what a strange jumble this must make among them all, if they still continue their old sermons, and the sermons Mr. Reader will compose, since his mind has been so much better instructed in the knowledge of his Bible.

Farmer. To my mind, the parsons in the pulpits will be like the weathercoks on the steeples, Sunday after Sunday, and the people won't know which way the wind is to blow next. But I am afraid, at this rate, Mr. Reader will soon lose his custom.

Henry. Why, father, I believe he has lost some of his custom already; but after all this, I thought Mr. Lovegood's preaching at Locksbury would have been quite knocked aside.

Wor. How so, Mr. Henry?

Henry. Why, sir, Mr. Fribble continued to ask Mr. Chipman, "if he wished him *to say prayers to him?*" To which I replied, "Through the Divine blessing, we have been at prayers already;" and I had the impudence to say, that the ladies would be disappointed of his company at cards, if we detained him *to say his prayers.* And when Mr. Chipman said, "That to hear another *say* prayers was no object to him, since his poor vile heart had been taught "to *pray* with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." But, alas! this language was quite out of the depth of Mr. Fribble's knowledge; and he immediately said, that he perceived, Mr. Chipman's mind quite rambled, for that he had never heard of such a distinction before, between praying and saying of prayers; but that if his mind was better on the

morrow, and if he then wished to see him, he would call, and *say prayers to him* with all his heart.

Loveg. What a terrible calamity when such paltry *things* are entrusted with the care of immortal souls!

Wor. [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] I hope, sir, you will esteem this a call in Providence, to pay a visit to Locksbury; though, for ourselves, we shall be sorry for your absence.

Loveg. If I could get my church well served during my absence, as this seems a providential call, I should esteem it my duty to obey; but I shall be able to determine better after I have heard the conclusion of Mr. Henry's story.

Henry. Why, sir, soon after this visit we went home to attend on the school, for I was quite Mr. Reader's usher, and in the evening, about six o'clock, we were sent for in great haste, with the information that Mr. Chipman was dying. Immediately we both went, and found him in the agonies of death. He seemed at first to take but little notice of us, as his eyes were in a measure fixed, but we could hear him distinctly say, "Lord, let me now depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" then added several times, "Precious salvation, precious salvation; O! precious salvation." And then [*to Farmer Littleworth*] father, you know how I told you he took hold of my hand, and uttered these words, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And how much affected Mr. Reader was after he saw that he was dead.

Wor. Well, well; the race was but short, though the result was glorious. But how must we break these matters to the poor widow? Though I hope she will feel the less concerning her husband's death, as she has for some time given up all hopes of his recovery.

Loveg. Indeed, sir, I still fear she will feel excessively, as it was evidently through her misconduct that her husband was brought to the grave.

Wor. As Mrs. Chipman must be informed of the event, I know not what we can do better than that you, Mr. Lovegood, and Mr. Henry Littleworth, should call upon her, and attempt to soften matters, by telling her the happy state of Mr. Chipman's mind previous to his death.

Loveg. I know of no other plan that can be adopted. But I'll write her a few lines this evening preparing her mind for the result, and to-morrow morning Mr. Henry will call upon her, though I really fear what will be the consequence, from the present state of her mind.

Wor. [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] I have a great inclination to desire my eldest daughter to attend you; if she should join hands with Mr. Merryman, she will be frequently called on for such visits.

Loveg. Sir, this would be a desirable event, not only as Miss Worthy is so truly serious; but as it will be a sort of evidence, how much you pity and feel for the poor afflicted widow.

[Thus matters were settled—The parties met accordingly, but from the distant hint dropt in Mr. Lovegood's note, the first salutation was, "Oh! he is dead, he is dead! I am sure he is dead!" while she cried and sobbed inexpressibly; exclaiming against herself as the vilest of prostitutes, and as having murdered the best of husbands. Every attempt to soften her grief from the narration of the blessed effects produced both on her husband and her father, though through her misconduct, was of no avail. Her nights were sleepless, and her days were spent in distracted grief, till a total derangement took place. Under that disease she was racked with the idea that Sir Charles Dash was coming again, to demand

her as his prostitute; while with screams and execrations, she would mention her utter abhorrence of the man. Then she would suppose that she was forced by a thousand infernal spirits to go, that she might be tormented with the damned, together with that monster of iniquity. Then her distracted mind would depict before her, the spectre of her reverend and aged father, beholding her with the frown of indignant detestation and abhorrence, as being the most unnatural monster that ever existed. Then the poor child was next on her imagination, she was sure he was starved to death; crying out against herself, that she was worse than a tiger, for tigers loved their young. As to her husband, his murdered, emaciated apparition continually haunted her; and she fancied that all the people at Locksbury hissed at her, and cursed her whenever they saw her.

In this deranged state, she would make such speeches to these different characters, as were truly surprising, though highly romantic; sometimes she would speak profanely; but in general, piously and penitently in a high degree.

In this state of mind Mrs. Chipman continued for six weeks, when afterwards, through divine mercy, being restored; she appeared like that object of our Lord's mercy, out of which the legion of devils were cast, "Sitting at Jesus's feet, clothed, and in his right mind."

From this circumstance, the reader will naturally conclude, that as yet he cannot hear the termination of her history, which in due time will be brought forward.

During that interval, a continuation of the narration, as it respects the Lovelys, together with some other events, intewoven with the subject, will be, I trust, not unacceptable to the reader.]

DIALOGUE XXIV.

BETWEEN THE LOVELYS, THE WORTHYS, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND MR. CONSIDERATE.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION, AND ON DR. ORDERLY'S SENTIMENTS ON THAT POINT.

AFTER the Lovelys had continued above a week at Mr. Merryman's they returned to Brookfield-Hall, and were again received with the accustomed hospitality of the house. It is with some regret, that, for the sake of brevity, the conversation of Mr. Merryman, Dr. Orderly, and the Lovelys, while at Sandover, must be omitted; though from a certain congeniality of mind subsisting between Mr. Lovely and Mr. Merryman, it might have proved entertaining and good. The substance, however, of what then passed, will be found in the conversation which took place at Brookfield-Hall on the return of the Lovelys from Sandover.

On the next evening they retired to the menagery for their tea, where a variety of the feathered tribe came around them, giving a sweet resemblance of the fearless state of creation, before the human race themselves, with other creatures, became ferocious, by the fall. Mr. Lovegood, and the family of the Considerates, from Mapleton, were also of the party.

Wor. [*To Mr. Lovely.*] I am very happy, Sir, to see Mrs. Lovely look so much better, and that she appears so cheerful after her excursion to Sandover.

Lovely. Sir, it is impossible to be otherwise than happy with Mr. Merryman; he is to be sure a most

pleasant and engaging creature: and he is almost adored among his neighbours, though he tells us he was very vicious, [*To Mr. Lovegood.*] till after he was reformed by your preaching, sir.

Loveg. Oh, sir, had it been merely by my preaching, others who heard the same, might have been *reformed* as well as Mr. Merryman: but a work of that sort could never have been accomplished, had even Paul planted, and Apollos watered, unless God had given the increase."

Lovely. Yes, sir; but I suppose there must have been within him some of *the native powers of inherent virtue*, which were in a measure buried by depraved habits and bad examples, and which were afterwards excited in him by your zealous preaching; whereby *through the grace of God, in conjunction with his good resolutions*, he was enabled to reform.

Loveg. Surely, sir, you have not imported these strange, dark, mixed, notions of *human goodness* and *Divine Grace* from Sandover.

Lovely. Oh, no sir, but Mr. Merryman, (and I greatly admire his liberal and candid disposition,) when I told him that I and my wife should like to have an interview with Dr. Orderly, gave us a letter of recommendation to him: and I'll assure you, sir, we met with very different treatment from the doctor, from what I received from Mr. Dolittle.

Loveg. O, sir, the Doctor is a most excellent character; there are few like him in the present day. It seems some years ago, there were many others of the same family scattered up and down the country, but there has been a sad mortality among them; and the present generation is very thin.

Wor. Were not Mr. Regular, and Mr. Decent, and old Dr. Decorum of the some family?

Lovely. Yes, sir, I have heard the Doctor mention the names of those divines; but he says that too many

of the present generation who have succeeded them, though they are very anxious to keep up the family names, are but a spurious breed, and not worthy to be compared to the former. Now, sir, I hope you cannot be surprised that I should be influenced by the religion of so good a man. I think you are going too far one way, and I was going too much the other: and the good Doctor has told me of a *middle* way, and I seem to like that best.

Wor. Ah! sir, I travelled that middle way once, till I found it no way at all. In short, when I was in it I was bewildered as in a labyrinth, and I thought I should never have got out of it.

Lovely. Really, sir, I think the Doctor intermixed faith and works together in a very *judicious* manner.

Loveg. I am afraid while the Doctor was *making up his mixture*, he sadly contradicted the language of St. Paul: "If by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace: but if it be of works, then it is no more grace; otherwise work is no more work." So that it should appear, as though the Apostle was not quite so fond of *mixtures* as the Doctor.

Lovely. But, sir, before you find fault with the Doctor's notions give me leave to state them to the best of my recollection. Now I remember he said, that God had made two covenants with man, the covenant of works and the covenant of grace; that man by the fall broke the covenant of works; that afterwards God entered into another covenant with man, called the covenant of grace: now I think, sir, as far as this, the Doctor agrees with you and Mr. Merryman.

Loveg. Not altogether, sir, if the Doctor supposes God entered into covenant with man in his *fallen* state. It never can be admitted, that God, the eternal Sovereign, could enter into such a covenant with

a set of rebels. The covenant was not made between God and fallen man, but between God the Father, and God the Son, even the man Christ Jesus, who became the *substitute* for our sinful race; or, to give it you directly in Bible language, he became "the Surety of a better testament," or, "the Mediator of a better covenant, established upon better promises." Thus "he suffered the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Lovely. But, sir, were there not certain terms and conditions required of man, whereby he might *qualify himself* for the merits of our Saviour! And—[*Lovegood interrupts.*]

Loveg. Before you proceed any further, I beg to ask, which will require most,—To qualify ourselves o r heaven, or for Christ?

Lovely. Really, sir, this is a new question to me; I wish you to explain yourself.

Loveg. Which is of greater importance, the man who builds the house, or the house itself? I suppose you immediately answer, the man who builds the house. If so, without *qualifying* ourselves for the merits of Christ, we can as well *qualify* ourselves for heaven itself, and this will put Christ and his great salvation completely out of the question; for if we can *merit* the greater we can certainly *merit* the less.

Lovely. But, sir, the worthy Doctor as much disclaims the term *merit* as yourself; he gave me one of his sermons to read, which he composed on purpose, against the merit of works.

Loveg. Yes, sir, and I am persuaded the worthy Doctor has too much humility and goodness to admit the conclusion, which must necessarily be drawn from his mistaken notions of conditional justification. But if on certain terms and conditions I perform the task proposed for the sake of a reward, how-

ever low those terms may be, I then can claim what the promiser has no longer a right to deny. And this brings matters as near to the point of merit as one point can be brought to another; and while the Doctor has too much decided humility to admit the conclusion of his own doctrine, yet thousands and tens of thousands, by the same doctrine, have fallen into the like snare; and the merit of righteousness is the common claim of all, even very frequently of the most unrighteous, throughout all the world.

Lovely. I wish the Doctor were here to answer for himself.

Wor. I wish he were; for we all respect him very highly.

Consid. I am sure I do,—though I never saw him but once or twice, as he passed by our house in Mapleton; yet he wrote me such a kind and tender letter on behalf of a poor woman who was a parishioner with us, requesting me that I would interest myself with the corporation to put her into one of our alms houses; and after I had succeeded, the poor woman told me what a many shillings and half-crowns the Doctor had given her, so that I have loved him ever since.

Lovely. Then allow me to plead a little further for the Doctor's religion, since you all acknowledge he is so good a man. He does not say that we can merit heaven, as I have before observed; but that faith and repentance are only the mild and moderate terms required by the new law of the gospel, whereby we, through grace, avail ourselves of the merits of Christ, provided we properly perform them.

Loveg. I believe, sir, you will discover that the *mixture* you are now attempting, will be found equally as difficult, as a mixture between oil and water. For first, I beg leave to ask, can the Bible give us the character of a more exalted Christian,

than what is comprehended in that of *a penitent believer?* Is not this the character of the real penitent, that he hates all sin, and renounces it? And who is the believer? Why, one who lives in holy friendship with God, through the redemption that is in Christ, and consequently pants to be dedicated to his glory. Is then a man, who thus repents and believes, a good man, and in a state of salvation, or a bad man and in a state of condemnation?

Lovely. O, sir, penitent believers are certainly in a state of salvation.

Loveg. Then how can faith and repentance be the *conditions* of our salvation, when all that have these graces *are saved already?*

Lovely. Is it not possible for a person to have these graces in order to his salvation?

Loveg. Sir, it is utterly impossible, unless you turn all things up-side down; and unless you can make the *effect* produce the *cause.* Now these graces are the *effect* of our salvation, they cannot therefore be the *cause* of it; any more than motion, which is the *effect* of life, can be said to be the *cause* why we live or move: and so Bishop Beveridge settles the matter: "How can I do good works in order to my justification, when I can do no good works till after I am justified?" To make out all these strange contradictory suppositions, we must conclude that a man must have grace and yet no grace; and that he must be a believer and an unbeliever at the same time. "For he that believeth *hath* everlasting life. While he alone, that believeth not, *is* condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him." Suppose a physician should say, "I'll come and heal you on this condition, provided you first heal yourself."—Now Christ is the physician of souls, and penitent believers are actually and completely healed: and if faith and repentance were the terms and con-

ditions on their parts, they first heal themselves, and then come to Christ to be healed. And if this doctrine be true, the need of salvation by Christ is entirely put out of the question. [*Mr. Lovely hesitates exceedingly.*]

Mrs. Lovely. My dear George, I am sorry to see you so perplexed for an answer: but you cannot tell what I felt while the Doctor was explaining what you and I were to do, that we might obtain the mercies of our Saviour. I thought if that doctrine were consistent with the Bible, I had a task before me which, independent of the grace of God, I should never be able to perform. But then I thought of these words in our Common Prayer Book: "Because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping thy commandments we may please thee." [*Lovely still continues silent.*]

Loveg. But, sir, with your leave, I have some other questions to ask. What are your views concerning human depravity?

Lovely. Oh, sir, from the general bent of the habits and inclinations of mankind, we are certainly very depraved.

Loveg. Dear sir, allow me to press the point a little further. Do you conceive that we are totally, or only partially depraved?

Lovely. Sir, it evidently appears that some men are naturally less vicious than others.

Loveg. Then allow me next to ask, how are we to make out these queries, "Who maketh thee to differ?" and again, "What is there which thou hast not received?" and if received, "Why yet boastest thou?" for the same apostle says, "By the grace of God I am what I am;" and yet you have attempted to make it out, that there is something in man, that fallen creature, which makes the difference. Dear

sir, what are we to think of ourselves when we pretend to go by the Bible, and yet so grossly contradict it.

Lovely. Why, sir, I am quite astonished that you should controvert the point, that it is divine grace working with our good desires.

Loveg. But from whence are we to get those good desires but from divine grace?

Lovely. Sir, Dr. Orderly supposes there is *universal grace* given to all, and that they who improve it will *entitle themselves* to the merits of our Saviour; and that others, who reject this universal grace, will be punished for their unbelief.

Loveg. Then you admit that mankind are not totally, but partially fallen; and, according to this principle, the less corrupted will accept this universal grace, and the more corrupted will reject it; and then another of the apostle's queries is at an end. "Where is boasting then? it is excluded. By what law? Of works, nay, but by the law of faith." For according to your doctrine, dear sir, the law of works must be the first *turning hinge* of our salvation: for all depends upon *how* we *will* and *what* we *do*, before the grace of God can have any efficacy upon the heart: so that the salvation of a single soul is a matter of mere chance, as it rests entirely on the creature's will; and the sovereignty and fore-knowledge of God are totally at an end. Sir, this is strange doctrine.

Lovely. Sir, I confess it is not in my power to follow you through such a labyrinth of abstruse arguments; I have not accustomed myself to such metaphysical descriptions. But as you are so fond of quoting Scripture, I think I can venture to meet you on that ground. I remember the Doctor observed to me that there was a little word of great importance, which stood wonderfully in the way of your notions in religion, the word was IF. And I recollect he brought

forward these words— "*If* thou canst believe, all these things are possible to him that believeth:" and "*If* ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins:" and then again, sir, about repentance, is it not said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish?" In short, sir, are not faith and repentance universally set forth as the terms whereby we are accepted? and were not all the promises given to the Jews continually upon the terms of their obedience?

Loveg. Indeed, sir, while you have already confessed that every penitent believer is a good man, I cannot see, as I have before observed, how he can be a good man and a bad man at the same time. But there are *Ifs* of very different significations; the conditional *if* and the descriptive *if:* while the vaunting conditional *if* can demand payment for what has been performed; the humble descriptive *if* describes the character of the good man, but gives God the glory. It is, therefore, very true, sir, *if* we repent, *if* we believe, *if* we love God, *if* we are of a forgiving temper, *if* we have pure hearts and clean hands; in short, *if* we be found in all holy obedience to the laws of God, we may assuredly expect to be received into glory: though I think, sir, after you have read the Bible a little more attentively, you will discover that what you now suppose to be conditions, which are to be performed *by us*, are rather to be looked upon as mere gifts or graces bestowed by the hand of divine mercy *upon us;* and if these good things be *gifts* on his part, they no longer can be called *conditions* on our part.

Lovely. Why, sir, are we not commanded to do all these things; and does it not rest with us to do them, or not to do them, according to our own choice?

Consid. Sir, I heard Mr. Lovegood say not long ago, that "if we, through the corruption of our

own hearts, had lost all will and inclination to obey, God could never lose, nor renounce, his right to command." The law is, and must be, eternal in its demands, notwithstanding the corruptions of human nature; yea, and that the "law was even added because of transgression."

Lovely. But surely, sir, we have yet further proof from the Bible itself of God's respect to man's goodness, in order to his being justified by the merits of our Saviour. I remember what an excellent use the Doctor made of the account of Cornelius's conversion; how, that before ever he was a believer, he was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house;" that, "he gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." And observe, sir, that it is said "his alms are come up for a memorial before God;" and that "his alms were had in remembrance in the sight of God." Nay, further, sir, it is actually said, that, "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Loveg. But, sir, even the chapter you refer to, gives up the point for which you unhappily contend. Was it not found necessary that Peter should be instructed by an immediate revelation, to tell even this good Cornelius "words whereby he and all his house should be saved?" and he went accordingly, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ," and not by Cornelius's righteousness; testifying at the same time that "to him gave all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins." It is a pity, dear sir, that you should make one end of the same story contradict the other; let it only be acknowledged, that all the good things he possessed, and good things they certainly were, yet all the gifts of divine grace previous to a still further manifestation of that pardon and mercy we

all need and receive through Christ alone ; and matters are at once settled between us ! The invariable rule we should at all times go by, in the interpretation of the Scriptures, is to make them speak consistently with themselves. Do you, therefore, think you have proved your point against other express declarations of Scripture, that " by the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified ;" that " the righteousness of God without the law is manifested ;" that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ ; while the apostle further gives this reason why Israel had not attained to the law of righteousness, " because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law ;" and again, " they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God, for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, unto every one that believeth."

Lovely. Dear sir, I again remark, you seem quite to misunderstand me. Our good works are not to be esteemed as the meritorious cause of our salvation, but only the conditional cause. Is it not said, " Ask, and ye shall have ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you ?" And was it not proposed, even to that wicked man, Simon Magus, that he should pray that the wickedness of his heart might be forgiven ? and were not all these conditions ?

Loveg. I wish I did misunderstand you, sir ; but if works are to be in any wise the cause, and especially, as you seem to represent them, the *first moving* cause, whereby we *first move God himself* to shew us his mercy ; the second covenant which you have admitted to be the covenant of grace, is quite as much the covenant of works as the former ; and then what Saint Paul said about being " found in Christ, not

having on his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God, by faith," is put quite out of the question.

Lovely. Really, sir, I confess you puzzle me: though I still think, if I were better read in the Scriptures, I could confute you.

Loveg. Would you, then, attempt a further discussion on this point, by bringing forward the histories of the Publican, Zaccheus, the thief on the cross, and the Philippian jailor, who was converted by the power of the Gospel, the moment when he was going to commit an act of suicide. What were the conditions of good they performed in order to their salvation?

Lovely. Sir, might it not still be true, that divine grace met with *some latent good?*

Loveg. An observation of that sort has passed us already: but, it has been answered by St. Paul, "Inme, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth *no good thing.*" And the apostle's own experience is still more to the point than any of the former. He was "a persecutor, injurious,"—"exceeding mad against the believers in Christ;" he was not only "a blasphemer" himself, but "compelled others to blaspheme also;" he "persecuted them even unto strange cities," and wherever he could meet with them it was his glory "to put them to death;" such was his conduct towards Stephen; for we are told, that "he consented to his death, and that he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." Yes, and while he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," having availed himself of a commission from the chief priest, that he might bring all he could meet with, "either men or women, bound to Jerusalem;" it was even

at the very moment, when he was determined upon the practice of his most bloody designs, that divine mercy met with him and saved him. I have heard, indeed, of some who could find out an argument even from this, to prop up the cause of their conditional salvation because Paul did this "*ignorantly* and in *unbelief:*" here then matters turn *right about*, and *ignorance* and *unbelief* are the terms of salvation. At one time it is only faith and repentance, then good works at large, glossed over by the term "evangelical obedience." Paul, however, gives another reason, widely different from any of the former: "For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first, (or as it more correctly means, the *chief)* of sinners, Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering for a pattern to them that should believe on him to life everlasting."

Lovely. Sir, I feel I am not sufficiently acquainted with these points to argue with you as I could wish, but I don't think we differ so much as once we did.

Loveg. Dear sir, matters are at once brought to the point we both wish, if we can but admit, according to the doctrine of St. James, (who is oftentimes put in direct opposition to St. Paul,) that "every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Consequently, what you call *conditions* required of us, I call *gifts* bestowed by him. Repentance is his gift, "Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to *give* repentance." Faith is said "not to be of ourselves, but the *gift* of God, and of the operation of God." And when you talk of the conditional covenant under the Old Testament dispensation, should you not rather think of another covenant made with man in the person of Christ, settled "upon surer promises, and fixed upon a firmer foundation?"

And in order to decide the controversy, let us make an immediate reference to the word of God. "But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises. For if that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second: For finding fault with them, he saith, Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt; because they continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord; for this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord: I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know me from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. In that he saith, a *new covenant*, he hath made the first old, now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away." Heb. viii. 6—13.

Consid. Sir, I am afraid, that all your mistakes arise from a denial of the total depravity of the human race. I just argued as you now do, till I was convinced, "that in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." I was very unwilling to submit to the awful truth, that God, since the fall, had totally withdrawn himself from man: and that, consequently, "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil (and that also)

continually ;" so that as there is no good *in* man, no good can come *from* man, but as implanted there by divine grace ; but when I thought myself to be only in this half-way fallen state, I was very contented with the same sort of half-way salvation, which the worthy Doctor has so zealously recommended to you.

Lovely. Really, sir, your notions appear very gloomy : though we are greatly depraved, yet, does the law make no *allowance* for us in our lapsed state?

Mrs. Lovely. Now, my dear, I suppose you are thinking of what the Doctor called his *milder law*, which is lowered down to be made more suitable to us in our corrupted state ; and that God would now accept a *sincere* instead of a *perfect obedience ;* and that, therefore, he would put up with " the innocent infirmities, incident to flesh and blood."*

Loveg. Why, madam, was it possible the good Doctor could make use of such expressions? They had better suited the lips of a downright Antinomian. Could he suppose, that an infinitely holy God could retract the law given, and so strongly confirmed also, even under the New Testament dispensation, to " love him with all our hearts ;" or, as it is expressed, " with a perfect heart ;" and thus flatly contradict his own word ? Did you not mistake the Doctor, madam?

* This filthy antinomian expression I well remember to have controverted many years ago, as I found it in one of the late Mr. Fletcher's *checks* to antinomianism ; the great advocate, (to say the best) of the double-refined semi-pelagianism of the day : so inconsistent are these writers with themselves. This old heresy, (whose proper nest is popery,) has been revived in modern days under the name of arminianism, and the reader is requested to weigh the subject, whether *their* antinomianism be not a thousand times worse than what they wantonly charge on others. I ask, whatever good may be found among individuals, yet what have these modern prevailing notions in general produced throughout all christendom ? A system of infidelity has polluted the understanding, and therefore it is no wonder, when they talk of the fruits of righteousness, that their fruits are found to be as the apples of Sodom.

Mrs. Lovely. I really so understood him, sir.

Loveg. Why, then you must have understood him that this milder law can be nothing better than a mere *nose of wax;* that every one is to obey as well as he *can*, provided he does it *sincerely.* And, that though I do not love God *with all my heart*, yet I still love him, though *partially*, yet *sincerely.* Suppose the thief should say, though I am but partially honest, yet I am sincerely so; and another should add, though I am but partially chaste, yet I am sincerely so; while all of them might say, all circumstances being taken into consideration, I could not be otherwise, for I did as well as I could. And, again, as God has made a new law to put up with such *innocent infirmities*, they are no longer transgressions, because they are not only *not forbidden*, but are even become *allowable*, according to the terms of this new law. Now "where there is no law there is no transgression:" therefore we are to believe, that it is now revealed from God himself, that the law is only partial, and not perfect; and a partial law allows a partial transgression, provided I transgress *sincerely;* and, consequently, I give *perfect* obedience by an *imperfect* obedience, because *imperfect* obedience alone is required; and, therefore, if I love God, and pray to him, and believe in him *very imperfectly*, yet if I do it *as sincerely as I can*, God will overlook all the rest.

But let us undress these terms a little further, that we may more fully detect their loose Antinomian ambiguity. What is imperfect must have in it, in a moral point of view, the sin of omission or of commission; so that what some call an imperfect action, I'll venture to call an unrighteous one. And then I can claim the highest reward that can be demanded, as we have before observed, even by Christ himself, for my *unrighteous obedience:* and as "all

unrighteousness is sin," by my *sinful obedience.*—*Sinful obedience!* Sir, did you ever hear such contradiction in terms before? To dream of salvation by such a law, must be a dream indeed; and, after all, Is it a law? What does it define? Can we conceive a looser guide? We must obey as well as we can, and the conclusion is dreadful. Farewel Christ and his Gospel; for if I obey this new imperfect law, while the old perfect law is abolished thereby, there is no doubt but that I may be justified by it, and then the apostle's conclusion is at an end: "If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by that law."

Lovely. Sir, I wish I was sufficiently master of the subject, as Dr. Orderly seems to be; but I remember well what an admirable use he made of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, that it was all on moral duties, but——

Loveg. [*interrupts*] Not on moral duties, dear sir, but on those highly spiritual principles belonging to the real followers of Christ, as far different from the morality of the mere man of the world as heaven is above the earth. The morality (if it must be so called) of that sermon amounts to this, that the real Christian is mortified to every vile passion and most completely devoted to God.

Lovely. Yes, sir, I remember the Doctor admitted what you say; but then he observed how strongly our Saviour urged those words, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my father which is in heaven." And that it is not only *hearing* our Lord's words but DOING them that entitles us to the character of the Christian.——I know not how to give up conditions.

Loveg. Dear sir, has not all this been answered

before ? While the fruits of righteousness *describe* the Christian, is this to pass for proof that these are the *conditions* of his Christianity ? But it is a pity the Doctor had not taken the whole of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, out of which you quoted that passage, into more close consideration ; he would not have found any thing of his mild, lax, new law in these chapters, allowing a little sin, though in the very nature of things unallowable ; only because in our corrupted state we have an inclination to practise it. Had he examined his new law by that sermon, he would have found the anger of the heart, the impurity of the heart, the covetousness of the heart, bring us as much under the sentence of condemnation by that law which commands us to be pure in heart, that we may see God, as if we had actually transgressed. So that after all, this remedial law is nothing more than the old heresy of the Scribes and Pharisees newly revived ; and it is awfully said, " Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven ;" and nothing can bring all these things more decidedly to the point than what our Lord says in the same sermon, " Be ye perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." It is a dangerous business to preach up a doctrine that has such a direct tendency to teach us to violate God's most holy law, which must be as eternal and as unchangeable as God himself.

Wor. I am sorry Dr. Orderly should suppose that Christ came down from heaven to abrogate the perfect law of his Father, and to set up an imperfect one in the room of it. Did not our Lord say just the contrary, in the very same sermon, when he declared " he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil

it;" and that "not even one jot or tittle of it should pass away till all was fulfilled?"

Consid. Sir, as a further illustration of your remarks, we are to suppose that there was once a *long* measure of obedience fully defined, that we should love God perfectly; but that now an indefinite *short* one is to be introduced in its place; and that a *part*, be it more or less, is to pass for the *whole*. So, as it respects the payment of debts, full-weight money was once demanded; but according to this new law, it is as lawful to pay in short-weight money, provided we pay as well as we can. So that whether it be a half, or a quarter, or even less still, if the law allows it, I *perfectly* fulfil the terms of such a law, by my *imperfect* payment. Thus, while the old law condemns our corruptions, and demands perfect obedience, the new law makes a sort of an undefined composition between us and God; and, I am sure, while this new law thus compounds for the sins of man, there can be no need of salvation by the Gospel. It is, however, a strange way of talking, to suppose a man pays his rent *perfectly*, though he pays it but *partially*, provided he pays it sincerely, and as well as he can.

Lovely. Oh, sir, the Doctor did not mean to go so far as this.

Loveg. I am persuaded, sir, he did not: but he ill conceives of the evil consequences of his own doctrine. Every expression which has a tendency to withdraw our minds from the purity of God's law, must also prove equally subversive of the Gospel of Christ; and we may easily judge what an unhallowed influence this must produce on the hearts of men. But pray, sir, did the Doctor shew you any part of the Scriptures which settles this point? I should have supposed that a doctrine, so very essential in itself, would have been very plainly revealed.

Lovely. Sir, his references were rather general than particular.

Loveg. I should suppose that such *general* references would best suit the cause. But did he not call this new-invented law by the name of the *remedial* law?

Lovely. I think that was the term he gave it.

Loveg. No wonder that an unscriptural name was wanted for such an unscriptural doctrine; * and I suppose the inventors of that phrase took it from the word *remedy.* A fine law truly, a remedy for man's corruptions, by allowing a partial practice of them! Pray, sir, what would you think, if the laws of the country were as badly framed as these supposed modern laws of God; if the laws against theft, violence, and adultery, were to be "made easy for the practice of the present age;" † and if a little latitude were to be given as a remedy on all these occasions, what would be the result of it?

Lovely. Sir, I am sure the Doctor never meant to encourage such immoralities.

Loveg. Sir, though the purity of his intentions is indubitable, yet, what have been the consequences of such sort of doctrines? Why, a system of lax morality has been introduced, in the room of genuine Christianity. People thereby have been rendered careless and secure, in a state of mind far inferior to what is demanded in the word of God. In short, preaching up the merit of good works has produced

* I am aware of an objection on this score, as it relates to the word *Trinity.* Some will ask the question, in what part of Scripture is that to be found? I answer, no where; its utility alone exists in superseding the need of long circumlocuitous expressions, that have been defined a thousand times over: though others have followed their example in calling themselves *Unitarians,* in contradistinction to Trinitarians, while they know that every Trinitarian is as much an Unitarian as themselves.

† See the title-page of the *new* Whole Duty of Man.

nothing but the practice of bad ones. Such has been the case ever since the old standard doctrines of the Bible and of the Church of England have been neglected; the Churches themselves, in most places, have been shamefully forsaken; and, while the ordinances of the Sabbath and of the sanctuary have been thus thrown aside, we cannot wonder at the abounding wickedness of the day.

Lovely. But, sir, the Doctor's church is very decently filled, though not so crowded as yours.

Loveg. I have heard it is, sir, and I am happy that the people give that token of their esteem for such a respectable character. But, look into other churches, where the same sort of doctrine, or very nearly so, is preached by other clergy, much less respectable than himself.

Lovely. Sir, the Doctor is as much displeased at the careless lives of the clergy as you can be. You never see him out of temper, but when he is speaking about some of them, in his own neighbourhood; and I'll assure you, sir, he never speaks of you, or Mr. Merryman, and some other clergy, of your acquaintance, but in terms of high repect; though, in some instances, he thinks you are mistaken in your doctrines, and from the same principle that you object to his, that they have a tendency to make men lax in their morals: though, at the same time, he is not a little astonished that there has been such a reformation accomplished in your parish; and he is quite surprized to see what a good man Mr. Merryman has been made by your preaching.

Wor. But, sir, will you tell us plainly, if we ask the question, have there been any instances of the influence of the Doctor's preaching on the hearts of his hearers, similar to those which, through the blessing of God, have been exemplified among others

who preach salvation by the entire mercies of Christ to a ruined world?

Lovely. Sir, the Doctor laments that circumstance exceedingly. He says, he has had the satisfaction of keeping and confirming the good in the habits of virtue; but, even with tears, he acknowledged, that as yet he did not know that he had reclaimed any that were really vicious from the error of their ways; though he thinks he knows a few instances of some that are less vicious than formerly.

Loveg. Indeed, Mr. Lovely, both you and the Doctor are strangely mistaken, if you suppose that the doctrines we preach, when properly understood, can, in anywise have an immoral tendency upon our hearers. For, in regard to repentance, which you call one of the conditions of our salvation, and which consequently must be left, in a great measure, to corrupted man to perform, as by himself; yet we, on the contrary, believe, according to our excellent liturgy, that it is God who "creates in us a new and contrite heart!" and again, while we believe we are, by the Spirit of God, made to abhor that which is evil; under such sensations, we are satisfied it will be impossible for any of us to live in it,—the existence of sin being the only hell we feel or fear. In short, sir, we believe that repentance is regeneration; it means *a change of mind*, and it is impossible that a man can live in sin when thus by the grace of God he is utterly set against it.

So in regard to *believing*, which you suppose to be another condition, which is to be performed by us. As we are persuaded that none but humble *penitents* will be true *believers*, so none but such will fly from sin to Christ; and no one can fly from sin, that he may live in it, any more than a man can fly from the plague, that he may catch it. Again, sir, while you conceive it to be a condition that rests *with us*, we

conceive it to be a grace of the Holy Spirit wrought *in us;* and that such a faith must purify the heart, as thereby we are united to Christ; and, while we thus "abide in him, and he in us, we shall bring forth much fruit." Read the fifteenth of St. John's Gospel, sir, at your leisure, and that will tell you what we mean by faith.

Lovely. Sir, I never thought that you meant to preach faith without works; but as for me, I confess I thought that,——I confess, I scarcely know what I thought; but I cannot stand my ground. If I am wrong, the Lord have mercy upon me, and set me right! But, I must acknowledge, if we are such fallen creatures as you say the Bible represents us to be, I cannot see how ever we can repent or believe while our natures are so depraved.

Mrs. Lovely. Oh, my dear George, how glad I am to hear you say so! Do you not remember how much the Doctor himself seemed to be perplexed when I asked, what they who felt their hearts so hardened and unbelieving must do, and who still wished to be changed? and he answered, they should pray to God for his grace; and then you know I said, that if God is to give us these graces, we can't bring them to him, till we first receive them from him.

Wor. Why, we had it from good authority, that when the Doctor was ill the other day, and he refused the assistance of Mr. Jackadandy; when it was thought he would die, he was obliged to give up all his hopes of conditional salvation. For that he had performed these supposed conditions so ill, that his sins of omission, like those of St. Augustin, were more frightful in his sight than those of commission.

Lovely. [*To his wife.*] My dear, I fear I spoke too hastily to you when you mentioned your concern, after you had first heard Mr. Lovegood. I mean to

think more seriously about these matters. I hope you'll forgive me; and, if I can't think quite as you do, I'll never oppose you any more.

Mrs. Lovely. Oh, my dearest George!—[She weeps—he weeps—they all weep—and while these sympathetic tears interrupt the continuation of the dialogue, the concluding narration of the history of this faithful and affectionate pair must necessarily be deferred.]

DIALOGUE XXV.

BETWEEN MR. WORTHY AND MR. FREE,

A Friend of the Family of the Lovelys.

CONTAINING THE CHARACTER OF ALDERMAN GREEDY, OF GREDITON.

THE Lovelys were in the habit of making excursions about that neighbourhood, that they might entertain themselves with the scenery of the country. One morning they went to see a beautiful romantic waterfal, which, being at some distance, occupied them the whole of the day.

A gentleman of an easy and liberal mind, whose name is Free, an old friend of the family of the Lovelys, had lately come into that neighbourhood. He accidentally hearing that young Mr. Lovely was recently married, and that he was hospitably entertained at Mr. Worthy's, came over to see him; but, unfortunately, on the very day on which he went to see the waterfal. The reader, however, by this event, will gain more information respecting the family of the Greedys, especially of the great uncle, than otherwise might have been the case.

Mr. Worthy, therefore, with his usual hospitality, insisted upon it Mr. Free should be detained that day at Brookfield Hall, that he might not be disappointed of his errand.

Mr. Free having been thus hospitably invited to the house, after some introductory conversation, the following dialogue took place.

Wor. Have you long known the family of the Lovelys, sir?

Free. Sir, Mr. Lovely's father and I were school-fellows, and we have been in the habits of intimacy ever since: we were also near neighbours till about five years ago.

Wor. Then I suppose you lived somewhere near Grediton?

Free. Yes, sir, much too near for the good of my health. The air of that place never agreed with my constitution. Our house was situated about half-way between Grediton and Fairfield, the abode of Mr. Lovely.

Wor. I should suppose, from what young Mr. Lovely says of his father, that he is a person of a very respectable character.

Free. Very much so indeed, sir, though he married into a shocking family.

Wor. Yes, by his account, the family of the Greedys are a sad set; his uncle has used him most cruelly on account of his marriage.

Free. Indeed, sir, the conduct of his uncle in that business was not less treacherous and unjust, than the behaviour of Mr. George Lovely was generous and fair. He quite takes after his father. He is of an excellent disposition.

Wor. But it seems his uncle is determined to cut him off from every penny, on account of his marriage, though he is his heir at law.

Free. So he gives it out. But I should not wonder, when his rage is abated, though he is of a very

revengeful and malicious turn of mind, if he leaves him every farthing. I know all the family well—they are a strange set.

Wor. I am afraid his mother is quite a *Greedy*, though he says nothing to us about her.

Free. Indeed, sir, she is entirely one of the family; she is always aiming at that which is covetous and mean, while her husband is just the reverse.

Wor. It is bad work when the disposition of the husband and wife are so contrary to each other: but he talks of a very rich, old great uncle, a lawyer, and one of the aldermen of Grediton, who as highly approves of the match as the other uncle opposes it. Though I don't like to ask the young people any questions about their rich relations, as it always brings some painful reflections to their mind; yet Mrs. Lovely has mentioned several things to Mrs. Worthy respecting his astonishing covetousness. By what we can gather, he must be one of the most remarkable misers that ever existed.

Free. I should suppose if you could search the kingdom over you would not find his equal: and he is not less wicked than mean.

Wor. I should suppose his character, as a miser, is almost as complete as it could be. While the prodigal, like him in the Gospel, spends all in mad and riotous living, till he becomes a mere pensioner upon the hogs; this miser, it seems, though he feeds on the imaginary idea of his wealth, sustains the real evils of one in abject poverty.

Free. As a lawyer, nobody knows better how to turn the pockets of others inside out, that he may fill his own.

Wor. The profession of the law turns in well for those who can get rid of conscience and principle in their profession.

Free. Sir, from his childhood he was educated in

all its subterfuges and chicanery ; the practice of which, for some years, proved considerably to his advantage : but as he made it a point to stick at nothing, provided he could serve himself, rather than his client, he had but little business after a while, except among those of his own sort.

Wor. In this respect, it seems he was rather too roguish for his own interest.

Free. Rather so : but then he procured for himself some excellent pickings through life, by being agent for the corporation to which he belonged.

Wor. I am told he is immensly rich. Had he much to begin with ?

Free. His private fortune, as one of the younger branches of a wealthy family, was no more than two thousand pounds, and from this comparatively small sum, either by his hoardings as a miser, or by his gettings as a lawyer, he is now supposed to be worth thirty times that sum.

Wor. It seems, he was never married.

Free. Report says, he never thought of marrying but once, and that was to a rich widow, who was nearly as frugal as himself. The marriage articles were accordingly drawn out by himself: But when he came to lecture her on his methods of œconomy, and especially that he could never allow but one sheet to the bed, as laying upon the blankets is the most wholesome, she begged to be off. Upon this he threatened to prosecute her for a breach of contract, and thereby picked her pocket of two hundred pounds.

Wor. What a strange trick ! But all this was no great sum to begin with, if what Mr. George Lovely says be true, that he is now worth upwards of three thousand pounds a year.

Free. Sir, I don't doubt it. Hoarding and saving are all his delight. He is an excellent arithmeti-

cian; and this talent he always exercises in the old proverb, "A penny saved is a penny got." He was so well acquainted with the consequences of interest and compound interest, that, report says, he it was who recommended that plan to the late prime minister to pay off the national debt; and as, on that occasion, he feigned himself a man of poverty, he got a good slice of the secret service money for his advice, as another addition to his useless hoard.

Wor. As to his personal expences, it seems, he is stingy beyond any thing.

Free. Sir, report says, he wore the same suit of clothes, of a dark grey mixture, for full fourteen years; and which most people remembered from childhood: so that he was known by the name of the *grey alderman.* And as he was under the necessity of appearing decent, that he might pick up a few of those precious things called guineas, which he was in the habit of receiving, upon being consulted for his advice; and when he appeared abroad upon his business, it is said, that to keep his best suit in a state of proper preservation, he adhered strictly to the following rules.—First, he never wore them but as he was professionally consulted; and then, if at home, when any came for his advice, he would slip off his morning gown and put on his coat and waistcoat, and next cover his old patched tattered small clothes with a silk handkerchief, which was always at hand for that purpose.

Secondly. As soon as he had given his advice, these clothes were immediately slipt off, and returned to the chest, that they might be preserved from dust, wind, and weather, till wanted again.

Thirdly. Whenever he was called abroad, and when seated in an elbow chair, in these clothes, he would always sit like a trussed turkey, with his arms close to his body, that he might not damage the el-

bows by any wasteful rubs: the same care he also took not to lean back, but sat as upright as a dart, that the shoulder bones might not have the same effect on the back of his coat.

Wor. What an astonishing instance of frugality and care!

Free. Yes, sir, and his old morning gown was another piece of curious antiquity, the real age of which could never be correctly ascertained. It was originally fabricated out of some old curtains he bought as a bargain, at a sale, and designed as hangings for his bed. But having discovered that these would be unwholesome, as they were likely to prevent the free circulation of the air, they were by himself, who, for the same frugal purposes, had pretty well learnt the use of the needle, *transmogrified* into this morning gown. His wig also was another piece of valuable antiquity, which had been in existence upwards of nine years, and which gave him a very respectable and alderman-like appearance. This also was worn with the same frugality and œconomy, and, when done with, returned into its band-box, with remarkable care, when its place would be supplied by an old Welsh wig, which he luckily procured for a bad debt, together with some sheets and blankets which he claimed in lieu of fees, from the executors of an old man, who died a few pounds in his debt, leaving his grand-daughter behind him, to execrate such a rapacious wretch; who could deprive her thereby of the small gratuities she expected for her attendance, and not even leave her a sufficiency to carry her grandfather with decency to the grave.

Wor. What a horrid wretch! and is he as frugal in his house-keeping as in his clothing?

Free. Sir, he ever insists upon it, that if people are troubled with rats or mice, it is their own fault;

for that it is a sure proof they keep too good a house; that, as he has never been pestered with such sort of intruders, he has ever saved himself the expence of keeping a cat; so that if ever a rat, or a mouse, through mistake, should steal into his premises, one could almost feign to oneself the idea, how they would stand with tears in their eyes lamenting their sad mistake, that ever they should have found the unfortunate hole into that horrid land of famine!

Wor. No doubt then but his housekeeping was all of a piece, if rats and mice were so alarmed at the sight of it.

Free. He was in the habit of remarking that his expences for himself and an old woman, who occasionally waits on him, formerly amounted to about ninepence a day; but that of late they had been nearly doubled. The common black tea he preferred, as being the most wholesome; for where he can save a penny he wonderfully studies the *wholesomes;* and treacle and water he adopts as his beverage, on the same account; though, now and then, he allows himself a pint of small beer, as a treat between him and his maid.

Wor. It is a wonder he has not starved himself to death.

Free. Sir, from the same principles he never allows the use of mustard, pepper, and scarcely any salt, as they are very expensive articles, and stimulate people's appetites to eat more than nature requires: while the little scraps he buys at the market are pretty high scented before they are reduced to the price he chooses to give. Sometimes he will even indulge himself with a little poultry, provided it has been rendered cheap through an untimely death.

Wor. I never heard of such a filthy old hog in all my life.

Free. But, sir, this strange old œconomist, after all,

while he is thus frugal, at his own table, can be voracious enough while he enjoys his repast at the tables of others; and, though he always says, it is a sure sign a man is a toper when he can uncork the bottle for his own indulgence; yet, at the table of others, the *pop* of an uncorking bottle is not less pleasant to his ears than the taste of the wine is grateful to his palate.

Wor. Such curious instances of astonishing frugality and meanness, I think, I never heard of before.

Free. Sir, I can give you other instances of the same sort; whenever he attends any of the corporation feasts, made at the public expence, they say, he will not only half-starve himself the day before, that he may then satisfy his voracious appetite with as much as ever it will dispense with; but afterwards, if he sees any thing that is moveable, such as biscuits, oranges, apples, almonds, and raisins, dried sweet meats, and other such rarities, these will find their way into his pockets in considerable abundance.

Wor. I wonder he is not ashamed of himself.

Free. Shame, sir! why there is no shame in him. For though the town is filled with misers, yet he is so much worse than the worst of them, that he is the butt of general ridicule and contempt among them all. On one of these occasions an artful wag cut a hole in his pocket, whereby his intended hoard was found scattered about the room as fast as he could pocket it. At another time, he was treated with the intermixture of a nearly tasteless powder of a certain root that acts as a powerful cathartic, which they say had a very seasonable effect after a most plentiful repast. I am really, sir, almost ashamed to tell you these strange stories, but that you may understand how he would submit to any thing sooner than forego the advantages resulting from his covetous pranks.

Wor. Was ever such a creature heard of before? He surely never could find it in his heart to ask a friend to partake of a meal with him: if he begrudged himself, he certainly begrudged his friends.

Free. He now and then would invite a person to his table, and give them a dinner, but never unless under the expectation of securing their custom, or for some other lucrative motive. On one of these occasions he treated his guest with a roasting pig, which unfortunately lost its life by being overlaid by the sow, and which was not discovered till above a day after its death. And then it proved so rich a repast to his guest, that it made him so very ill, that he thought it necessary to employ Mr. Greedy to alter his will, lest he should die; whereby he not only procured a couple of guineas for himself, but another guinea for a physician, who was nearly as covetous as himself, that he might obtain a proper recipe to dislodge the portion of the above-said pig, which had made him so ill.

On the next market day, however, as report says, Mr. Greedy had the misfortune to be well paid off in return. For having agreed on the purchase of the dead pig for a shilling, the woman who sold it called after him, while he was seeking for his cheap bargains, as an old rascal, for that he had put her off with a bad shilling for her dead pig, on the last market day, and demanded a good one in return. This he refused: upon which the woman becoming clamorous, the rest of the market-women joined in the uproar. They next helped her to seize him, and immediately they all surrounded him, treating him with a variety of such language as they are accustomed to use on the like occasions, threatening to drag him directly to justice if he did not exchange the bad shilling for a good one; while he, sadly against his will, that he might

get out of the hobble, submitted to their demands. Thus he procured his escape, though he had still to run the gauntlet through the market, each calling after him; while one asked him what he would give, the next market day, for a dead turkey; another offered him an old gander that had been killed by a fox; and a third presented him with the cheap offer of some stinking fish. It is not to be wondered at, that this treatment kept him out of the market for above a twelvemonth afterward; nor could he dare, ever after that time, to appear but quite at the fag end of the day, when he might avail himself of cheap bargains, without running the risk of such another rencontre.

Wor. Well, in all my life I never heard of such a creature. No wonder that, whenever his name is mentioned, Mr. Lovely is silent, and shakes his head. But the old women in the market treated him just as he deserved.

Free. Sir, I can recollect a few more anecdotes, out of a vast abundance, which might be produced, concerning this most contemptible miser. He is so covetous, that he scarcely ever can afford to buy a piece of soap for the purpose of washing himself.

Wor. A nasty old fellow! one would think he would be poisoned by his own filthiness.

Free. Really, sir, notwithstanding this, when you see him out of doors, he, in general, looks clean and wholesome. But he will boast how he keeps his skin clean, by merely rubbing himself with a coarse dry cloth, which he observes, not only has the salubrious effects of a flesh brush, but saves him the expence of soap.

Wor. Was it possible that he could go beyond all this?

Free. Sir, he is the same man throughout. Once he had nearly suffered the penalty of fifty pounds

for making his own tallow candles; not only that he might evade the duty on his own account, but that he might also make an advantageous *swap* of a part of his stock for his black tea and brown sugar, at a neighbouring chandler's shop.

Wor. Had the penalty been levied, I should suppose that the loss of the money might have broken his heart. But if he was the manufacturer of his own candles, I suppose he could afford himself a little light.

Free. Sir, I have been told, though he makes his own candles, yet he uses them very sparingly; for first, he never burns but one at a time, as he has discovered that a strong light is prejudicial to his eyes; and also that it is a sin to burn out day light. His employment, therefore, during twilight, they say, is to knit his own stockings, which, from the same frugal motives, he has learnt to accomplish in a most dexterous manner.

Wor. Have you any more stories to tell of this curious muck-worm?

Free. At one time he had nearly lost his life by suffocation from the fumes of brimstone, having commenced the manufacturer of his own matches, under a discovery that he could make many more matches for a farthing than he could purchase for a halfpenny: and at another time, his life was in great danger from his having been shot at, under a supposition that one moonshiny night he was robbing a rabbit warren; when the fact was, that he was only engaged in picking up the excrements of the sheep, and other cattle, that he might enrich his own garden, by depriving a neighbouring common of its manure. Such are some of the contrivances of this miserable creature, that he may have plenty of ready money, for purposes not less villanous than they are mean.

Wor. It seldom happens, but where a deal of covetousness exists, cruelty and villany are sure to be connected with it.

Free. I am sure it is the case with that crafty old harpy, for every thing he does is with an eye to his own interest. It is looked upon as a remarkable instance of extravagance, at least in him, to give sixpence a week to a public news-room; but it is with a design that he may learn from the different advertisements, what is to be sold by the thoughtless and necessitous of every description. And from this principle he is become a considerable land-jobber, whereby he has made several advantageous purchases of different estates. Some he sells again, others he has in his own possession.

Wor. What a long headed fellow he must be—and what a character he must have among all that know him!

Free. He cares nothing about character; for he will oftentimes tell of his covetous pranks for the diversion of others, in a measure, of the same stamp with himself. I remember one of them was, that, hearing, by the papers, an estate was to be sold not far from Grediton, and that London was to be the place of sale; he first contrived to get himself subpœnaed to attend a trial, at an assize in the town through which he must necessarily pass. As his departure from home, being a professional man, might prove a considerable loss to him, the charge he made was so high, that it completely paid his stage-coach expences, during a journey of near four hundred miles, before he accomplished his return. He not only lived at free cost while he was upon the business of the trial, but when there pocketed sufficient *prog* to take him to London. On his arrival there he entered the auction-room as early as he could; and this being plentifully provided with biscuits;

wine, and other good commodities of the same sort, being sharp set, after his long journey, he first made a most plentiful meal, and next loaded his pockets with a quantity sufficient to furnish him with provisions for his return, that he might not be at the expence of eating at an inn. The whole of his travelling expences amounting but to fifteen-pence for a little gin and water, or small beer, after so long a journey, and after having purchased an estate amounting to near three hundred pounds a year.

Wor. Sir, if I had the least reason to doubt your veracity, I should at once say it is impossible. But when covetousness is thus reduced to a system, almost any thing may be credited, that the wretched system may be abided by. I am afraid he was a horrid extortionate landlord.

Free. Why, sir, after all, for I know a deal of the family, this wretched cormorant, who never got fat by all he devoured, does not over-rate his tenants; but this is all from the same principle, that they may not beggar his estates.

Wor. Why, I find all my tenants, as they are used well, pay well. That mercenary landlord, who oppresses his tenants, is generally served as he deserves—they beggar his land, and break in his debt.

Free. Ah, sir, without flattery, your name as a landlord, will live a long time after you are dead. As far as this, however, old alderman Greedy follows your example. But if any of them are in arrears, or should, perchance, through misfortune fail in his debt, he directly becomes to them the most oppressive vulture that ever lived. The cry of the widow and the orphan never reaches his callous heart; the accomplishment of their ruin is sure to take place, sooner than he will miss by lenity what he can extort by law.

Wor. Why, of the two, one should rather suppose he was a greater monster of iniquity than the possessor of the family estate at Grediton Hall.

Free. Sir, in point of principle, the one is as bad as the other. But in regard to mere covetousness, so far as it relates to the art of saving, the old alderman far exceeds him. As to usury, it is his supreme delight, so far as he can evade the lash of the law. The extravagant spendthrift he is sure to deal with, if he can cover himself by collateral security from the most distant danger of a loss, and these may depend upon paying most severely for their folly.—A sinking tradesman is also sure to get money from him, provided he can procure a bond in judgment for himself; for it is no matter with him who is cheated, provided he is benefited.

Wor. A bond in judgment! yes, those rascally instruments of legal process might do well enough for him, while they entirely sweep away the property of other creditors who may have an equal claim. But can a man of character or conscience bear to possess such diabolical instruments of law for a moment?

Free. No matter for all this or ten times more; these miserable characters would strike his rapacious eye with infernal delight: like a complete vulture, as sure as he could seize them in his talons, he would hold them fast, till they became entirely subject to his mercy; a grain of which he never possessed.

Wor. What horrid mischief the love of money does to the human mind!

Free. Why, sir, the mind of lawyer Greedy is scarcely human. Cruel as the spider when the helpless fly is entangled in his web, which he is sure never to leave till he finishes his existence by sucking his blood; so this unfeeling fiend in human shape, who cares for no one but himself, when he has these unwary sufferers safely toiled in those cruel instru-

ments of law, tortures them at his pleasure; and, while there is any blood in them, being as crafty as he is cruel, he is sure to find it out!

Wor. What a monster of a man!

Free. Sir, he is one who knows no interest but what centres in himself. If ever he appears generous it is only with some feigned design. He had been a bearable character, were he merely covetous for himself; but his covetousness urges him on to every thing that is wicked and unjust, while, at the same time, he is one of those long-headed crafty-minded fellows, that scarcely ever expose themselves to the lash of the law: but under the cover of the law he will act a part the most villanous and unjust.

Wor. It seems he is of a great age.

Free. Yes, sir; but the last time I was informed about him, I heard he was as keen after money as ever, grasping after the world as eagerly as if he was never to leave it.

Wor. One would suppose that it is scarcely possible a single drop of the blood of the Greedys could be found in young Mr. Lovely; he seems to be of such a beautiful turn of mind. But he has the satisfaction of it within himself. As to such wretched creatures as the alderman, it is a righteous judgment of God, that every evil should be attended with its own punishment.

Free. I have that opinion of Mr. George Lovely, that, if ever he possesses any part of the family property, he will be a shining character. I hope, sir, his tender delicate wife is upon the recovery, since they have been so hospitably received in your delightful place. The scenery is very enchanting.

Wor. Yes, sir, she is considerably better.

Free. I am sure, if she recovers her health any where, no place can be better calculated than this for the purpose.

Wor. Yes, sir, the kind providence of God has favoured us with a pleasant situation. If you are not too much tired after your ride, perhaps you would like a walk ; for you must not leave me till you have seen the Lovelys.

The proposal was agreed to. As the conversation only turned upon the beautiful prospects, and the elegant, yet romantic views about Brookfield Hall, it need not be repeated. I should judge, however, some of my readers may suppose I have reported what has been sufficient to startle their credulity, respecting the remarkable covetousness of the old Grediton alderman. Should it also be suspected that I may have blended two or three known characters into one, the reader shall enjoy his own conjecture. After all, let him remember the well authenticated characters of the late Mr. Elwes (though for many years in parliament for Berkshire :) the famous Baron D'Aguilar, belonging to the Starvation Farm Yard, near Islington : that filthy old œconomist, Daniel Dancer, Esq. late of Pinner, in Middlesex ; who, at times, literally lived on carrion, and actually died in a sack about nine years ago, though worth three thousand pounds annually ; his sister also being just such another œconomist as himself : and that a living witness of the same sort of unaccountable œconomy still exists, in the keeper of the *dirty warehouse*, in Leadenhall street : and then I believe it will be acknowledged, that the character of the miser, as exemplified in the Grediton alderman, is by no means caricatured, the general conduct of others of the same tribe being brought into consideration.

Let the present subject be concluded, with a remark of the inimitable Bishop Hall.—" The co-

vetous man is like the spider; he does nothing but lay his nets to catch every fly, gaping only for a booty of gain; so yet more, in that whilst he makes nets for these flies, he consumeth his own bowels, so that which is his life is his death; and yet he is least to be pitied, because he makes himself miserable; like wicked Ahab, the sight of another's vineyard turns him sick at heart; he wants it for himself. He hates his neighbours as bad as he is hated by them, and would sell his best friend, if he had one, for a groat. He pines his body that he may damn his soul; and whenever disappointed of his expected gain, through the accursed discontent of his mind, he would dispatch himself, but that he is loath to cast away money on a cord."

DIALOGUE XXVI.

BETWEEN THE LOVELYS, THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS, AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR DEPARTURE FROM BROOKFIELD HALL.

ABOUT ten days after the event of the former dialogue, the Lovelys still continued at Brookfield Hall. Their design was to have provided for themselves some little retired cot in the village, and having fixed upon one that suited their taste, they were about to fit it up in the style of those who find much happiness in a little, provided they are blessed with happiness in themselves; while this step was not less satisfactory to the Worthys, who did all in their power to forward their design. The only conditions were, that as Mr. Lovely was not as yet thoroughly settled respecting the divinity of the respectable Dr. Orderly, he might now-and-then attend his church on the Sabbath-day. Even as yet Mr. Lovely seemed scarcely beaten out of all his strong holds of confidence in himself; for, to the very last week of his continuance in those parts, he was somewhat inclined to keep up his opposition to the Gospel way of salvation by Jesus Christ; and, therefore, tried if he could not do more by his pen in his chamber than he could by conversation. All this he intended for the perusal of Mr. Lovegood; yet the more he studied the Bible, to make it compatible with his own sentiments, the more he was confused; and the more he wrote the

less he liked it; till at length he was obliged to commit all his writings to the flames, and soon became as humble and as lowly as a child; while he could scarce speak against his stout opposition to these things to Mrs. Lovely without a tear starting from his eye, that ever he should have given her a moment's grief on that subject; intermixed with holy gratitude, that now the silken cords of Gospel love had united them still more than ever in heart and affection to each other, through the powerful influences of that love which makes us all one in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Lovegood's mind, at the same time, was led out in great thankfulness for these fresh instances of divine mercy, manifested through him as a minister of the word of life. But, alas, very soon after this an unexpected summons to Mr. and Mrs. Lovely made a separation immediately necessary. The post, with the tidings of his great uncle's dangerous illness, reached Brookfield on the evening of the Sunday; and Mr. Lovegood was sent to that evening, to breakfast with the family on the Monday morning, that he might be with them at the time of their departure. Such an interesting and sympathetic union had now taken place between all parties as rendered this last interview very affecting. The reader, therefore, must expect the language to be very broken.

Lovely. [*With his eyes embossed with tears, to Mr. Worthy.*] Dear sir, what shall I say to you for *all* the great love and kindness with which you have favoured us poor outcast strangers, since we have been in these parts?

Wor. Say, sir; why, nothing.—Don't you think our pleasure has been as great as yours, in being favoured with you and Mrs. Lovely as our guests?

Lovely. Sir, I cannot tell how perverse and un-

kind I seem to have been in holding such arguments against you and Mr. Lovegood, upon matters, I now find, I so ill understood.

Wor. Dear sir, you could not have been more perverse than I was, till the grace of God, accompanying his truth, compelled me to yield. At one time I was so exasperated against Mr. Lovegood, when he first came to be our vicar, that I had a great inclination to write to the bishop against him; while at another time I found I had more to blame in myself than in Mr. Lovegood's preaching.

Mrs. Lovely. My dear George, don't be grieved; for I know you did not mean to offend Mr. Worthy, Mr. Lovegood, or any one else by what you said; and you have often told me so of late; though I was, at times, exceedingly sorry to hear you argue so strenuously for what I then thought you would soon acknowledge to be wrong.

Lovely. Yes, my dear, I was wrong; I am now convinced I was wrong. I am ashamed that I have been such a strenuous advocate for such a cause; and I am grieved at the perverseness with which I carried it on; but still I would not but have visited Brookfield for all the world.

Loveg. Indeed, my dear sir, these controversial conversations, if they deserve that name, as they have been carried on between us, have affected us in a very different point of view. We were happy to find you so inquisitive upon the subject, and that you were so determined to feel your ground every step you trod: it is nothing better than a mark of folly and hypocrisy to yield without conviction.

Mrs. Lovely. Why then, dear sir, I am afraid I may not be right; for I plainly saw, what a state of ignorance I was in from the very first time I heard you preach.

Loveg. My dear madam, you must not admit

such a thought for a moment. Was not Lydia's heart opened by the Lord the instant she heard the preaching of Paul at Philippi? I have known some who have drawn the most terrible conclusions against themselves, because they have not felt all those horrors of mind, which some may unguardedly speak of, under the first discovery of the evils of their hearts, while, after all, nothing but love converts the soul, and constrains us to obey.

Lovely. Well, well; what a providence it was that when we designed to have travelled to Ruckford, we should have missed our way so as to take the road to Mapleton! But I now trust it was, that we might find our way, to be brought to see what we never might have known, had it not been for this merciful event. Dear sir, let me again ask, what return can I ever make to yourself and family for all your uncommon hospitality and kindness?

Wor. Sir, it is all settled, if you give us a promise that you will repeat your visit as speedily as you can.

Mrs. and Miss Wor. And we must insist upon it that you bring Mrs. Lovely with you.

Mrs. Lovely. O madam, to my latest moments, and I trust to all eternity, I never shall be able to express the gratitude of my heart for the mercies of this visit.

Lovely. Ah, madam, my dear wife will never start any objection against that proposal. We were obliged to surmount many difficulties before our union could be accomplished, and now we feel doubly united. I cannot doubt but that the religion of the Bible will make us the happiest pair upon earth. [*To Mrs. Lovely, taking her by the hand.*] My dear, you were right and I was wrong. Forgive me that I have contradicted you so often; I am sorry for it. [*He stifles his grief, and addresses Mr. Lovegood.*] Dear sir, I bless God a thousand times that ever I knew you. At first, I confess, I

was very angry with you, because the mind of my dear wife was so much discomposed by what you said. When I think of my inconsiderate conduct it cuts me to the heart. Impute it to my ignorance and forgive me. But I can assure you, I never parted with one I loved so much, since I have seen into the pride and presumption of my wicked heart. [*Mr. Lovegood, quite overcome by the address, could make no answer, but retired out of the room.*]

Wor. [*To Lovely.*] Sir, your conversation acts too powerfully on the feelings of that good man.

Lovely. Yes, sir. And it was but a little time ago, that I was jealous and suspicious of every word he said. And what pains I took to persuade my dear wife to leave your house, that I might have her at a distance from hearing those blessed truths, which I now leave with such regret? But I cannot express what I feel in being deprived of such an instructor, just as I have discovered how ignorant and ill-instructed I have been all the days of my life. This painful circumstance affects me more than I can express. And what a scene will be exhibited before me if I find my old uncle on this side of the eternal world, while I feel myself so incapable of instructing him, and he at the same time so unfit to die!

Wor. Oh, sir, as your servant is to follow you with your vehicle, he will have room to carry with him some of the publications of our good old divines, such as Hall, Davenant, Usher, Leighton, and other excellent bishops, who were the real advocates of the doctrines of the reformation, and others, not less eminent, though less dignified: and let these, dear sir, be your instructors till we see you again: I'll go into my library, and pick you out a good lot of them—But I am sorry you have cause to apprehend so much, as it respects the state of your uncle's mind.

Lovely. Oh, sir, I should be ashamed to tell all I know or think of him. [*To his wife.*] My dear creature, what shall we say to him, should we find him alive? Oh what would I give, if that dear man, who has now left the room, could but go with us!

Wor. Why, sir, though we are always very sorry to part with Mr. Lovegood; yet, for the good of others, I should suppose such an event is by no means impracticable; and I dare say, if Mr. Lovegood can but procure the assistance of Mr. Goodman, who is at present disengaged, having been turned out of his curacy by his rector, he, on his own part, will have no objection.

Mrs. Lovely. Dear sir, what a joy it would be to us both, to be favoured with such a companion! As we are all of us but slender, and as we must travel post, we shall find quite sufficient room in the chaise.

Lovely. Oh sir, if this plan can but be accomplished, how happy it would make us! Perhaps Mr. Saveall, the rector of Grediton might lend him his pulpit. I cannot think there are a set of people upon the earth that want such preaching more than them: the town is full of the most wretched worldly-minded misers that ever existed: excepting my dear wife's father, and a very few more, they are almost all alike.

Mrs. Lovely. Why you know, my dear, if Mr. Saveall won't let Mr. Lovegood preach, your father may succeed with Doctor Nescience, though he would not have so large a congregation in the village of Fairfield. But, oh, how happy should I be, if the people in our parts were but to hear what we have heard since our visit to Brookfield!

Lovely. Ah, my dear, instead of talking about getting pulpits for Mr. Lovegood, we must first see if we can get him to go with us. We shall have no time to accomplish such a plan, unless we set about

it directly; for though the days are long, yet we have a journey of above sixty miles before us.

Wor. Then, sir, we must make the more speed, that we may see what can be done; perhaps we may settle matters in less time than you think for. [*Mr. Lovegood is again immediately called in.*]

Mrs. Wor. Come, sir, wipe your eyes, and hear the proposal we have to make to you.

Loveg. Sir, I cannot stand it, if Mr. Lovely addresses me in such a manner.

Wor. Well, sir; but he is going to address you on another snbject, and in another manner.

Lovely. Will you, my dear sir, go with us to Grediton?

Mrs. Lovely. O, dear sir! dont say No. I beseech you, come with us!

Mr. Loveg. But what must I do about my church? And then there is poor Mrs. Lovegood, and her little ones.

Wor. Oh, sir! there is Mr. Goodman, I dare say he is still disengaged; I'll send a note to him, if you'll write it, and order a man and horse to go with it to Mapleton directly. And as to Mrs. Lovegood, we'll be sure to pay her due attendance till your return. Nothing can make these dear young people so happy, as to be favoured with your company.

Loveg. Really, sir, such a hasty proposal quite staggers me. I feel much inclined to go, but I wish to consider a little.

Wor. O, sir, for the present you must put consideration quite out of the question. These dear young people will want a friend and an adviser with them, and there is no one that can do so well—But I must not say too much before your face.

Loveg. Sir, you know I cannot be absent above a week or ten days.

Wor. [*To Mr. Lovely.*] Sir, that Mr. Lovegood may not interrupt time by his talk, you write a note

directly to Mr. Goodman, and request him, in the name of all of us, to serve Mr. Lovegood's church next Sunday: you know him, as he dined with us on Friday last, but be sure take care you don't direct it to Mr. Dolittle, or Mr. Spiteful. [*They all smile.*]

Loveg. Dear, sir, you press matters very close upon me; but will it be worth while to take so long a journey for so short a time?

Wor. Why suppose you were to be absent two Sundays instead of one, if Mr. Goodman can supply for you; though we are sorry to part with you, yet you never can do good but at one place at the same time. If I had your old honest friend Mr. Slapdash here, I should not have had half the trouble to have persuaded him to take the same journey, under the same providential calls.

Loveg. Ah, Mr. Slapdash! dear honest man, I know how I want his constitutional zeal.

Wor. Then borrow some of mine; you know, at times, a rapid fit overtakes me. Come, come, go home directly to Mrs. Lovegood, pack up your little matters, and by that time my servant will have returned with an answer, and depend upon it that all is right in a way of providence, if Mr. Goodman can supply for you till your return: if he cannot, I shall agree with you, that your parochial situation providentially prevents the journey.

Lovelys. [*Both together.*] Oh do, do, dear sir, go home directly, and prepare for the journey; we don't care if we travel all night, if we can but have you with us.

Loveg. Well, well, I find I must submit. I'll go home, and return as soon as I can. The Lord direct us!

The dialogue shall conclude with a copy of Mr. Lovely's note to Mr. Goodman:

"DEAR SIR,

"If you can shew the greatest instance of your tru-

ly christian affection to a poor bewildered youth, who begins to find his way out of a labyrinth of errors, through the blessing of God on Mr. Lovegood's preaching and conversation, may I humbly request you to serve his church for him while he favours me with his presence and pious advice to Grediton, where I am called immediately to attend, by a letter directed to be written to me by the dying request of my great uncle. Dear sir, accept this small token * of respect, as you have suffered so much from your virtuous and steady conduct on behalf of our blessed Redeemer's Gospel.

I am, Sir,
With real esteem,
Your affectionate friend,
and humble servant,
GEORGE LOVELY."

Matters were thus speedily settled, Mr. Goodman engaged to supply for Mr. Lovegood, whereby he seemed fully satisfied that he should take the journey. This greatly softened many painful sensations respecting the separation. A few sympathetic tears were indeed dropt between Mrs. Lovely and Miss Worthy, who began to feel themselves as much united as though they had been sisters; and after all things were thus completely settled, a very appropriate prayer was offered up, and the following parting hymn was sung, which Mr. Lovegood, being possessed of a ready knack of rhyming, gave out as an extempore production on this occasion:

Holy Saviour! Israel's guide!
Thee we trust, and none beside:
Never let us run astray
From thyself, the living way.

* The present was a two-pound note.

Call'd by thine unerring hand,
We would bend to thy command;
Let our willing hearts fulfil
All we know to be thy will.

Guarded by the cheerful light
Of thy beams, divinely bright,
May we tread the paths of peace,
Till we reach the realms of bliss!

O'er our souls divinely move,
Shelter us, thou God of love:
Underneath thy wings may we
Love, and serve, and worship thee.

Let thy providence direct,
Let thy pow'rful arm protect:
Thus our gracious Leader be,
While we humbly follow thee.

Soon after this the chaise drove to the door; honest Edward, of the Golden Lion, came up with it, that he might take his last farewel of this most pleasant pair, thanking God that ever he should have been favoured with such guests, and sending after them a thousand blessings wherever they might go. The final salutation between the families next took place, intermixed with many tears; after which the chaise drove off with its most valuable contents, leaving the writer a little respite till Mr. Lovegood's return from Grediton, when a further narration of events may be expected by the reader.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

BETWEEN MR. MERRYMAN, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE AWFUL DEATH OF MR. GREEDY, GREAT UNCLE OF MR. LOVELY.

AN absence of about ten days engaged Mr. Lovegood's attention before his return from his excursion with the Lovelys, and, on the morning after his return, he called at Brookfield Hall.

[*Mr. Worthy meets Mr. Lovegood at the Hall door.*]

Wor. How do you do, my dear sir? You are welcome home. Come in; we have no one in the breakfast room but my wife and daughter, and Mr. Merryman; and I am sure they will be all glad to see you.

Loveg. Sir, I hope you are all well.

Wor. All well, I thank you, sir; but we are a little busy in settling matters previous to the marriage of my daughter. Mr. Merryman won't be contented any longer without her. In regard to worldly circumstances, she might have met with a more eligible match; but we shall not thwart the young people in their inclinations. My daughter seems quite in love with him; in short, we are all in love with him. He is an excellent young man.

Loveg. Sir, it is very kind of you and Mrs. Worthy, not to throw any impediment in their way; I

have no doubt but that they will be very happy together.

Wor. Between friends, I don't suppose he will leave our house till he has taken my daughter with him, so that, in a day or two, you will have that office to perform. [*They enter the breakfast-room.*]

Mrs. Wor. Well, Sir, we are all happy to see you back again: but how did you leave those charming creatures, the Lovelys?

Loveg. O, madam! they have been uncommonly agitated by their great uncle's death.

Wor. Did you find him alive when you arrived?

Loveg. Madam, he lived four days after we came there.

Wor. Then you can tell us something about him.

Loveg. The very recollection of what I have seen and heard, makes me tremble; the horrors of his conscience were inexpressible.

Merrym. I should rather have supposed that he would have left the world stupified and senseless, through his great age and weakness.

Loveg. His faculties seemed to be very little impaired, indeed; but the dreadful state of his mind was beyond description.

Wor. What, was that the case during all his illness?

Loveg. By what I could learn, he had been very low and dejected for above a month; though he lived in such a wretched mean way, that no one thought it worth their while to enquire after him, or come to see him.

Merrym. How then could you get any information respecting the state of his mind?

Loveg. All that we could know about him was from the Doctor, and a poor old woman who waited upon him; but we had sufficient specimens of the

horrid state of his mind during the four last days of his life.

Wor. I suppose you called on him directly as you arrived.

Loveg. No, sir; we first went to Mr. Commerce, Mrs. Lovely's father, who seems to me to be almost the only respectable person in the town.

Wor. What sort of a town is it then?

Loveg. Sir, I hope there is not such another town to be found: It is filled with the most contemptible set of misers that ever lived. There are in it very large families of the Pinchpoors, the Gripelands, and the Graspalls; the Sharpers, the Closefists, the Hoarders, the Trickers, the Selfs, the Squeezers, the Grinders, the Scrapers, the Skinflints, and the Pennymans, the rule of whose family is never to spend a penny if they can save it; the whole town, almost, has been in the possession of the Greedys for some centuries. In old writings, it was, it seems, originally called Greedytown, only the inhabitants have softened the name; and what is still more curious, the family of the Savealls, who are very numerous indeed in that town, first got possession of the living so long ago as when such multitudes of ministers were ejected from their livings, in the reign of Charles the Second; and so it has been contrived, that the living has continued in the same family ever since.

Merrym. What a horrid condition the people must be in, while under the care of such a minister!

Loveg. Oh, sir, they are wonderfully pleased with him; his sort of sermons just suit their taste; he is always expatiating on the evils of extravagance, on the virtues of forecast and frugality, and on the excellencies and necessity of good economy.

Wor. How can Mr. Commerce bear to live with such a set?

Loveg. Sir, he is very glad he has it to say that his family are not among the natives of the town, though there is some reason to apprehend that he has caught, at least, a little of the contagion belonging to the place. (*to Mr. Worthy.*) I think, Sir, it would kill you, if you were to attempt to live there for a month, it is situated in such a sad cold barren spot; and though very large, as you may suppose from the families that live in it, yet it is a miserable, mean, dirty looking place. Mr. Lovely's father, though Fairfield, where he lives, is above six miles from Grediton, can scarcely bear his house while the wind sits that way, it is so very offensive to his constitution.

Mrs. Wor. Did Mr. Lovely spend no time at his great uncle's house while you were at Grediton?

Loveg. Why, madam, it is impossible to describe the miserable mean way in which he lived. The bed on which he died, and all the furniture of the room, could not, I am satisfied, have been worth twenty shillings: we were obliged to live entirely with Mr. Commerce.

Mrs. Wor. But we want to know how you got an interview with him.

Loveg. Oh, madam, it was with great difficulty, indeed; for his nephew, the Esquire, as he is called, who lives at Grediton House, the old family seat, about a mile and a half from the town, sent Mr. Quirk, his lawyer, to tell him that, as he was soon likely to die, he wished to die in peace with him. And this was all with a design to get his money from him; for he was to remind the old man that he was next akin.

Wor. These tricks are just what I should expect from such a set.

Loveg. But here, sir, there was trick upon trick, for before Mr. Quirk performed his office for his

client, he first began tampering with Mr. Lovely, telling him his errand; and that if he would only give him a thousand pounds, the will should be made entirely in his favour.

Merrym. I'll engage for it, Mr. Lovely would never submit to such a detestable design.

Loveg. Sir, before Mr. Lovely went to his great uncle's he told me of the proposal; and we both agreed that such a transaction, for the sake of money, might justly be deemed a scandalous juggle.

Wor. That amiable youth, I believe, would rather suffer any thing than submit to any action which was dirty and unjust; so that here it should appear he was likely to have another sacrifice to make, nearly as costly as the former.

Loveg. Oh no, sir; this was only a trick of Mr. Quirk's; for the old man, having had several sharp contests with his nephew, the Esquire, about money matters, was ever determined to make Mr. Lovely his heir. However, I advised Mr. Lovely by no means to suffer Mr. Quirk to go alone to his great uncle, that he might prevent any underhand dealings; so they went both of them together, and Mr. Lovely told me as soon as they entered the room he groaned inexpressibly, and cried—"Oh, nephew! I must die, I know I must die: and oh, that dreadful moment!" Mr. Quirk then interrupted him, and said Sir, I am come with your nephew, Mr. Greedy's respects, that he hopes you have forgiven him, and that you die in peace with him; and it is to be hoped, sir, according to these principles of mutual forgiveness, you have settled your affairs. He took him up very hastily, and said, "What do you ask me that question for?" Mr. Quirk made answer, that he only wished to remind him, that his nephew was nearer akin than Mr. Lovely. Immediately, though

quite in despair, he swore at him several times, calling him rascal, and said that he should leave all to young George.

Merrym. Could the lawyer stand all this?

Loveg. Sir, he immediately retired, and Mr. Lovely and the old woman were left in the room alone, while he continued cursing the designs of the lawyer in the profanest manner.

Wor. Was this profane way of talk what he in general accustomed himself to?

Loveg. When he was in a passion, he would at times be very reprobate; but in general he did not adopt this infernal language. It was, however, a most awful circumstance, that, when the horrors of his conscience were the most dreadful, his language would be the most profane.

Wor. I fear, then, it was a difficult matter for you to get an introduction to him.

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Lovely first opened the business by saying, he would wish to introduce to him a clergyman of his acquaintance, as he appeared near death. He cried, "What good can such men do for me, many of whom are as wicked as myself?" Mr. Lovely then pleaded for my admission, as being one of a different character; and then he cried, "O God! could I find the man, though at the distance of a thousand miles, who could quell the hell I feel within, how gladly would I send for him!" Mr. Lovely kindly answered—Sir, if any man upon earth can relieve the agonies of your mind, it is the minister that I now wish you to see; and, in consequence of this, I was admitted to see him.

Wor. I fear it was an awful sight.

Loveg. The most awful I ever saw. His first speech was—"Sir, if there be an eternal world, you see a wretch sinking into eternal woe." He appear-

ed almost distracted with despair; the stare of his eyes was most dreadful.

Wor. How could you answer him in such a state?

Loveg. Sir, the only remedy you know that can be applied, is the gospel. I told him that all the free mercies of redemption were revealed to penitent believers in the Lord Jesus, and that even these graces, whereby sinners are brought to Christ, are the entire gift of God: and that Jesus Christ had in his heart compassion to the vilest of our race.

Merrym. And what was his answer?

Loveg. He cried—"I have for a long time been endeavouring to think there never was such a person as Jesus Christ; or that he was some enthusiastical impostor of the day; for oh, how I have hated his doctrine, and that of his disciples!" Then he paused, and stammered out, from the best of his recollection, these passages from scripture, "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you."—"Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world."—"Covetousness, which is idolatry."—"If a man see his brother in need, and shut up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him!" He then cried, "O God! What shall I do, when I am called to stand before such a judge."

Wor. I fear, then, he had been hardened in his wickedness by the infidel system of the day.

Loveg. Sir, I believe he attempted to stand by it as long as he could: but then, like Voltaire, D'Alembert, and many others, he was obliged to give up all his infidel principles before he died.

Mrs. Wor. Well, well; God give us a religion which will do to live by; and that will prove the best to die by!

Loveg. True, dear madam; but, from what I could find, he was not a Deist, though I believe,

like all those "who *chuse* darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil," he tried, to the utmost of his power, to be one.

Merrym. In that respect I was quite like him when I was living in sin; I could never bear to believe that the Bible was true, and I have wished it false a thousand times.

Loveg. I remember a remark of his on this very subject, which made me shudder. He cried, in his most reprobate language: "How could I be such a —— fool, to believe the Bible was false, only because it threatens eternal damnation against such hard-hearted monsters as myself!" And at another time, he cried—"How must I be hated of Christ, who preached and recommended nothing but mercy, while throughout all my life I have been as cruel as the Devil himself!" And when I again attempted to tell him of the infinite ability of Christ "to save to the uttermost," he shook his head, and said, "I have ever hated him, and loved nobody but myself; and now I shall be eternally hated by him." At another time, he cried, "I have lived on earth to starve my body, and oppress the poor, for which I am now going to receive the eternal damnation of my soul."

Wor. What a proof is this of the importance of those words, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul!"

Loveg. He was made to feel the sting of those words inexpressibly; for he said, among other things, "though there was a time when I had almost as soon have parted with my life as my money; yet! oh! what would I not now give, if I could but purchase a short respite from the grave!—I am going, I feel I am going, and I know not where: but, by grasping after earth, I have lost heaven, and must lose them both eternally."

Merrym. What a horrid witness this poor wretched creature bore against himself!

Loveg. The most horrid that can be conceived. Once, it seems, after he had lain some time as in a slumber, though intermixed with sad and heavy groans, he was asked if his sleep had not done him some good? He immediately cried—"What rest could I find in sleep, while all the time I thought I was cast "into outer darkness, to be tortured with Devils and damned spirits, where there shall be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,—where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched." O, that pit of hell! I thought I was falling in it, and that I should be falling to all eternity, because it is the pit that is bottomless. Oh that I could but believe what some have said, "Death is an eternal sleep."

Wor. What then, could you get him to receive no word of consolation?

Loveg. Every word I attempted to put into his mind by way of consolation, he would immediately turn against himself. When I said that though Christ was a tremendous judge to the wicked, yet to the penitent, he would be a most merciful and gracious mediator. He immediately cried "I a penitent! No, my heart is as hard as a stone: I dread Hell, but I cannot repent of sin." "I shall have thousands to witness against me." Then he stammered out—"I was hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." What, then, can screen me from the sentence I shall hear so soon: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels?"

Mrs. Wor. How awfully he bore witness against

himself. But it is remarkable that he should have been able to quote the Scriptures so correctly; one would have thought that his wickedness would have kept him from reading the Bible.

Loveg. Oh, madam! many as wicked as the old Alderman will read the Scriptures if it be only for the sake of turning them into ridicule: but he was tolerably regular at his church, for that cost him nothing, and thereby he kept up appearances: and you know there is a deal of Scripture read in our church service: and there he would sit in his Alderman's gown as demure and apparently as devout as if he had been the best christian in the parish.

Wor. I suppose the Rector would highly compliment him on this account.

Loveg. Mr. Saveall would be frequently saying he was a very good churchman, though a little too mean.

Wor. Would he suffer you to go to prayer with him before you left him.

Loveg. Though he seemed to abhor the thoughts of prayer, yet we were determined not to leave the room without it. But how awfully he interrupted us by his screams and exclamations, crying, "O God, what I feel! I feel Hell already; the wrath of God abideth on me." So that it appeared in vain to attempt to pray with him.

Merrym. What a hopless case! How could you and Mr. Lovely bear such an awful sight?

Loveg. Sir, poor Mr. Lovely was almost overset by it, as well as myself. However, after this we departed, and repeated our visit the next day.

Wor. Did he still continue in the same horrid frame of mind?

Loveg. Not in the least better, and worse he could not be. When his nephew asked him if he had had any sleep, he immediately cried—"Sleep! how can I sleep, while I have the cries of Farmer Needy's widow

in my ears; when it was almost but the other day that I stript her of all she had, by enforcing a bond in judgment against her? and what mercy can I expect from God, while I could harden my heart against the widow's cries; and while her poor daughter was upon her knees, with four of her children, and another at her breast, begging for mercy, as it was her father's long illness, and other misfortunes, and by no means their own neglect, that had plunged them into poverty?"—He paused, and added, yes, I believe I did sleep for about half an hour, and then I thought I was the rich man in Hell, lifting up my eyes in eternal torments, crying for a drop of water to cool the tip of my tongue: and while I thought how grievously I was tormented in that flame, I awoke."—It seems scarcely possible that any one could live in a more dreadful state of despair.

Wor. I should suppose these keen and cutting reflections against himself arose from many other instances of his oppressive conduct, besides that which you have mentioned before.

Loveg. O, sir; he began repeating several of them. One, I remember was, that when a man, though but in poor circumstances, left him in his will five pounds for some law expences, he being the maker of the will, inserted, in the room of it fifty pounds. Thus the man, being too far gone through illness to attend to his tricks, gave away half as much as he had in the world, from his poor relations. But how terribly he cried out on account of his cruel conduct against one Isaac Careful, a tenant of his, whom he sent to gaol because he would not give up a few trifling leaseholds which were settled upon his wife and children, though he only was reduced to poverty by a loss through fire, and was in himself a very industrious man?

Wor. How could Mr. Lovely bear to hear him relate his horrid tricks?

Loveg. Sir, I never saw a poor youth so agitated in my life. His dreadful cries, at intervals, against himself, and concerning the agonies of his conscience, were most tremendous. When I once said, sir, yet there may be hope; he cried, "O God! (which was his common exclamation,) it is impossible—I am sure it is impossible—and I am as sure to be in Hell as if I was there already; and the smoke of my torment will be ascending up for ever and ever." Just about that time the nurse stirred the fire; and as it began to blaze, he cried—"What would I give, if I might but burn on that fire for ten thousand years, so as to escape the eternal damnation of my soul!

Miss Wor. Dear sir! his expressions are so uncommonly dreadful, that I fear I must quit the room if I hear any more of them, it makes me so nervous.

Merrym. Why, my dear Miss Worthy, we may profit by these alarming lessons, as well as by others which are grateful and pleasing. What a wonderful contrast between the death of poor Mr. Chipman, and that of this old miser!

Wor. Well, for the sake of my daughter, and indeed on account of all our feelings, I shall only ask if he said any thing better in his last moments before his dissolution.

Loveg. Sir, I was not then in the room, but it seems for the two last days he was in a measure senseless: still he groaned horribly, frequently adding that most profane expression, which we so commonly hear — "D—n it, that ever I was born!" and when the nurse, who attended him, a little aroused him, by wiping the phlegm from his mouth which prevented his breathing, he used the

same horrible expression, adding, " —— what are you at?" Soon afterwards he died; and these, it seems, were the last words he ever uttered in life. Oh, what horrid expressions for a dying man! It is enough to chill one's very blood.

Wor. Was Mr. Lovely with him when he died?

Loveg. No, sir; his uncle's language was so dreadful and profane, that he quite swore him out of the room. What he said was afterwards reported to him by the nurse he sent to attend him.

Mrs. Wor. Had he any desire to see Mrs. Lovely?

Loveg. Sir, he asked for her several times, but we always made an excuse for her, saying her nerves were too weak to see him, unless he should get a little better, or should be more composed.

Merrym. Well, I am sure we have heard enough of Mr. Greedy; it is high time that we should now hear something of the Lovelys. [*Enter servant.*]

Servant. Sir, Farmer Till has brought the horse, if your honour would choose to look at him.

Wor. [*To Mr. Merryman.*] Why, sir, as you are about to take my daughter away with you, I thought I would buy her a horse, that you may have no excuse for not riding over frequently from Sandover, when you are settled there.

Merrym. Sir, you are exceeding kind; but we should mostly come over in our one-horse chaise.

Wor. Yes, but exercise on horseback is both pleasant and healthy. I would have my daughter keep on horseback as much as she can. I must request you, Mr. Merryman, to come and see how you like the horse; I suppose in your gay days you used to attend much to the make and shape of a horse.

Merrym. Ah, sir, much more than ever I did to the meaning of my Bible.

Wor. Well, sir, we will not keep the farmer wait-

ing: we may as well all go and take a view of the horse, and resume the subject on our return. Besides, I think we all need a little relaxation after this dreadful account of old Greedy's death.

As Mr. Merryman's observations on the horse, relating to its beauties, its defects, its gift of moveing, its price, &c. would be very uninteresting, the subject will be discontinued till the next Dialogue, when a much a more pleasing narration will be presented to the reader.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

BETWEEN MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. MERRYMAN, AND THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY DISPLAYED IN THE PERSON AND CHARACTER OF MR. LOVELY, WITH THE CHARACTER OF DOCTOR NESCIENCE.

THE horse-dealing business having been settled, the family returned, and the Dialogue recommenced.

Worthy. I suppose the old miserly uncle left the Lovelys a fine penny.

Loveg. Sir, they say he has hoarded up for him full three thousand pounds a year.

Wor. Is it possible?

Loveg. Yes, sir; and his original fortune was but two thousand pounds, which he had when he first came of age; and an old aunt (a Mrs. Pincher, it seems) soon afterwards left him another thousand pounds, all the rest he has been accumulating by hoarding interest upon interest, by his profession, by procuring for himself legacies, where he thought they would answer his end better than his fees, and a hundred dirty tricks besides. He was the most complete money-jobber in the kingdom.

Miss Wor. Poor honest Thomas Newman is a much richer man than old lawyer Greedy ever was.

Merrym. And I really think he keeps a better house.

Loveg. I am sure he keeps a cleaner house: it is a good old proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." How that filthy old creature could live so long, and in so much dirt and poverty, is a matter of surprise to me; for he had turned eighty-one before he died.

Wor. Well, I can suppose he might have died worth all that property, when one considers what a length of time he had to make his hoard; for it seems he was always getting and saving, and never spending. But I had much rather hear how Mr. Lovely is like to spend it, than how that wretched miser contrived to get it.

Loveg. Sir, the old man left a very correct schedule of his possessions behind him, which Mr. Quirk artfully wanted to secrete. I immediately advised him to send for *one* honest lawyer, who lives a few miles out of that town,—Mr. Justice; for I am sure the Grediton lawyers are such a set as I never heard of before; they were mostly tutored under old Greedy; and I believe Mr. Justice will prove a very upright agent to that excellent young man.

Wor. Well, well, there are good and bad of all professions. But that amiable youth must feel this an astonishing reverse of fortune.

Loveg. Yes, sir; and, by the grace of God, I have a good hope, he will be enabled to carry this full cup of worldly prosperity with an even and a cautious hand. Before he opened his uncle's will, he begged I would go to prayer. The will contained nothing but that his nephew was to possess all, with no other legacy than a pitiful five pounds a year to the old woman (one Betty Farthing) who occasionally waited upon him; allowing but fifteen pounds for his fu-

neral; which he thought might be sufficient, as he had preserved two large oaken planks from a carpenter by way of fees, out of which he directed his coffin should be made, and that his old morning-gown should save the expence of a shroud: so that his covetous purposes followed him to the very grave.

Merrym. How could Mr. Lovely follow his directions, as it respected the abominable mean way of his interment?

Loveg. Oh, sir, he ordered the oaken boards to be nailed together, and made into a decent coffin, sent for an undertaker, told him that though only fifteen pounds were allowed for the funeral; yet that he should make him a present of fifteen more, if it was necessary, for his own trouble, provided he would see to a plain, decent, but not mean interment of his uncle; as he must directly go to his father's at Fairfield, and should not himself attend the funeral. Thus matters were understood and settled between the undertaker and Mr. Lovely, and the old miser was decently interred, if you can call it a decent business, when there was such an horrid uproar made, while the bearers carried him to the grave.

Merrym. Astonishing! Did they insult the corpse of the old man while they carried it to the churchyard, and among a set of people so much like himself?

Loveg. Several insulting speeches were actually thrown out, even by the miserable inhabitants of that place, as the funeral went along. One cried, "The Devil has been grinding him before now, for grinding the face of the poor." Another exclaimed, "The Devil has sent for his beloved son, old Greedy, and that he had got him at last:" and many more such speeches were made.

Merrym. It must have been rather a painful cir-

cumstance to Mr. Lovely, to possess a fortune procured by such abominable means.

Loveg. Though I believe the old lawyer's plan was to get money by all means, whether fair or foul; yet what was obtained by oppression and wrong was but an inconsiderable part, when compared to what he had accumulated by the mere art of hoarding. But directly as he had run over the schedule of his uncle's affairs, he cried, "Blessed be God, I find I shall have quite enough to make restitution where needed, to assist the poor, to shew some tokens of respect to my relations, and to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life I could wish for my dearest Ann and myself: and O, may I spend the rest to the glory of God!"

Merrym. Restitution was therefore, it seems, the first thing he thought of.

Loveg. Yes; and the first thing he practised. He is a youth of a most admirable mind; for the first action was to restore the fifty pounds procured by the will of the poor man, fraudulently made by his uncle; and though he found the surviving family had risen since then, which was full twelve years ago, into very decent circumstances, yet nothing would content Mr. Lovely, till he had made restitution; as he said he never could be happy to retain that sum in his possession which he had no right to call his own.

Wor. This was a noble beginning!

Loveg. But the next action was more noble still; for he could not rest till he had found out the family of the Needys, which the uncle had so cruelly ruined about four years before his death; and he found that they were removed from the parish of Grediton into their own parish, by one of the overseers, whose name was Pinchpoor; lest they should become chargeable to them, after the vile old miser had stript them of

their all. Mr. Lovely went and enquired of Mr. Pinchpoor about them, and found that he had sent them into the neighbouring parish of Starvington. The family, consisting of the mother, her daughter, her husband, and five small children, harboured in a miserable cottage, though in as good a plight as could be expected, their great poverty being taken into consideration; almost all their subsistence arising from the earnings of the husband, who was now only a day-labourer, the spinning of the children, and the parish scanty allowance of eighteen pence a week to the poor widow.

Merrym. Oh, this was charming! and I'll warrant he relieved them liberally. Did he take you with him on this errand?

Loveg. Sir, he would go no where without me. He is become astonishingly affectionate; and it was, I think, one of the most impressive scenes I ever beheld. When he first came into the house and saw their poverty, he gave half a crown each to three of the poor children, who were then at home; and as he was entirely unknown to them, he asked the question as though he was ignorant of it himself, how they came to be driven out of their little farm after the husband's death; and a dreadful story it was: for it appeared, that while the mere loan of a few pounds, during the hours of their calamity, might have kept them up, the miser's hard hand of oppression completely threw them down. After Mr. Lovely had heard their tale, he stifled his grief, called me out, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind; while he wept plentifully over the miseries of the family his uncle had brought to ruin. After he had consulted with me on the most eligible way of their relief, he returned. He then told them who he was, and that he was now possessed of all his great uncle's property; that he was quite grieved at heart

on account of what had past, and was now determined to wipe the tear from the widow's eye, while he should esteem it a call in providence to superintend the good of the family as a father and a friend: and then a second time he began to weep. Immediately he took ten guineas out of his pocket for their present wants, and promised them half a guinea a week till he could provide better for them in some little farm that might belong to him, as soon as there was a vacancy, provided they proved industrious and worthy of his attention.

Merrym. Sir, could you stand all this?

Loveg. Indeed, sir, I could not; my spirits were so overcome by it, that I was obliged to leave the house a second time; and while I was giving way to my feelings, in came the honest man from his day-labour. He was not only much surprised to see me so affected at the door of the cottage; but when he came in, he had to behold his wife and children surrounding Mr. Lovely as in an ecstacy, and the old woman in tears, and on her knees, blessing God for such unexpected mercies. He wondered for awhile what could be the cause. At one time he thought that some cruel bailiff had entered the house on account of a few trifling debts, which had remained on his wife's father's account; but when he began to hear the true story, who Mr. Lovely was, and on what errand he came, with his eyes lifted up, and his hands clasped together, he stood quite motionless. Just then I returned into the house—I never saw such a scene in all my life.

Wor. This I call the luxury of doing good. It may easily be decided who felt the greatest happiness, the old miser in grasping after this money, or the nephew in giving it away.

Loveg. Ah, sir, but his most delightful conduct towards the man his great uncle sent to gaol, poor

Isaac Careful, because he would not resign the property of his wife and children, was, if possible, still more affecting and noble.

Miss Wor. Oh, dear sir, do let us hear it.

Loveg. Why, madam, the anxiety of his mind, on that occasion, was beyond all expression. The day after the funeral he ordered two post-chaises; he and Mrs. Lovely went in one chaise, I and Mr. Justice in the other, to the county gaol, ten miles from Grediton. Mr. Justice was directed to enter into conversation with him, while Mr. and Mrs. Lovely sat by as entire strangers. After he had heard but a part of the story, he cried—Oh, Mr. Justice, let me hear no more: he must be discharged immediately. The man cried, What can all this mean? Why, replied Mr. Justice, it means that Mr. Lovely, who possesses the late Mr. Greedy's fortune, will have you discharged directly, that you may see your wife and family before sun-set.

Mrs. Wor. Oh, what delightful tidings to a poor prisoner, confined at a distance from his wife and family! surely he must have been quite overcome by it.

Loveg. For a while it entirely overset him. For immediately he fixed his eyes on Mr. Lovely, and almost directly afterwards quite fainted away with surprise and joy, and it was some time before he recovered. Mr. Lovely next gave the keeper five guineas, to be distributed among the most necessitous of the prisoners, begging, at the same time, that I might be permitted to drop among them a word of exhortation, for their general good. This office I performed with a considerable degree of difficulty, being so much affected at the scene which was before me; nor were most of my miserable hearers less affected than ourselves: and while I was offering up a

concluding prayer, especially for the poor man who was the object of such providential mercy from the kind hand of Mr. Lovely; spiritualizing it at the same time, that every poor prisoner might seek for the gracious and delivering mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life: and it is amazing what a many tears were shed among them.

Wor. Nothing melts and conquers like love!

Loveg. That has been proved to us by the love of Christ. But, oh, to see the countenance of the poor prisoner just brought again to the enjoyment of his liberty by that most delightful young man, as he walked from the prison to the inn, and the attention of Mr. Lovely in first ordering him such a meal as he had not tasted for many a long day before; and then sending to a ready-made clothes shop, that his present garments might be changed for a decent suit. Oh, sir! how he looked; how he wept; how he rejoiced; how he talked, during all these most pleasing and generous circumstances on his behalf!

Merrym. Blessed God! what a delightful scene was this! But it seems you all made quick work of the business, if, according to promise, the poor man was with his wife and family by sun-set.

Loveg. Sir, you know the days are yet long, and all matters were settled for our return in about two hours and a half; and then we drove off with this rich booty of humanity, so well calculated to feast the mind of this admirable youth. Mr. and Mrs. Lovely took me with them in their chaise, and Mr. Justice and the poor man followed in the other.

Wor. [*To Mrs. Worthy.*] My dear, what makes you weep?

Mrs. Wor. As a mother and a parent myself, how it strikes me, what must poor Careful's wife have felt under such an interposition of divine providence;

Oh, how delightfully surprised she must have been on his unexpected arrival! was it not quite too much for her?

Loveg. Why, madam, that matter was left to me, to soften as well as I could; but still the consequences were attended with very powerful effects.

Wor. Come, my dear, wipe your eyes! let us see if we cannot attend to them. How did you break matters to the family?

Loveg. I first went to their house, which is near a mile from Grediton, made an excuse for taking the liberty to rest myself, as the day had been very hot; then I began talking to them about the death of old lawyer Greedy. At once the woman began in the severest language, execrating his horrid memory, and especially his cruelty against them. I endeavoured to correct her vehemence; and then asked her if she had heard of young Mr. Lovely, who had succeeded to all his wealth. She immediately cried, Yes, she had heard he was a very good sort of a young gentleman, and that she was advised to present a petition to him on the behalf of herself and family, if she could get any one to draw it up, that her poor husband might be released from gaol. I told her she need not do that, as he was released already. She said, "Surely you joke." I answered, "It is no joke; but if you will promise me to be mild and calm, as all earthly blessings are uncertain, I could tell you the particulars of that joyful event." And when I came to relate that part of the story, how Mr. Lovely himself had even gone to bring her husband that day out of gaol, and that he was now at Grediton, at the sign of the Three Misers, the principal inn in that town, and he would be with her in about an hour, the transport of her joy was excessive.

Miss Wor. How could the poor woman support herself under such happy and unexpected news?

Loveg. Oh madam, she was all ecstacy: at one time she was upon her knees; then her hands were lifted up with surprise; then she ran hither and thither about the house like one distracted. Immediately she begged, above all things, that she might go directly to see her husband, and bring him home; and I found her raptures were so great, that it was impossible to keep her back, and two of the children were as eagerly determined to attend her.

Merrym. What a meeting that must have been!

Loveg. A meeting, indeed! much more affecting than the former. The woman ran into the inn like one distracted. As to conversation, it was all interrupted by the vehemence of excessive joy between them both, and the two eldest children. For it seems the family, though in a poor way, lived very happy together till old Greedy sent the poor man to gaol, because he did not choose to resign the property of his wife and children into his rapacious hands.

Wor. Had they nothing to say to their kind deliverer?

Loveg. Sir, the dear young man could not stand it any longer; he was so affected at these delightful consequences of his benevolence, that he ran out of the room almost directly; especially when they began personally to thank him for his immediate and great attention to their misery; he therefore called me out, and took a twenty-pound bank note from his old uncle's hoard, telling me to give it them for their immediate necessities; and as the scene was too much for him, he begged they would go home for the present, and that he should send to inquire after them on some future day.

Wor. I'll engage for it, such a scene as that had

not been exhibited in that inn before, for many a long day.

Loveg. Oh, sir, Mr. Hoarder himself, the landlord of the Three Misers, though one of the real natives of the town, for once felt so much of the tender emotions of humanity, that he could not help dropping a tear with others; and what was more astonishing still, could even call the family into the kitchen, and give them a good dinner without any charge, though Mr. Lovely had before ordered them a dinner on his own account.

Wor. That wretch has a hard heart whose eye never started the tear of compassion over human woe!

Loveg. True, sir; but there are many such wretches in the world, especially at Grediton.

Miss Wor. Oh, me! what a delightful sight this must have been, and yet how affecting!

Wor. [*To his daughter.*] My dear Eliza, may you and your dear intended, who is now with us, live to see many such delightful sights exhibited towards numbers of our fellow creatures! I shall be very glad to help you out on all such occasions as far as my fortune will allow; and it is not wise to go beyond it, even in doing good.

Loveg. Ah, dear young Mr. Lovely, I wish he was here to take your wise hint, and not go faster than he can hold on; for directly as he had opened the will, and found what he was worth, he cried; "And why should I have all, and my dear sisters have nothing, who are as near akin as myself—I'll send each of them a thousand pounds. My uncle's will was not a just one." I immediately added, "Probably not, dear sir; but then it will be publickly known that he has left you in possession of all his large hoard; and while you live, the public will expect from you what is suitable to such a fortune; let me give you my advice—do not spend the capital, but

be liberal with the product; and at all times be frugal at home, that you may be liberal abroad. Thus, dear sir, you will find it in your power to be liberal all the days of your life." I urged also, that all of his sisters were in decent circumstances, and that two of them, who were married, were even affluent; that if, by any reverse of fortune, his liberal designs should be found necessary, it would then become him to assist with a generosity equal to his fortune.

Wor. Well, sir, this was good advice, did he act upon it?

Loveg. He said he was determined to present them with a thousand pounds, to be divided between them as a compliment for mourning, and that he would take other matters into further consideration; though since then I have found he sent each of them a thousand pounds: but, oh, the heaps of applications he had from almost every quarter, after these few instances of his liberal spirit had got wind.

Wor. Alas, alas, as soon as a man of generosity is found, what wretched harpies he is sure to have after him! Directly when he has relieved the really necessitous, multitudes of the hypocritical and worthless will be sure to find him out, that they may partake of the bounty he preserves for others; and it is a thousand times better to submit to imposition than relax in our generosity. But what did he do with these applicants?

Loveg. Sir, I advised him to refer them all to his agent; and notwithstanding most of them were very futile, having nothing to complain of but hard bargains, yet he parted with not less than eight hundred pounds to satisfy their demands.

Wor. I fear this delightful young man will be sadly taken in, unless he is upon his guard.

Loveg. Why soon after he had given away fifty pounds to one family, he found he was completely

swindled out of it; and I was scarcely sorry for it, as it may teach him a good lesson; he thinks all the world are as upright as himself.

Wor. I believe, with you, this might prove a good lesson to this sweet-minded youth: how happy should I be if he lived nearer to these parts, that I might give him the best advice in my power!

Loveg. Sir, his wishes thoroughly correspond with yours.

Mrs. Wor. I am sure they thoroughly correspond with mine.

Loveg. Why, madam, he says the air of Grediton will never agree with his constitution; he exceedingly longs to find a habitation somewhere near these parts, especially while his father lives; though his mother seems somewhat more reconciled to him, since his old uncle has left him such a large portion of money and estates.

Merrym. But, sir, could Mr. Lovely prevail on Mr. Saveall to lend you the pulpit for the Sunday?

Loveg. Oh no, sir; there was plenty of objections started against that attempt. First, he said, he did not see the use of paying another for doing his duty for him, as he could do it himself. And when that difficulty was obviated, that no money would be needed; the next was, that "it was very wrong to encourage a *modern* set of ministers to do duty for nothing, when "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Merrym. Yes; and that is the way these hirelings pervert the word of God. He forgot to quote how happy Paul and the rest of the Apostles were, when they had it in their power to preach Christ, without being burdensome to the people.

Wor. Ah, that doctrine stands in a part of the Bible they don't want to read. But what other objections could he have?

Loveg. Why, that I could be so weak as to go

gadding about with that young man who was so foolish as to *spatter* about his money, which Mr. Alderman Greedy had collected together with so much frugality; and that this was bringing a sad disgrace on the memory of the *worthy* Alderman, who was the father of the corporation; though he rather thought, in some instances of frugality, he might have overshot the mark. And further, that at a private meeting of the corporation over a dish of sprats, sheep's trotters, and other such rarities, (though while they could feast themselves at the public expence they were liberal enough:) Mr. Frugal, the present mayor, agreed that Mr. Lovely's conduct was an unpardonable offence. Alderman Stingey was also of the same opinion, and Mr. Closefist, the town-clerk, entirely agreed with them; though Mr. Closefist, at times, it seems, affects even to be generous, and boasts of his numerous applications; and now and then gives away a trifle; as he finds it for his interest to be liberal, that thereby he may not only avail himself of the custom of the people of the town, but take in those also that are not among its original natives. He is of the family of the Longheads, and is himself supposed to be one of the most long-headed of any of that famous family: he is a poor, thin-looking fellow, and seems to be made up of nothing but low cunning and mean designs.

Wor. What a strange set of them they all are? However, between them all, it seems you were to be kept out of the pulpit. I wonder you were not almost determined to act like our good old reformation bishops, and preach out in the street, upon this text, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Loveg. I don't know what my dear honest friend Mr. Shipdash might have done, had he been in my situation.

Merrym. I am sure you shewed very little of your constitutional timidity when you preached your visitation sermon; but it is a terrible calamity, that people should be left in such a state, and with such a teacher, to keep them all quiet and contented in their sins.

Loveg. Why, Mr. Lovely at one time thought of hinting it to Mr. Saveall, that if he would let Mr. Goodman be the curate, he would secretly pay the salary for him; but his pride and enmity will never let him submit to that. At another time he thought of building them a chapel, and sending some good man to preach among them; but it is a sad soil for the gospel; the cares of the world would be very apt to choke the seed in that town.

Merrym. Did you preach no where on the Sunday?

Loveg. Oh yes, sir, I went to Fairfield with Mr. Lovely to see his father, who seems to be one of a very excellent mind and temper, and he obtained leave of the pulpit from Dr. Nescience at a word; for it seems they at once put me into his good graces by saying I was a man of learning, and this pleased him *hugely*. Poor thing! he happens to be one of the most stupid, conceited pedants I ever met with in my life.

Wor. Had you an interview with him?

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Lovely's father invited him to sup with us; and at once he began saying how delighted he was to be acquainted with men of learning, and how glad he should be if I had but time to see some of his *animadversasions*, as he called them, on the book of Tobit, and on Bell and the Dragon, which he meant to publish; but that now the world was grown so ignorant that he could find no printer who would venture to undertake the work.

Wor. Why to be sure the little Doctor is half mad.

Loveg. Quite so, I should rather apprehend, if what some have observed be true, "A little learning makes a man mad, while a deal of it will bring him back again into his senses." But with what astonishing rapidity he ran on, with his curious expressions, and hard words! many of which he murdered as bad as the former. However, in the course of his conversation, I found he had been a great student in all the whimsical nonsense that had found its way into the world through the crazy brains of Jacob Behmen, Count Swedenburgh, and others, by which means he had almost been deprived of the small share of sense that nature had bestowed upon him. And one night, they say, while he was sitting up, reading these visionary authors, he was overtaken with the cramp, upon which he immediately ran up stairs to Mrs. Nescience, crying that he was sure he was bewitched.

Wor. How in the world could you answer this whimsical Doctor?

Loveg. Sir, it was impossible to answer him; downright nonsense never can be answered; so that I did nothing but hum and hah, and say yes, and no, while Mr. Lovely did all in his power to put another turn upon the conversation.

Merrym. But, sir, how did it fare with you on the Sunday?

Loveg. Why, during the summer months it seems they have two sermons, and I thought I should have been permitted to preach them both; but after he had heard my morning sermon, urging the necessity of a divine change, and recommending, according to the best of my ability, the need of a personal application to our Lord Jesus Christ, that this blessed work might be accomplished through the operation of his Holy Spirit; the little Doctor skipt about in his gown and cassock like a *jumping joan*, saying, that

with my leave, he should preach in the afternoon, and that he was sure he could confute all I had said in the morning; for that he could not bear to hear the true religion he preached contradicted before all the people.

Wor. You were under the necessity, consequently, of giving up the point.

Loveg. Yes, sir; I told him I should be open to conviction, and said how willing I should be to read prayers for him, as, in reading them, I was satisfied I should neither wound my conscience, nor contradict my sermon.

Merr. And what sort of a sermon did he give you?

Loveg. Oh, sir, Mr. Lovely's father remembers that the little doctor had given it them three or four times before.

Wor. What was the substance of it?

Loveg. Why, first he began stammering and stuttering over a few lines, which he went home purposely to compose, by way of prefixing a few new thoughts as a preface to his old sermon; and though these were written down, yet he was so terribly out of temper from what he had heard in the morning, that he appeared much more like a man bewitched than when he was seized with the cramp.

Wor. Do let us hear the drift of the Doctor's sermon. I'll warrant it was a curious performance.

Loveg. Indeed, sir, it was. He first pretended to prove that we were all made Christian's by baptism. Then that we were confirmed in our Christianity, when we were confirmed by the bishop. And lastly, we were perfected in our Christianity by receiving the holy sacrament: and this, he said, was better than the strange notions that some people were fond of preaching up about regeneration and inspiration, which, he said, must be all false doctrine; because that, if we were inspired, we could

work miracles; making no difference between the extraordinary operations of the divine Spirit, and the implantation of the divine nature, which must exist in every real Christian to the latest ages of the world.

Merrym. One wonders that people can be so ignorant as to suppose that a mere outward ordinance, however good in its place, will do as a substitute for that new and divine nature mentioned so frequently in the word of God.

Loveg. Why, sir, I was told by Mr. Lovely, that when the Doctor had to preach the visitation sermon before the bishop, he outdid all the nonsense that ever was exhibited before in a pulpit.

Merrym. What was the specimen of divinity he exhibited on that occasion?

Loveg. It may be necessary that you should first hear the text before I tell you the application of it: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Eph. i. 3.

Merrym. In the name of wonder, and of common sense, what could he, what could any man make out from that text, but to exemplify the high state of spirituality to which believers are called by the grace and spirit of the gospel?

Loveg. In these instances, I believe wonders will never cease; for he first *profoundly* remarked, that the clergy were the people who were "sitting in heavenly places in Christ;" and then observed, that their office itself so operated upon them, that if they were bad men before they were in holy orders, yet when once they were promoted to one of these heavenly places in Christ Jesus, they must be made good in course.

Merrym. What by a sort of spiritual legerdemain, I suppose; however, that was not the case with me. But how did he prove this egregious nonsense?

Loveg. You know there is no proving nonsense; but first he observed that the clergy, when they christenened the children, could not but be reminded of their own baptismal vows thereby, and that prevented their breaking them: that visiting the sick, and burying the dead, would also remind them of their mortality; and that would render it impossible for them to lead wicked lives; and as to administering the holy sacrament, that could not but operate as a charm to make them holy too; and that reading the prayers and lessons, as appointed in the service of the church, must remind them of their duty, and direct them in the practice of it; and thus they were all, from their mere office, made good.

Merrym. Is it possible that he could believe his own nonsense, when so directly contrary to matters of fact?

Loveg. Whether he, or others believed it I cannot tell; so, however, it seems he preached: and though the Doctor has the misfortune to be a remarkably high churchman, insomuch, that when he came to consider the religion of the country from whence he purchased his diploma, he could scarce sleep for three nights together, on account of the evils he apprehended from his *Presbyterian degree;* yet, when he preached his famous visitation sermon, he was liberal in the extreme; for though he said it was certain that the religion of the established clergy was the best that could be, and must therefore make them the best men; yet he supposed the religion of the Dissenting clergy made them good also, though it could not be admitted that it made them *so* good as themselves.*

Wor. What contemptible, popish trash! but I

* This is an epitome of a sermon which the author positively heard at a visitation.

wish you would tell us something better worth our hearing than this strange nonsense. How did you finish the day?

Loveg. Sir, young Mr. Lovely begged I might do with them as I do at your house, expound a chapter, and give them a prayer; and I trust it was not without the divine blessing. The only person who appeared dissatisfied, as it was new work to them all, was the old lady. She is terribly afraid I shall make her son "righteous over much;" and has strange apprehensions, if that be the case, he will squander away all his money, by giving it among the poor.

Wor. She has quite the family failing then.

Loveg. I fear she and Mr. Lovely's father though *married*, were never *matched;* she is perpetually tormenting the servants about wearing out mops too fast, drinking too much small beer, and wasting the brown sugar; spending so much for provisions on the dogs and cats, suffering themselves to be cheated by purchasing such small half-penny-worths of sand; so that her maid-servants are seldom with her longer than when they have seen about two or three full moons, and then they are off; but as to Mr. Lovely's father, all these poor cast-offs gave him the best of characters wherever they went.

Mrs. Wor. No wonder that Mrs. Lovely should keep back from going with her husband to see such a mother-in-law, though they loved each other so much.

Wor. I suppose he returned on the Monday?

Loveg. Yes, sir; and on the Wednesday, when I had engaged to return, Mr. Lovely requested me to accept fifty pounds for my travelling expences. I immediately told him that I should feel like a downright Gehazi, Elisha's mercenary servant, if I accepted more than was necessary to bring me back to my own door; he, however, would not let me go

away with less than twenty pounds, and before my arrival the other thirty were sent, in a most affectionate letter, as a present to Mrs. Lovegood, with a hope soon to meet again.

After this, Mr. Lovegood further related a conversation he had on his return in the stage to Brookfield, with old Dame Gossiper, who was very religious in her way, and who hoped to be saved by the help of " her church, her parson, and her good God:" but as the writer has scarcely any time to compose these Dialogues, except in the evenings of the day when all is silent, he wishes to drop a conversation somewhat less interesting, while nature demands its accustomed rest.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

BETWEEN MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. CONSIDERATE, AND THOMAS NEWMAN.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

ACCORDING to the hint given in the former Dialogue, the reader must now be informed, that two days after Mr. Lovegood's return from the Lovelys, the intended union between Mr. Merryman and Miss Worthy took place. As the reporter of these events was not at the wedding, much information from him cannot be expected on that subject. From the feelings of female delicacy, it was the wish of Miss Worthy that the marriage should be solemnized with all possible secrecy; and in order to accomplish this, the family went to the church with Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovegood, apparently with a design to see about some alterations which were making in Mr. Worthy's pew, and some other accommodations, that the poor might be better seated, who so plentifully crowd the aisles. And while the carpenters were gone to their breakfast, old Andrew Snuffle, the clerk, was ordered to attend at a moment's warning, and then the marriage ceremony was performed. They next retired to Brookfield Hall, when a very appropriate prayer for a blessing on the union was offered up by Mr. Lovegood.

Though this event was thus performed in secret,

yet it was not the wish of the family that it should be kept a secret. Old Andrew went directly to the ringers, who began gingling the bells as well as they could; though one of them being cracked, and another of them having lately lost its clapper, the music of the steeple was but a coarse exhibition of the people's joy. Seldom had Mr. Lovegood an ill word from any of his parishioners; but on this event the ringers were almost angry with him for having opposed the repair of the ring of bells; but he well knew, that this sort of music was frequently a temptation to a disorderly conduct. Mr. Worthy, also, was of the same opinion, being entirely satisfied that a better set of bells could never be wanted to call the people to public worship, while *the best bell* in the church, (referring to the pulpit,) was so thoroughly *sound*, and had in it such an *excellent clapper*, to charm the ears and hearts of all who had grace to attend on its melodious sound.

Mr. Worthy, therefore, having sent to the ringers the accustomed compliment, requesting them, and the rest of the inhabitants of the village, to abstain from all riotous mirth on that happy event, especially as the bride and bridegroom were going off for Sandover directly; and that if they would wait their return in about a fortnight, when they were to come and pass a few days at Brookfield Hall, he would then, on the condition of their orderly behaviour, invite them to partake of a marriage feast at his own house. A word from Mr. Worthy was always a law throughout the village. Many cheerful blessings were pronounced on the union, all having one and the same wish, that the family of the Worthys might be built up in all its collateral branches; and that from age to age they might be a blessing to the country, wherever "the bounds of their habitations might be fixed."

Though the precise time of this intended union was known to none at Sandover but Mr. Merryman's servants, yet immediately on their arrival, though in the evening of the day, the event soon transpired through all the neighbourhood: and Mr. Merryman had scarcely finished his family prayer, when they were saluted with the following hymn, accompanied with instrumental music, and sung by some of his affectionate parishioners, in the court-yard of his rectory house.

THE HYMN.

In Paradise the joy began,
When male and female both were one;
Their hearts entwin'd in mutual love,
Their mutual joy was love alone.

But, ah! lamented be the day,
When man forsook the God of love;
Till Christ the second Adam came,
And brought salvation from above.

Invited to the marriage feast,
The Holy Saviour grac'd the day;
There his first miracle he wrought,
That hence he might his power display.

Let this fond pair, enrich'd with grace,
Like clusters rich from Canaan's vine,
Be bless'd with all his love and pow'r,
Who turn'd the water into wine.

Witness their marriage, dearest Lord,
Emblem of thy uniting grace;
One with each other, one with thee,
For ever bless them, "Prince of Peace."

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hearts and hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless, O bless, the nuptial bands.

With gifts and grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries far the best:
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
And that shall sweeten all the rest.

True helpmates in the heav'nly road,
O may they tread the paths of life!
Those peaceful paths so far remote,
From all the rugged ways of strife.

As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern mild, and chaste, and kind,
So may this new-met couple live
As one, in constant union join'd.

Many were inquisitive to know from whence these good people procured their poetry, while some were of opinion that it was the production of Mr. Lovegood, written on a former marriage occasion, and which had got into circulation by having been transcribed by different persons: yet others judged that it was somewhat below the general pitch of his poetry, and that it might more probably have been the production of a Mrs. Rhymer, who lived in those parts, and to whom Mr. Merryman's ministry had been made very useful. But that we may deal upon uncertainties and conjectures no longer, the reader shall have other particulars in a dialogue, which took place between Mr. Worthy and family, and our old favourite Thomas Newman, who had been to Sandover with his eldest daughter Betty, the day after the marriage, that she might attend as a servant on Mrs. Merryman; and where Thomas himself had been detained, that he might help Mr. Merryman with a little of his advice, as it respected the management of his glebe, and some other little husbandry concerns, which he now found necessary to undertake upon his settlement in a family way.

[*Thomas is introduced.*]

Tho. Your servant, your honour; I have a letter to your honour, from Madam Merryman.

[*Mr. Worthy reads the letter, and hands it to Mrs. Worthy.*]

Wor. Well, Thomas, I perceive my daughter and her husband are very well—sit down, I want to have some conversation with you about them.

Tho. With your honour's leave, I had rather stand. I should be ashamed to sit down before your honour.

Wor. Nay, nay, Thomas, you must sit down: I shall have many questions to ask, and you must be tired; for you have had a long walk from Sandover.

[After much persuasion, Thomas sits down at a modest distance from his honour; for Thomas reads his Bible, and that directs him to "give honour to whom honour is due;" while the truly honourable Mr. Worthy is as wisely instructed to "condescend to men of low estate."]

Wor. Well, and what do the people of Sandover think of Mr. Merryman, for having taken my daughter away from me?

Tho. Ah, dear, your honour! why the people at Sandover are delighted *to admiration* at the match.

Mrs. Wor. I am glad they are, Thomas; I am thoroughly persuaded my daughter will do all in her power to make a good wife, and a good minister's wife.

Tho. Why, Madam, the very day after her marriage, she went with that dear gentleman, and *for sure* he is a precious soul! and visited ever so many poor *folk* about the parish, and gave something wherever she went.

Mrs. Wor. She told us, that she should want no fine wedding clothes in going to Sandover; and that she had rather, when she came there, lay out that money among the poor, that she might put a little decent clothing on their backs who needed it most.

Tho. Why, madam, I never saw a people so hap-

py in all my *born days*, as the people at Sandover were, when they saw such a humble good young lady walking about in such a plain way and dress; while some foolish proud *folk* supposed that your honour would have sent her home in a coach and six, and that there should have been bondfires, and nobody knows what fine things besides.

Wor. Indeed, Thomas, had we acted such a part, the old proverb had been true against us, "A fool and his money are soon parted." But I hope my daughter will prove a very useful helpmate to that good young minister.

Tho. 'Las, your honour, you cannot tell how they talk of Mr. Merryman all the parish over, and what stories the people tell of his humble and good natured ways: though 'squire Wild, that lives in his parish, never comes to hear him; but orders that his pew should be locked up, that none of the poor people who come from far should go into his pew: and so good Mr. Merryman has ordered a pair of steps to be made, that people may get over into the 'squire's pew, because he did not chuse to break the lock: but he says nobody has a right to lock up their pews, if they won't come there themselves. And so the people can get over very well, and then the rest of the poor people sit upon the steps. 'Squire Wild was great enough with Mr. Merryman, while they were all living together in the same wicked way; and now and then he would come to church, but he would do nothing but laugh and jeer with Madam Wild and his daughters all the time; and now he says every thing that he can think of against Mr. Merryman, poor dear young gentleman!

Wor. That is not at all to be wondered at, Thomas, while "the carnal mind is enmity against God." But Mr. Merryman is quite in the right of it; no family should lock up a pew if they don't

fill it themselves; tho' he does very wisely in opposing bad measures with as much mildness as he can. But did not the people want to be feasted upon the occasion?

Tho. Oh no, your honour; Mr. Merryman said he should make no feast but for the poor: and so he sent five guineas to the bakers, to be given away among such poor, as he and the overseers might think fit.

Wor. Only five guineas, Thomas!

Tho. Why, your honour, I thought that was a *desperate big* sum; but then he ordered five guineas more to be sent to the butchers, that a bit of meat might be given to every poor man that was to have the loaf of bread. His heart is wonderfully set on doing good.

Wor. Why, Thomas, the only proof that we are good is, when we are enabled by the grace of God to do good: every tree is known alone by its fruits. But Mr. Merryman tells us he kept you all Friday and Saturday talking about his little husbandry affairs, and that he would make you stop over the Sunday: how did poor Betty do without you all the time?

Tho. Why, to be sure, Betty and I never were so long away from each other since we have been married, and now it is fifteen years, come a fortnight after next Mapleton fair day. It seemed to us a longful time to be apart; and we both of us found it *desperate* hard work to part with our poor daughter; but there she is gone to a charming place; and young Madam Merryman takes to her wonderfully. The Lord bless the child, and give her grace!

Wor. Aye, Thomas, that sets all right, and keeps all right: but how is it that you cannot bear to part with your children, when you have so many of them?

Tho. The Lord be praised, we have none too many! Betty and I have always noticed it, the more we have of them, the more the Lord blesses us. Whenever we seem to be a little sharp run, one good body or another, besides your honour, is always sending us something: we want nothing but thankful hearts.

Wor. Why, as Mr. Lovely's great uncle has left him his fortune, he talks of taking your eldest son Thomas off your hands.

Tho. To be sure, it is very kind of the young gentleman. Edward, of the Golden Lion, has told me a deal about him. But it will be a desperate hard *gripe* for me and Betty to part with him. How movingly he talked about a sermon our minister preached a few Sundays ago upon the wise and foolish virgins!* Dear child, he was quite in tears while he was saying how much afraid he was, lest he should be among the foolish virgins; and Betty and I were as much overcome at his talk as himself.

Wor. Well, Thomas, this should give you encouragement to bring up your children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Tho. Why I'll assure your honour, that Betty, who is gone to live with Madam Merryman, is a very pretty spirited child; though little Sammy is a mighty *stomachful* boy; but by the Lord's blessing, he may get better as he gets older.

Wor. But, Thomas, if Mr. Lovely should ever chuse to take your son, you must not object to it. I have no doubt but it will be the making of him, if he turns out well.

Tho. Oh no; if the young 'squire should chuse to take him; I shall be sure to follow your honour's

* This must certainly have been the same sermon that so much offended Mr. Lovely, see Dialogue XXI.

advice, and let him go; though they say he lives a *desperate* way off, almost half as far as London.

Mrs. Wor. But, Thomas, how did you like Mr. Merryman on the Sunday?

Tho. Like him, madam! Who could but chuse to like him: excepting Mr. Lovegood, I think he must be one of the finest men in all the world.

Wor. I suppose there was a fine croud to see Mr. Merryman bring his bride to church for the first time.

Tho. Why your honour knows it is always crowded; for rector Grumble, of the next parish, has been preaching such scolding sermons against modern *'thusists*, that he has driven all the people away. Some of them go off to a dissenting meeting, where they say a very good man preaches, and a great many more of them come to Mr. Merryman's church; and yet Rector Grumble keeps scolding at the empty pews as bad as ever.

Mrs. Wor. I hope Mr. Merryman does not scold in return.

Tho. He scold, dear gentleman! It would be a hard matter to set him a scolding. He has a sweet loving heart of his own, since it has been changed by the grace of God; but to be sure the church was wonderfully crowded. I am sure it was *mighty moving:* I never was so affected in all my *born days.*

Mrs. Wor. What was so moving, Thomas?

Tho. Why, madam, there was such a wonderful fine garland placed over the gate of the church yard, and on one side of it, there was a writing in great large letters, "God bless the happy pair!" and on the other side, "Long live the family of the Worthys!" and then, your honour, there was over the garland a painting like two hands taking hold of each other, and holding two hearts joined together; and out of the two hearts there was a flame

of fire, and in that flame, there was a writing in these words, "*God is love.*" And as soon as Mr. Merryman and his lady came into the church, the singers struck up such a charming fine hymn, I don't think Mr. Lovegood could have made a better.

Wor. Why perhaps Mr. Lovegood did make it, Thomas, for he was in the secret about the marriage: but we have seen a copy of it.

Tho. It was the same hymn, your honour, that they sung in the court yard the night Mr. Merryman and madam came home. And then the singers would have me with them, to help them to pitch the tune; but instead of singing, 'las! your honour, the sight of it so much affected me, in seeing the people stand up, as though they were all praying for a blessing on them at the same time, it made me quite cry for joy: if it had been king George, and queen Charlotte, the people could not have given them more honour. The Lord grant that they may be as happy as Betty and I!

Mrs. Wor. I should suppose all this love and affection from the good people was enough to overset my daughter.

Tho. Why, madam, I heard when she came into her pew, she was so overcome, that she had almost *swounded* away.

Wor. Well, Thomas, I have put my daughter into very good hands; and what is best of all, I trust they are both in the hands of the Lord.

Tho. Ah, but your honour knows that he was not in the hands of the Lord before he heard our dear minister at the visitation, and when he was running after all sorts of *romancing nonsenses.* And now there are some *folk* who can scarcely help making their *sports at him*, though he lives such a different life from what he did in his wicked unregenerate days.

Wor. Why has any one been laughing at him of late?

Tho. Why they say old Mr. Quibble, the lawyer, met him the other day, while he was carrying a poor old woman's basket on his horse, because she appeared so weak that she could not carry it herself, while she was walking along the road to market; and there lawyer Quibble, they say, made such a *jeering* and *joking* at him for it, when he was at 'squire Wild's. But such sort of hard-hearted lawyers have no *conceivance* what the tender-hearted ministers of Christ feel, when they see their fellow creatures in such distress.

Mrs. Wor. Well, well, Thomas, we sha'nt be ashamed of our son-in-law for such easy, good-natured tricks as these; but did he not want to transport you and your family from Brookfield, to be his bailiff.

Tho. Why, madam, I never can think, wicked sinner as I am in heart, that I deserve to be *transported.* Mr. Merryman, I am sure, never thought to have me *transported:* and I have heard of *bum-bailiffs* that arrest people for debt, but I am sure I should not like such an office as that: I think, madam, for want of learning, I have a *misconceivance* of what you mean.

Wor. Why, Thomas, I am sorry you should misunderstand Mrs. Worthy. What she means, by *transportation*, is your removal from Brookfield to Sandover, to overlook my son-in-law's affairs, and you know people call Feigning, my steward, a *bailiff.*

Tho. Well, I thought it was only a nickname the *folk* give him, because, as people say, he is so cunning in *feathering his own nest* out of what belongs to your honour: but I hope madam and your honour will pardon me, that I did not properly understand you; but I am not fit to talk to *gentlefolk*, because they *put their words out* in a different manner

to what we *countrified* people do. But, thank the Lord, I can understand Mr. Lovegood's sermons, though he is such a learned man, from the top to the bottom.

Wor. Why it is, Thomas, because Mr. Lovegood follows the apostle's direction, to "use great plainness of speech." But what have people to say against Feigning, my bailiff?

Tho. Why people will say, though he makes such a *main bustle* about religion to please your honour, that he is no better than he should be: the Lord knows his heart, but it is no *concernment* of mine.

Mrs. Wor. But, Thomas, why won't you go and live with my son-in-law? I am sure he would be very kind to you.

Tho. Ah, madam, that I am sure he would; but then there is my dear old master, and my mistress. Sometimes I hope the Lord will change her heart, for she is wonderfully different to what she was. And then there is Master Henry, and Miss Nancy, and it is *to admiration* how kind they all behave to me and Betty: and then there is our dear minister. Why madam, I never can think of leaving Brookfield parish, while he preaches in the church.

Wor. Oh no, Thomas, we must not part with you. I believe we shall have some *church preferment* for you by and by. It is much more likely that you should be clerk of the parish, than that Mr. Lovegood should be archbishop of Canterbury*. I believe we must soon put off poor old Andrew Snuffle with a pension. He makes sad blunders, and you know he frequently puts our minister out shockingly: at times he cries *Amen* in the middle of a prayer; and when my daughter was married, he mistook the business, and began answering to the office of the churching of women.

* See Dialogue VI. p. 99.

Tho. Ah, poor Andrew! his hearing is very bad; and his eyes are got very dim: but how shall such a poor creature as I am stand up in such a place? I wish I could read as well as Betty.

[*Servant enters.*]

Serv. Sir, Mr. and Miss Considerate are come to wait upon you.

[*They enter, and Thomas retires, after returning many thanks for having received half a crown, and an order to be well fed in the kitchen.*]

Consid. Sir, I am come with my daughter to wait upon you with our hearty congratulations on the happy marriage, which has taken place in your family.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthy. We heartily thank you, sir; pray be seated. Is Mrs. Considerate well?

Consid. Very well, I thank you, sir: but it unfortunately happens to be washing week; and this is a season of great importance in little families: she supposes, therefore, as my daughter came with me, that her superintendance would be needed at home; otherwise she would have walked with us. She means, however, very soon to pay her respects to you on this happy event.

Wor. Mrs. Considerate has at all times been a notable Martha.

Consid. Yes, sir, and since she has become a truly spiritual Mary, she has continued not less a notable Martha. She is always frugal and industrious, though never mean; while she is prudent and saving, she is just and generous and kind.

Wor. Sir, it is your mercy to have such a wife.

Consid. Sir, a wife is either the best or the worst piece of furniture a man can possibly possess.

Wor. Her character, we have frequently heard, is that of a most liberal economist: by all accounts, I don't know what her poor neighbours would do

without her. It is said she can make the richest caudle, and cook the best broth, and patch up the greatest quantity of old clothes, at the cheapest rate, of any person in the parish, for the good of her poor neighbours.

Consid. Indeed, Sir, she can; though by her notableness she coaxes many a shilling out of my pocket; but while she is such a conscientious, yet generous economist, I lose nothing by all she gives; and what ever she does, is done with so much cheerfulness! I never saw her melancholy but once, and that was enough to make us both melancholy, when we lost our two dear sons by the same event, when they were both drowned in the river.

Mrs. Wor. Ah, dear sir, though we were not acquainted with each other in those days, yet we sincerely sympathized with you.

Consid. Oh, Madam, it was enough to break our hearts; two more promising children never lived; and surely never were two brothers known to be more affectionately fond of each other. Indeed this was the cause of the catastrophe; for my eldest son, seeing his younger brother had got out of his depth, and was crying for help, unfortunately plunged in after him with all his clothes on; and was carried down the stream with him, when they both sunk together in a deep hole, under some willows that overhung the bank. To see two such lovely, alert children, that had left my house but an hour before, full of all that vivacity and life which belongs to youth, brought home breathless, and stretched on the same board—Oh, sir!—[*Mr. Considerate weeps.*]

Wor. But it seems, sir, it was that calamity which first brought Mrs. Considerate to seek after the consolation of the Gospel.

Consid. Yes, sir, I trust this heavy judgment has been overruled in much mercy to us both; for while

we still continued very much dejected by our loss, our kind neighbours did all they could in their way to revive our spirits, by inviting us to their tea-tables, and their card parties; but, alas! in vain. We did not then know, under the loss of both our beloved Isaacs, as we had no other child left but our daughter, that we wanted an Abraham's faith to support us.

Wor. Ah, sir, we get but poor consolation from any other quarter; it requires more than is to be found in nature, under such circumstances, meekly to say, "Thy will be done."

Consid. Why, sir, for a time I foolishly thought I could console my mind from natural reasons and moral philosophy; and it was just then Mr. Lovegood sent us that excellent little treatise upon affliction *, entitled "Correction, Instruction: or the Rod and the Word:" together with a consolatory letter, written with such modesty, tenderness, and humility, as very much captivated my wife and daughter, while I had too good an opinion of my own understanding, to suppose I needed any instruction from him; yet I could not but at the same time love and admire his design.

Wor. But I think, sir, it was this event that first brought Mrs. Considerate and your daughter to Brookfield church.

Consid. Yes, sir, and I found they were soon instructed in the lesson of meek and humble submission to the will of God, which I had still to learn; and it was a long time before shame would let me go with them, though I never opposed. Well, sir; though it has been the will of God to deprive me of my future expectations by taking from me two such dear children, yet may your daughter, and newly-

* Written by Mr. Thomas Case, one of the ejected ministers, and recommended by Dr. Manton, of which a new edition is just published.

adopted son, long live to be a blessing to their neighbourhood! I really trust this will prove a happy event to many, though it is probable Mrs. Merryman, from her situation in life, might in some respects have formed a more advantageous connexion for herself.

Wor. Why, we esteem it a very happy connexion when the best side of the question is taken into consideration; for, between friends, my daughter had a very handsome offer from young Mr. Gay; and I was highly pleased with her conduct on this occasion. The moral character of Gay is quite unexceptionable, his fortune is ample, and in many respects he is a very desirable young man: but then his connexions are quite in the world, and he himself is not averse to what are called the innocent amusements of life.

Miss Consid. Yes, sir, she was pleased to give me a hint that she had received such a proposal; but said, however in other respects she might like him, yet, as it regarded religious matters, she thought they never could be happy with each other.

Wor. Why we perceived that for some days there was a strong struggle upon her mind, till she broke it to us, with a full determination not to attend to it: and for a considerable time we have discovered a much stronger bias towards Mr. Merryman.

Consid. Sir, I think no body can wonder at that: since he has been blessed with the grace of God, he is become a very amiable youth. All that know him, one would think, would cry concerning him, "What hath God wrought!"

Wor. This made us determine to leave the young people to the leadings of their own minds. What she loses in point of affluence, I am satisfied, by the blessing of God, she will gain in point of happiness.

Consid. Sir, if God preserve their lives, I have no doubt but that the union will be attended with

his blessing. We have nothing to do but to follow the wise rules which we find in our Bibles, and that will assuredly prove the ready way to happiness. When people are unequally yoked in any connexions in life, especially in the marriage-state, they may depend upon it, they will make themselves miserable through life. I cannot but think that Miss Worthy has acted a part, as you observe, highly commendable to her character. If she should be the less affluent, I am sure she will be a thousand times more happy with Mr. Merryman, than ever she could have been with Mr. Gay.

Wor. She will doubtless be called to move in a more humble sphere; yet therein she will be much more likely to be protected and preserved. Thomas Newman, who just left the room as you came in, has been giving us a very pleasing narration how they were both received at Sandover on the day of their marriage.

Consid. Ah, sir, I have heard all about it. The people of Sandover think themselves very happy on the occasion, though Mr. Spiteful, of Mapleton, goes about from house to house, railing at the match like a madman.

Wor. What is that to him?

Consid. True, sir, but I think he would burst, if he had not now and then an opportunity to vent his spleen; he has got hold of the old stale cry, which is indeed promiscuously levelled against all religious people, that Mr. Merryman is a Jacobin, and is contriving all he can to overturn the church and state; and that all the *canting tribe*, round about the country, are secretly combined together in the same plot, by Sunday schools, and other religious exertions; while our present rulers have no greater enemies against their measures than himself and his comrades.

Wor. I don't believe their is a man living more

attached to the government of his country than Mr. Merryman. But let Mr. Spiteful rail on, for nobody believes him; I question if he believes himself: such persons can do no harm, but as they do harm to themselves.

Consid. But, sir, did you hear what a fine speech poor Thomas Newman made use of to him, when he took it into his head to banter the poor man while he had some of his master's cattle to attend to at the last Mapleton fair?

Wor. What was that, sir?

Consid. Why, sir, Farmer Snakish and Mr. Spiteful, who are cousins german, came both of them together to the open green, where you know the fair for cattle is kept, and seeing poor Thomas, who was there attending upon the sale of his master's property, they came up to him, and began talking about the price of cattle; but more with a design to banter him, than to deal with him. They next began sneering at Thomas about his young master, how he came to run away from home so soon after his *miraculous conversion*, and whether it was not after some of his old wicked tricks.

Wor. What could they mean by that?

Consid. O, sir, that was their way of interpreting Mr. Henry Littleworth's design in his journey to Locksbury, on Mrs. Chipman's affairs. After this they began with their insulting speeches against Mr. Lovegood, laughing at Mrs. Chipman's *miraculous conversion*, and insinuating as though it was only a trick between her and Mr. Lovegood. Then they began making their bitter remarks on Mr. Merryman, saying that the top and bottom of *his conversion* appeared now to be nothing but craft, that he might contrive to get your daughter for his wife. Thomas replied, that he was well persuaded such a conversion could never have been accomplished but by *the great*

God himself; adding that it would be a greater miracle still, if God would convert either of them. Upon this old Spiteful cried, "The great God! What do you know of the great God? I suppose *Parson* Lovegood has made you so wise, that you can tell us how great God is, and how little God is, and all about it."

Wor. To say the least of it, this sort of banter was horridly profane.

Consid. But Thomas's answer was as remarkably to the purpose. He paused, and said, "Yes, sir, I can tell you, both how great God is, and how little God is." Spiteful cried—"Ah, I thought Lovegood had made a clever fellow of you: but let us hear it." Thomas answered "Though he is *so great* that even the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, being the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and who dwelleth in the light, which no man can approach unto, and which no man hath seen nor can see: yet he is *so little*, that he can dwell in the hearts of the humble and the contrite; and take up his gracious abode, even in such a poor unworthy sinner as myself."

While Mr. Considerate and Mr. Worthy were thus in conversation, Lord Rakish's carriage drove up to the door. Mr. Worthy rang the bell immediately, and ordered his boots, that he might appear as if he were going out, that his Lordship might think it necessary to shorten his visit. Mr. Considerate was very glad to make his escape from the interview, while the poor flimsy conversation of his Lordship would be as uninteresting to the reader to peruse, as it would be unpleasant for the writer to relate. Nor has he time to give a minute account of what took place at the promised marriage-feast at Brookfield Hall. Let it suffice, that it was conducted with all

that liberality, yet decency and sobriety, which are the standing order of the house. Some very appropriate hymns were sung; an exhortation was given by Mr. Lovegood, principally upon the duties of the marriage state: while he still kept up his constant rule, never to expatiate upon *moral* duties, but upon *gospel* principles. Thus the writer concludes the present Dialogue with an additional request to his younger readers, that, whenever they may be called in providence into the marriage state, they would not forget at least to take this leaf out of his book; that their marriage may be conducted with the like solemnity, and equally in the fear of God.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

BETWEEN MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MINISTERIAL CHARACTERS OF MR. DELIBERATE, AND MR. LEGAL-DEFINITION: TOGETHER WITH A FURTHER NARRATION OF THE AFFAIRS OF MRS. CHIPMAN, AND THE RESULT OF MR. LOVEGOOD'S VISIT TO LOCKSBURY.

THE reader will remember, that he has been twice interrupted in the narration of the affairs of the unhappy Mrs. Chipman. It has been thought most advisable to attend to the chronology of events, rather than regularly to detail each subject by itself. Whatever is done by Providence, has in it abundantly more beauty of design, than that which is dressed by art. To refresh the reader's memory, he is requested to recollect the conclusion of Dialogue the Twenty-third: he will there find Mrs. Chipman was left perfectly deranged, in which state she continued for full six weeks.

After her recovery, she was still bent upon the idea, that she could never more make her appearance at Locksbury, where her notorious conduct had rendered her the object of universal disgust. She wished rather to keep a school where she was; but still the yearnings of a mother's bowels over the fatherless and forsaken child, would not suffer her to be happy, till she had it under her immediate care. Mr. Reader, however, was as unwilling to part with his grandchild, as his daughter

was to live without it; and other circumstances turning up in Providence, demanded that Mrs. Chipman should forego her feelings, and return to her native home. Mr. Chipman had a younger brother; an attentive decent young man. The neighbourhood advised, that the business should not be dropt; and Mr. Reader agreed that the deceased brother's property should be continued in the business, provided his daughter, for the sake of the child, should be a partner in the concern. Matters being thus settled, she had no other alternative, than to leave Brookfield, and undertake the charge of the partnership assigned to her care.

Her father, therefore, wrote to her after her recovery, begging her to submit to the plan; persuading himself that their happiness with each other, being now founded on the solid basis of their union with Christ, and consequently on the best of principles, would be far superior to what can be enjoyed from mere natural affection, independent of the loving influences which are experienced in the hearts of all those who "love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

Mr. Reader at the same time strongly urged, that Mr. Lovegood should attend her, in order that he might accept Mr. Fribble's offer of the pulpit, that his neighbours might have an opportunity of hearing the same glorious truths, whereby such wonders of grace had been felt, not only on the heart of his daughter and her husband, but he humbly trusted on his own heart also. Mr. Worthy was equally desirous that Mr. Lovegood should attend the call, though his congregation at all times parted with him with much regret; while Mr. Lovegood felt himself more at liberty to a second excursion, though so speedily after the former, under the consideration that a serious clergyman, Mr. Deliberate, was then upon a visit in that neighbourhood. Perceiv-

ing, therefore, that he should not leave his beloved flock under the care of Mr. John Nokes, or Mr. Thomas Styles, provided he was but in *holy orders;* he concluded it was again the call of Providence, that he should make this second excursion from his congregation and family. One Sunday's absence only he allowed himself for this journey. From this, his domestic disposition, many have lamented that one of the best of ministers has been prevented from shining among others, equal to the full lustre of that character, which he ever appeared to possess in the retired situation he filled with such dignity and devotedness of heart. Matters being thus settled, Mrs. Chipman, with many tears and the strongest expressions of gratitude and thankfulness to her kind benefactors, departed from Brookfield, in one of the stages which goes within a short distance of Locksbury, attended by Mr. Lovegood—giving leave for Mr. Spiteful to say, that *Lovegood* had left the country, and was gone nobody knows where, with the woman he had so marvellously converted; insinuating much, but saying little. Such were the speeches of this wretched creature, himself being such a miserable composition of wrath, craft, and spleen.

Mr. Lovegood's journey, to and from Locksbury, occupied near a fortnight of his time. The reader shall be acquainted with the result of this visit in the conversation which took place between him and the family of the Worthys at Brookfield Hall on his return.

Wor. Well, sir, we are glad to see you home again, though we had two very judicious sermons from Mr. Deliberate: He is a serious and solid divine, yet I wish he was not so remarkably dry and formal.

Mrs. Wor. His sermons may be good ones, but I cannot admire, for myself, such a formal, cold, systematic method of preaching.

Loveg. Mr. Deliberate is an excellent chamber divine, if I may so speak, and capable of writing good sound lectures in divinity; but that which is delivered with greater simplicity, and which comes more to the point, so as to reach the conscience, certainly does most good.

Wor. I confess that the heart should be affected, as well as the head instructed; our affections should be enlivened, while our judgments are enlightened; though Mr. Deliberate is certainly a man of a very deep understanding.

Mrs. Wor. My dear, I don't pretend to be a judge of the depth of his understanding; but it appeared to me that, though the people continued gaping at him through half his sermon; yet, before he concluded, the congregation seemed to be more than half asleep. But he is still a better preacher, in my opinion, than Mr. Legal-definition.

Loveg. As to Mr. Legal-definition, I could very readily put up with his long and tiresome definitions, of which he makes almost the whole of his sermons, if he would but give us more of the Gospel.

Wor. I think I have heard him preach three times, and one of his sermons was tolerably evangelical; but the others had not a word of the gospel in them: all the time was taken up upon the duty of forgiving our enemies.

Loveg. And what a fine opportunity he had of impressing that excellent duty, from evangelical principles, when we are directed "to forgive one another, even as God, *for Christ's sake*, has forgiven us?" It is much to be admired, how closely St. Paul urges all social and relative duties, as resting

upon no other principles than those which are evangelical; as though he knew no other argument to be conclusive among Christians, but what sprung from the atonement and salvation of our Lord. We are "bought with a price, therefore we must glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his." When the mortification of sin is mentioned, it is said we are "crucified with Christ," and "made conformable to his death;" that thereby "we are crucified to the world, and the world unto us;" so that "we reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin," through his death; and that we are so completely dead unto sin, that we are even said, "to be buried with him." So in regard to that heavenly-mindedness, which is the very life and soul of all spiritual obedience, we are said "to be made partakers of the power of his resurrection;" to "be risen with Christ; quickened together with Christ;" and that we are "made alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." How poor and low are the dry arguments of the moralists when compared with these! If these motives will not prevail against our corruptions, I am sure no others will.

Wor. I know that all other arguments in defence of morality have argued almost all morality out of the country. We never can have practical religion but upon evangelical principles. But Mr. Legal-definition is very fond of what he calls, "guarding the Gospel," which he only ventures now and then to bring out as a rarity.

Loveg. Guarding the Gospel! Why what guarding can the Gospel need? They must have a poor opinion of divine truths who talk in this cold inconsistent manner. We are only *set upon our guard*, when we *suspect an evil.* And what evil is there to be suspected from the Gospel? What part of the Gospel-dispensation have I to guard? When the Gospel free-

ly holds forth the name and salvation of Christ only, for the pardon and acceptance of sinners, and all sorts of sinners, how are we to guard it? Not by contradicting, it is to be hoped: nor by saying, that our repentance is to be mixed with the divine mercy. If so, I have as much reason to love and thank myself, as I have to love and thank my Saviour; and while we lesson our obligations to love him, we certainly lessen our obligations to obey him.

Wor. Yes, and it is upon this very principle that they think the Gospel should be guarded, "lest we continue in sin that grace may abound."

Loveg. And so this inconsistent, cautious, tribe of guarders think they do credit to divine truths, by bringing forward the objection started, and which ever will be started, by its enemies in all ages of the church, while upon that very subject St. Paul shews how the Gospel guards itself: "How shall we, that are dead unto sin, live any longer therein?" But these people seem to me, to have no idea of the Gospel, but as it is limited to the justification of our persons through the redemption of Christ. Is not the sanctification of our natures, by the influence of the divine Spirit, another essential part of the Gospel, whereby the blessing of personal holiness is absolutely secured to all the redeemed of the Lord?

Wor. I can't see what we have to be afraid of, or to guard in all this.

Loveg. Why, I suppose, we are to tell people that as they are not to trust *too much* on the merits of Christ on the one hand, so they should be *aware* lest they trust too much on the work of the Spirit on the other; as if living on the grace of the *Holy Spirit*, could feed their corruptions and make them *unholy*.

Wor. One would suppose, what you frequently call the Gospel of our "sanctification," operated by the rule of reverse: as though lectures on honesty

need to be guarded, lest they should direct us to be thieves; or lectures on chastity should teach us to be impure.

Loveg. I really don't know what they can mean by "guarding the Gospel," unless it be a perverted gospel; and as perverted truth is nothing better than falsehood, so a perverted gospel is no gospel at all. Some persons seem to think, though it be as contrary to truth as light to darkness, that the Gospel is within a hair's-breadth of downright Antinomianism, which turns the holy truths of God into a licentious lie. Am I in danger of *error* while I receive *the truth?* or must I guard against *wickedness*, while I humbly submit to be ruled by that doctrine which is according to *godliness?* I wish all our worldly prudence about guarding truth, and preaching it *moderately* or *soberly*, as they call it, may not lead to something much worse, by producing ignorance and indifference, which must ultimately terminate in giving up, or corrupting the whole.

Wor. I think you good ministers of the Gospel have nothing to do, but to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

Loveg. Then, sir, we need not guard those holy truths, which God himself hath "delivered to the *saints;*" and if delivered to the saints, it was designed of God, that we should be "sanctified by the truth." Thus, all this guarding the gospel, seems to come home against the gospel itself. In my opinion, it is a most dangerous expression; no wonder if the bad consequences of these truths are suspected by others, while we seem to suspect them ourselves.

Wor. I don't know that Mr. Deliberate is by any means such a great "guarder of the gospel" as is Mr. Legal-definition. I believe he knows much more of the truth, and is therefore much less afraid of preaching it, though his style of preaching renders him tedious and dull.

Loveg. When I was curate at Abley, there was a clergyman in those parts, who lived in almost the next parish to my honest warm-hearted friend Mr. Slapdash, called Mr. Slopdash; and he seemed to be just the reverse of Mr. Deliberate. While one scarcely dare speak at all, but as he continues looking at every expression again and again, lest it should be otherwise than the most judicious and correct; the other, without any consideration whatever, would be pouring out vollies of the most disgustful nonsense. Notwithstanding the cold, plodding, phlegmatic disposition of Mr. Deliberate, may render him a heavy preacher, yet I had rather a thousand times attend on the good sense of the one, than the mere rhapsody and nonsense of the other.

Mrs. Wor. And so had I. But then it appears to me, that of two evils I should only choose the least.

Mrs. Considerate asked Farmer Littleworth how he liked the sermon, and he said—"Ah, madam, to my liking, our own dear minister *out-tops* them all. This gentleman has so many heads and tails, and so many tops and bottoms to his sermons, that we country *folk* can scarce know how to make him out. And poor Thomas Newman said, while Mr. Deliberate was splitting his heads, by attending to him, that he thought his head would have been split at the same time."

Loveg. Why, half the skill of preaching to a country congregation——

Wor. (Interrupts) Aye, and to a city congregation too, for not one in ten of them are wiser than ourselves.

Loveg. I quite agree with you, sir. But I was going to observe, that half the skill of preaching, is to bring truth home to the lowest capacity of our hearers; and while we attempt to make them wise unto salvation, the world will certainly call it "the foolishness of preaching;" but still it will be widely

different from *foolish preaching*. While we can preach with " simplicity and godly sincerity, and not with fleshly wisdom," we may expect the same blessing which attended the ministry of St. Paul. He tells us plainly how he went to work, " And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech and of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of God; for I was determined to *know nothing* among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified; and my speech and my preaching was not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power :" and what a noble reason he adds to all this, " lest your faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not in the power of God."

Wor. But, sir, I think Mr. Deliberate's sermons were not in that style notwithstanding: he does not aim at what some fulsome pretended orators suppose to be the excellency of speech or wisdom.

Loveg. I quite agree with you, sir, and I did not quote that passage from scripture as immediately levelling its meaning against one of his description. Mr. Deliberate is a good man, and a man of learning and thought, and our natural dispositions all widely differ from each other.

Wor. Just so I conceive of matters. But I am so much interested to hear the result of your journey to Locksbury, that I must beg leave to interrupt the present conversation, and make some enquiries about that event.

Loveg. Oh, sir, the nearer the poor widow came towards Locksbury, the more her mind was agitated and distressed. I thought she would have lost her reason a second time.

Wor. I suppose that her feelings must have been keen indeed. I am almost afraid to ask, what was the result of the first interview.

Loveg. Sir, the people of the inn, where we alighted, directly knew who she was, and there was an

immediate buzz about the house; I requested therefore that she might be shewn into some back room, where she sat, more agitated and affected than I can well express, and there I left her while I went and advertised her father of her arrival. When I came into his house and told him who I was, how he trembled and wept, and in what strong terms of gratitude he expressed himself for all the attention paid to his daughter! He wanted to go with me immediately to conduct her to his house, but I objected to this plan, as I thought this first interview, which was likely to be a very affecting one, had better not take place in a public house. He immediately saw the propriety of my objection; it was therefore judged best, that I should return and conduct her to her father's house.

Mrs. Wor. Oh! what a painful office this must have been? I wish Sir Charles had been there to have seen the consequences of his abominable and brutal conduct.

Loveg. Why, madam, it is supposed that miserable creature is now no more.

Mrs. Wor. What is he dead?

Loveg. It is strongly reported about Locksbury, that, soon after Mrs. Chipman left him, he went over to Ireland, where he thought it might be more convenient to assume another name, and there, fighting a duel with one of the same stamp with himself, was killed upon the spot. But as for such monsters, they are quite callous to all the fine feelings of natural affection, while sunk in the gratification of their mere brutal appetites. The scene, however, between Mrs. Chipman and her father was so affecting that it almost overset me.*

* Report at present only says, that after Sir Charles had worn out the credit of his own name in England he went over to Ireland,

Wor. It will be well if the bare recital of matters does not overset us all: but we must hear it.

Loveg. When I returned, I told her how affectionately her father designed to receive her. She cried, "Had he treated me with severity and contempt, that I think I could have borne, for I know I have deserved it; but, oh, what I feel at the thought, that such a monster should be treated with so much affection and love, while I deserve to be abhorred by all!" It was some time before I could get her to move off her chair to attempt the walk; and every step she took reminded me of a criminal going to execution. Though I begged her to suppress the emotions of her mind as much as she could, yet the moment her father opened the door, she was down upon her knees, crying, "Oh, my dear father, for God's sake forgive me, for Christ's sake forgive me!" He immediately stooped down and embraced her and kissed her, and said, "My dear child, I have forgiven you,—from the bottom of my heart I have forgiven you." He attempted to raise her up, but immediately she went off into an hysteric fit, and it

where he assumed the name of Mr. M'Fury. There he met with a military wild Irishman, captain O'Blunder, with whom he picked a quarrel about some of their vile intrigues; on this account they met, and according to the style of our modern polite barbarians, (called however, among themselves, men of honour,) they fought a duel; the captain proved the best marksman, and shot Sir Charles nearly dead upon the spot. He had only time to utter two or three most profane expressions, and spoke no more.

When the whole race of such Duellers are hanged as intentional murderers, for presuming to settle their disputes, excited by the mere freaks of passion, and generally in a drunken frolick, instead of appealing to the wholesome laws of their country, it will be much to the credit of a civilized nation.

Is it not, however, high time, that the magistracy of the nation should resume the dignity of their office; and no longer suffer these umpires of their own disputes to proceed, without afterwards conferring upon them the dignity of the halter? I question if this honour would not prove an effectual remedy to so terrible a disease.

was full half an hour before she could be brought to her recollection: directly as she could speak, she began again to accuse herself for her husband's murderer, for her ingratitude to her father, and for her brutality to her child. I then spoke rather sharply to her, that, if she had any regard to my advice and her father's feelings, she must make no more use of that sort of language against herself; and then I went to prayer.

Wor. And how was she after prayer?

Loveg. Somewhat more calm, but still very low and hysterical. I waved the subject as far as I could, and entered into conversation with Mr. Reader about the alteration of his views, as it respected spiritual matters; and I found his mind in a most pleasant state of holy surprise at his former ignorance, compared with the views he now enjoyed of the gospel-salvation. But while he inadvertently began to mention some of the blessed expressions which dropt from the dying lips of Mr. Chipman, the grief of the poor widow was rekindled almost as bad as ever. She sat sighing and sobbing all the evening; but as I charged her to make no more of those vehement exclamations against herself, she said little, but wept much. At length she cried, "Father may I be permitted to see my dear child?" He answered, "My dear, you had better wait till to-morrow, till your spirits are a little more calm;" and in this advice she peaceably acquiesced.

Wor. But I should suppose, she had another difficulty to surmount, in returning back to her husband's house.

Loveg. Oh, sir! the very mention of her return thither, quite overset her again.

Mrs. Wor. And it was enough to overset her. What woman who was once blessed with such a husband, who had lost his life through her brutish con-

duct, could bear to return and find him absent? and what sleep could she expect, while lying on the bed she had so treacherously forsaken; and on which her husband had died of a broken heart?

Loveg. No doubt, but such must have been her reflections, and painful ones they truly were. The slaves of sin have bad wages for their slavery. But when Mr. Reader mentioned whether she chose to stop a day or two with him, or go to her own house, her grief became nearly as excessive as before. She cried, "Oh, that I could but have lived a thousand miles from the place, which brings to my recollection so strongly every circumstance of my most vile and treacherous conduct! But if my return should be the cause of breaking my own heart with grief, it will become me to submit to the most righteous judgment of God, should I be carried from the same bed with a broken heart to my dear husband's grave." Mr. Reader said, "My dear Jemima, you shall not leave my house till your spirits are more recruited; but I'll send for your child to-morrow morning, and you shall see it." Thus matters were settled; and after family prayer, I left Mrs. Chipman in possession of the bed designed for me, and got myself accommodations at the inn: and sad accommodations they were.

Wor. What sort of accommodations then had you?

Loveg. Oh, sir, the bed was good enough, but in the next room, there was a meeting of some club; and the partition being very thin, I was obliged to submit to hear all their noise and nonsense, intermixed with language the most blasphemous and obscene, till about two o'clock in the morning; and their horrid songs which they began singing, when they were half drunk, were worse than all. At length, however, the landlord came in, and begged

them to break up. What a mercy to be redeemed from the filthy conversation of the wicked!

Wor. Things would not have gone half so far, if honest Edward, of the Golden Lion, had been the keeper of the inn. I'll engage for it, you would have rather been accommodated with some good clean straw in a stable.

Loveg. A thousand times: how much preferable the company of natural brute beasts than the company of those who are brutalized by sin. But as it was found an insurmountable difficulty to get Mrs. Chipman home, at least while I was there, I afterwards slept at her house, while she continued to occupy the bed designed for me at her father's.

Wor. It would have been a desirable event, if she could have surmounted that difficulty while you were there, that she might have been persuaded to have engaged herself in some family concerns.

Loveg. Sir, for the present, the sight of any of her old acquaintance fills her with immediate consternation. She has kept herself a close prisoner ever since she entered into her father's house.

Wor. How then did she act on the Sunday you preached there?

Loveg. Oh, sir, she was nearly as much affected as she was on the Wednesday evening, when we first arrived: her anxiety to attend militated so strongly against the sense of shame.—I therefore thought it best to come to advise her father to lay his injunctions upon her not to come to church on that Sunday, as she would have been a public spectacle to all the congregation.

Mrs. Wor. Certainly it was the best advice, though the shame she felt is neither to be lamented nor wondered at. Indeed I always thought this the best evidence that her repentance was genuine.

Loveg. That it certainly was. The Apostle speaks

of those things, whereof the really converted christian is now *ashamed;* and that they shall be made to know that it is "even a *shame* to speak of those things done of them in secret." I ever suspect the genuine repentance of those, who seem to express themselves with a degree of carnal indifference respecting their old sins, under a vain confidence, that they are now forgiven. I wish such sort of believers would but recollect that there is such a grace as "repentance towards God," as well as "Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." I hope, notwithstanding, Mrs. Chipman will soon have sufficient evidence to believe that God has forgiven her, though I am sure she will never forgive herself.

Mrs. Wor. But how did she bear the sight of her child, which was to be introduced the next morning, according to promise ?

Loveg. Why, sir, while we were at breakfast, Mr. Reader went out and brought it in ; one of the most lovely cheerful babes I think I ever beheld, springing in its nurse's arms, and sweetly smiling at its grandfather. He took and placed it upon the mother's lap, she looked at it, watered it with her tears, affectionately embraced it, and then began quoting that text which had so impressed her mind : "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb !" and then quite fainted away. The child was taken from her, and as soon as she was able she was led up into her chamber, where she continued most of the day.

Wor. What misery this poor creature has entailed upon her own mind. But did she make any further efforts to surmount her feelings, as it respected her child ?

Loveg. Yes, sir, I believe several. But every attempt she made was with the same cutting reflections against herself. Sir, we, who are blessed with

children, and with a parental love towards them, may judge what she felt, when she was recovered by the grace of God, from that brutalized state of mind which possessed her while she was captivated by that unprincipled monster of iniquity. However, towards the latter end of my stay, she would now and then attempt to smile on her child, while every smile returned by the child would be sure to bring a fresh tear from her eye.

Wor. It is well, if the child don't lose both its parents by the same unhappy event.

Loveg. Sometimes I fear this will be the case; at other times I have my hopes that she will still survive her grief. I requested Mr. Reader to set her about some household affairs, and to try to divert her attention by the use of the needle, and this was done with some success. Though oftentimes while she has been at her work, she would bedew it with her tears, till completely overcome by the recollection of her former misconduct; she would then entirely lay her work aside, and again give way to the excessive grief of her mind.

Wor. It must have been exceedingly distressing to her poor father, to have seen her overpowered by such excessive grief.

Loveg. The grief of the parent was nearly equal to that of the daughter, though he exemplified astonishing patience on the occasion. All his affection seems entirely restored; he loves her now as much as ever he once could blame her. It is amazing, what the forgiving love and converting grace of God does on the hearts of all the children of God.

Wor. Did she not in any degree recover her spirits while you were there?

Loveg. I humbly trust she did: there were such cheering prospects of good, which attended the divine services on the Sunday, as revived the hearts of

all ; though my final departure from Locksbury exceedingly depressed her spirits.

Wor. That must have been a very trying moment between you both.

Loveg. I am sure, sir, I could not have sustained the concluding interview without a very considerable injury to her feelings and my own : I therefore took my farewel by sending her a letter, and at the same time I composed for her a penitential hymn.

Mrs. Wor. Do, sir, let us see a copy of it.

Loveg. Oh, madam, my poor rhymes scarcely deserve the name of poetry ; if I had by me a correct copy, it would never be worth your perusal.

Mrs. Wor. Leave us to judge of that ; we must hear it.

After much persuasion, Mr. Lovegood submitted. He is a man of uncommon modesty, though of considerable ability. He lives much, as Moses did, on the mount with God : and as this made Moses's face to shine, "though he wist not that his face shone," when he came down from the mount, to do the work of God below : so also it is with Mr. Lovegood, though, in my opinion, he shines less as a poet, than as a divine. However, from some short-hand notes he had in his pocket book, he delivered the following hymn, supposing it to be the genuine experience before God of an humbled sinner of her description, panting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

THE HYMN.

And must I sink beneath my load,
By weighty guilt borne down ?
How can I bear the heavy rod,
Of God's eternal frown ?

Who can thy righteous pow'r withstand,
Or who thy wrath restrain?
But mercy still withholds thy hand,
And lets me here remain.

Why should'st thou yet forbear to slay,
If not inclin'd to spare?
Shall I then fling all hope away,
And yield to wild despair?

This were my sad account to swell,
Too big to be forgiv'n;
All sins lead down to death and hell,
But this shuts out from heav'n.

No; still I'll hope for grace divine,
That mercy may abound;
Others with guilt, as vile as mine,
Have still thy mercy found.

Peter deny'd his blessed Lord,
With base blaspheming breath;
Paul rag'd against his heavenly word,
And hunted saints to death.

What tho' a Magdalene had been
Of seven foul fiends possess'd?
Yet Peter, Paul, and Magdalene,
Were with forgiveness bless'd.

And why not I this grace obtain?
Did not my Saviour die!
Or did he shed his blood in vain,
To ransom such as I?

O! let me hear thy gracious call;
"Come thou, with guilt oppress'd,
"On me let all thy burthens fall,
"I give the weary rest."

The door I trust is open still,
Whate'er my guilt has been,
And, since 'tis my Redeemer's will,
I'll humbly enter in.

Mrs. Wor. Well, sir, we are, I dare say, all of opinion that you need not have been so much ashamed of your poetry: But, oh, what a mercy to be kept from the evil propensities of our corrupted hearts, and to be under the sanctifying influences of God's most blessed Spirit!

Loveg. Yes, madam, the blessings we enjoy in this world in being so graciously converted, so mercifully preserved and kept, are inexpressible; in the next they will be infinite.

Mrs. Wor. Oh, sir, how shall we sufficiently express ourselves for the kind providence which sent you among us? Mr. Worthy and I both felt we wanted something, but we knew not what.

This observation of Mrs. Worthy coming home rather personally to Mr. Lovegood, rendered the conversation desultory, though still edifying. It turned upon the following subject, "What is there, which thou hast not received?" But as the author aims at an abridgement of every subject, remembering the old Greek proverb, "A great book, a great evil;" he begs leave to close the present dialogue, and resume the subject when the conversation may be more to the point.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

BETWEEN THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

CONTAINING THE CHARACTER OF MR. FRIBBLE, AND SOME FURTHER NARRATION OF EVENTS OCCASIONED BY MR. LOVEGOOD'S VISIT TO LOCKSBURY.

Wor. WELL, sir, you have now told us all you know respecting Mrs. Chipman: we must request you next to tell us how it fared with you on the Sunday.

Loveg. Sir, you should first ask me how it fared with me on the Saturday.

Wor. Begin where you like. But we want to know how you succeeded with Mr. Fribble, according to the dying request of Mr. Chipman.

Loveg. Oh, sir, after Mr. Reader had sent him word of my arrival, he came and called on us. I found him as complete a puppy as ever I met with in my life; and he invited me and Mr. Reader, with a vast deal of affectation, (for his father it seems was a dancing master) to *tea* with him, as he was pleased to express himself, on the Saturday evening.

Wor. Did you accept the invitation?

Loveg. I conceived it was not in my power to say No: but I told Mr. Reader it could be only on the condition that he should go with me; and we had such a dose!

Wor. I suppose you found him to be a most curi-

ous sprig of divinity, according to the fashionable taste of the day.

Mrs. Wor. How could you hit it off together?

Loveg. Why, first, madam, he began bowing and scraping, with such an abundance of compliments, that I could not tell what to do with them.

Mrs. Wor. Not with one half of them, I suppose.

Loveg. No—nor with one quarter of them, madam.

Wor. After the compliments were all over, how did you proceed?

Loveg. Sir, he began chattering away at a most extraordinary rate. But the first thing which struck me was the furniture of his room. On one peg were hung a pair of skaits with red Morocco straps; on another his violin; at another place his bows and arrows were exhibited, as he was a member of an archers' club; over his chimney-piece were piled his gun and other accoutrements for that sport, with two or three dog-collars; then there was his backgammon-table, his cribbage-board, and, among other pretty play things, he had his battledores and shuttlecocks.

Wor. From the furniture of his room, you might easily guess the furniture of his head.

Loveg. I thought that was more easily described, by what appeared on two or three shelves of books he called his library, containing little, as I could find, but a parcel of plays, loose poetry, and empty novels.

Wor. Had he no books of divinity?

Loveg. Sir, he had a few trumpery pamphlets, and among the rest he had one book somewhat better bound than the others, called "The Religion of a polite Gentleman."

Wor. In the name of wonder what sort of a book can that be?

Loveg. I should suppose a jumble of affectation and religious compliments. I asked him, however, out of curiosity, what were its contents? He directly answered, he had only read a *little in the middle of it;* but that the author plainly proved that no gentleman should be over morose in his religion, and that this was supposed to be the fault of St. Paul, for that he was bred a Sadducee.

Wor. A Sadducee! Did he not mean a Pharisee?

Loveg. I suppose he might, but that he did not know the one from the other.

Wor. And had he no other religious publications besides?

Loveg. Sir, he had a book called "Ecton's Thesaurus Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ."

Mrs. Wor. Sir, we don't understand what these Latin titles to books of divinity mean.

Loveg. Why, madam, it means, "The Treasury of the English Church."

Wor. I suppose then he had one good book at least; for in the Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies, there is a treasure of divinity, remarkably good and sound: and it is wonderful how well calculated those writings against popery are, to confute the modern protestantism of the day.

Loveg. O, sir, Ecton's Thesaurus contains nothing but an account of the worth of different livings, and all other church preferments. If I were to give it another name, it should be, *A Guide to Preferment-hunters;* though they commonly call it among themselves, *The Parson's Bible.*

Wor. What could be the style of the conversation of this poor creature?

Loveg. Sir, the most empty and frivolous imaginable. At first, as I did not, according to Mr. Reader's desire, introduce religion too hastily, lest I should forfeit the use of the pulpit; he supposed that

I had not much more to do with it than himself; only he conceived I might be of a more grave and phlegmatic turn of mind; and that I was a *fine orator*, as he called it.

Wor. I suppose this idea respecting your turn of mind must have had some check upon his frothy talk.

Loveg. Not in the least; his chatter was incessant. He first began asking me, if I lived in a good sporting country. I waved it, and said, I was fond of my study, that I had a large family, and a good deal to do in my parish; and that I had really no time for such amusements. He then said, "he confessed he was of another turn; and that he could not see the need of *muzzing* over a set of books all the day long." Then he went on telling me what a wonderful deal of game he had killed that season with one Esquire Madcap, a strange wild young fellow, who lives in those parts. Then, all at once, he cried, "Oh, sir, you really came a day after the fair; for Mr. Madcap, our young Esquire, who lives about three miles off, treated us with a horse-race; and really, sir, we had charming sport." I answered, I supposed it might be to them that liked it. But hints of that sort did him no good, for on he went, crying, "Really, sir, between the pleasures of the horse course in the mornings, and the card parties and balls in the evenings, we were all alive."

Wor. Did you not tell him, it was much to be lamented, that the people of his spiritual charge, could not be kept alive, without the aids of cards, balls, and horse races.

Loveg. Sir, I said to him, what was their life would be my death; and he immediately cried, "Oh, my stars and garters! I think you was born under a strange planet."

Mrs. Wor. A strange one, I suppose, to him; but how did he proceed?

Loveg. Sir, he said, I entertained very different *notions of religion* to Mr. Archdeacon Wildblood, for that he not only was at the horse-race, but that he rode his own horse; yet he did not *sport a solo*, for that another clergyman, young Bob Dapper, rode his horse as well as the Archdeacon.

Wor. Indeed, this is worse than bad. What must be expected from a church, while some among its very dignitaries are not even masked with common decency! But was the rattle of this empty creature correctly stated?

Loveg. Sir, when I asked Mr. Reader how far this circumstance was true, he told me, that an Archdeacon, known by the name of Jack Wildblood, actually rode his own horse; and that, before common decency was insulted by turning *Jack* into a *Parson*, and afterwards into an Archdeacon, he was an officer in the army; and that, after having made his calculations, he discovered, from family connexions, it was probable that things *spiritual* would pay him better than things *temporal* *.

Report also says, that while on the horse course his stirrup unfortunately broke, and that he *swore* at the mob most profanely to get out of the way, lest, as he could not manage his horse, he should ride over them; but his excuse, it seems, is, he does not swear as the Archdeacon, but as the Captain †.

Wor. We all remember an anecdote respecting a certain German prince-bishop, who was much given

* Report says, some of these military *parsons* are still on half pay.

† If the reader objects to the above, supposing that circumstances must have been exaggerated, I answer, would to God they could be contradicted! But he may be assured, that, however bad things may be with us, they are actually worse in Ireland. I was told, when there the last summer, of *a Dean* who is as complete a jockey, and as finished a Jack Wildblood, as the person who is represented above.

to swearing; and when accused of it, especially as being such a great indecency in a bishop, his answer was, he did not swear as the bishop, but as the prince. And the next question naturally asked was, if the prince went to the devil for swearing, what would become of the bishop? Now just the same question rests between the captain and the archdeacon. But how could this poor brainless creature run on at such a rate?

Loveg. Sir, he ran on as fast as ever, exposing himself and his fraternity at a strange rate; though it seems Mr. Reader played poor young Bob Dapper a sad trick.

Wor. What was that?

Loveg. Why, the worthy old gentleman, feeling himself offended at the loose conduct of these giddy chaps, made a sermon on this text, "So run that ye may obtain," in which he lashed these abominable indecencies pretty severely. And this sermon young Bob Dapper bought of Mr. Reader, who sold it him under the idea that it was *suitable to the season.* He supposed it to be a thanksgiving sermon suitable after a plentiful harvest; whereas Mr. Reader composed it as being a *suitable reproof*, during the season of such an abominable outrage against all the rules of decency and good order. * Poor Bob, therefore, after having procured the sermon, came home from

* Were the ministers of the church of Scotland, or of many other Protestant churches, to act a part nearly as inconsistent, they would soon be brought into better order. If it be added, that it is to be hoped such instances are rare; it is answered, it is much to be lamented that they exist at all. The evil consequences of these things are incalculable. If a set of such clergy as these are found to complain that a set of preaching Taylors, Barbers, and Cobblers, not having priestly authority, interrupt them in what they call their duty, let them look at home for the cause, mend their own manners, universally preach and live the doctrines of the Church of England, and see if these Cobblers, at least the most of them, will not stick to their stalls; the Barbers keep to their blocks, and the Taylors to their goose.

his sports, so late on the Saturday night, or rather so early on the Sunday morning, that he had no time to read it over, but trusted entirely to the good writing of Mr. Reader. Thus this redoubtable *spiritual* jockey, who was once "moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him the sacred office of the ministry," took out this sermon and began to read it.

Wor. And the whole of it, I should suppose, was a most pointed declamation against his own conduct.*

Some talk of persecuting these poor creatures: but before they begin upon the business, it may be well if they first would ask themselves if an innocent well intentioned man with a few good brains in his head, and the grace of God in his heart, be not likely to give better instruction in point of religion than such a set, so ordained, and from such motives, as are too generally sent to fill the church, and then determine if it would be wise, or politic, or just, to put such preachers under the castigation of the law. If the plea be, that folly and enthusiasm ought to be corrected, the answer is, leave it alone and it will correct itself. But from what has already been exhibited, others may deserve chastisement as well as the wildest enthusiast in the land.

* During the time of Mr. Madcap's revel, Mr. Reader mentioned another circumstance which occurred, and which equally proved the inconsistency of these things, as belonging to the character of a Christian, and in a ten-fold more aggravated point of view, when exhibited in the character of a Christian Minister.

Soon after the business of the horse-race and all concomitant diversions were concluded, the bishop of the diocese came about those parts to visit and confirm. Previous to this, he very properly sent his circular advice among the clergy, to put into the hands of the young candidates for confirmation some small devotional exercises, by way of impressing their minds with a suitable improvement on that occasion. Among others who came to take a more moderate and *sanctified peep* at these fooleries, was the Rev. Mr. Demure; and yet, that he might act consistently with the bishop's direction, while he had been enjoying these things according to the real appetite of his mind, (like a man who would now and then indulge himself with a little carrion as a rarity,) he wrote to Mr. Reader on the subject, supposing that he could make their devotions for them as well as their sermons. Mr. Demure's letter and Mr. Reader's answer to it may not be unacceptable, as it may throw a further light on the same subject.

"SIR,

"According to the laudable advice of our worthy Diocesan, we are desired to lay before the young people, who may be judged fit for confirmation, some small devotional tracts, that afterwards they may be pro-

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Reader told me he laid it on as thick as ever he could, and thus poor Bob, after a short introduction, began exclaiming against horse races as the worst of *revels;* and that, "revellings and such like," were strongly prohibited: asking the

perly instructed how to do their duty and to *say their prayers*. I apply to you, sir, for assistance, as you know this week we have been pretty much engaged in seeing our friends, who came in great abundance to partake of the amusements of Mr. Madcap's horse-race, so that we have not had sufficient time to attend the pastoral admonition his lordship has condescended to send us; and, as you can make such excellent sermons for us, I have no doubt but you can make some devotions also, which we mean to get printed, and distributed as directed by his lordship. Though I am sorry to say, that some of the clergy did not properly attend to the rules of decency and good order, yet, I'll assure you, sir, others of us, *thank the Almighty*, considered our duty, and came home in due time, so as not to suffer our innocent diversions to interrupt our devotions.

"I am, SIR,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"PETER DEMURE."

Mr. Reader, not a little offended at the inconsistent sanctimonious pretensions of Mr. Demure, returned the following answer:

"REV. SIR,

"I have received your proposal to draw out some devotional exercises for the young candidates for confirmation.

"As to myself, had I inclination, I confess, under present circumstances, I wish to decline the work, as I am now satisfied it is high time for the clergy to convene themselves together, and enlarge the plan by composing such sort of devotions as will be suitable to their diversions, that the world may be convinced respecting them, (for they begin to be much suspected,) that according to a scripture rule "whatever they do in word and deed, they do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

"Now what I conceive will prove a high recommendation to this publication is, that the plan will be entirely new; for though it has been said there is nothing new under the sun, I believe devotional exercises of this sort have never as yet made their appearance; while at the same time, it will prove a capital criterion of the *innocency* of the diversions themselves. Whatsoever we do, that we can ask God's blessing upon, will never do us harm.

"First, for the mottoes to this publication; and these will be best found in the Bible:

"Pray without ceasing.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.

"Continuing instant in prayer.

question, how any but the friends of debauchery and riot could sanction such *revels* by their presence? and how any christians, who take the Bible as the model of their Christianity, could presume to patronize, by their presence, such exhibitions of mad and wanton riot, which so notoriously abounded during these seasons of entire dissipation? Then poor

"Now from these texts the real Christian is at least directed to continue in a perpetual aptitude for prayer.

"To the *pious* compilers of this new publication I beg leave to recommend the composing some forms of prayer on the following occasions.

"A devout supplication before going to a tragedy.

"Another before going to a comedy.

"A short form of prayer, to be said before a farce.

"Another prayer also may be necessary before going to a harlequin entertainment, or a masquerade.

"Then let the *reverend* composers of this new work direct their *devout* disciples not to omit any of the accustomed forms before going to bed; but, as a proof of their proper gratitude to almighty God for such *blessed innocent amusements*, let them add a thanksgiving prayer, which, for the sake of avoiding prolixity, may be made equally suitable to each of the above mentioned occasions; and then the title to such a piece of devotion will run thus. 'A Thanksgiving Prayer, to be said after returning from a Comedy, Tragedy, Farce, Masquerade, or Harlequin Entertainment.'

"And, as short titles sound best, I next advise a Puppet Shew Prayer, that people's heads may be made wiser, and their hearts better by their *devout* attendance thereon.

"As children also take much delight in scenery, such as dancing dolls, &c. whether they be large or small, it might not be amiss to make a *religious* use of these pretty *jump-abouts*, for the good of the rising generation, by never suffering them to go to a puppet shew, a play, or a ball, unless they can say *pretty pat*, at least, the first of the three things their *devout* God-fathers and God-mothers engaged for them in baptism, *that they should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.* But to finish the plan of this new intended Manual, which I would recommend to be short, that it may be snug and portable for the pocket, as also fit to be bound up with the Week's Preparation, or the Companion to the Altar, should there not be a proper prayer also made before going into a ball-room, and another after returning therefrom? A prayer also may be necessary before a card assembly, together with a few holy ejaculations, to be said between the deals. I would also recommend having a huntsman's prayer, and a horse racer's prayer, especially for such of the reverend clergy as commence their own jockies, that the Almighty might protect them from breaking their necks, while they are exposing the pure and holy religion of the Gospel to the ridicule and contempt of the profanest people of the world. I lastly ask the question if those amusements which will not bend into devotion are fit for the clergy, as their very office demands it of them, that they should be devout at all times; and whether any recreations can, in

Bob again cried out against himself, "Feign to yourselves how preposterous would be the sight; should that very sacred character, of all others the most mortified and devoted to God, exhibit as a *public Jockey*, for the diversion and scoff of the most wicked and profane:" asking them, Whether they had taken the model of their religion from the wanton tricks of a set of heathens at their Olympic games, or from the holy word of God?

Wor. Oh, poor Bob! how he was taken in! how could he go on?

Loveg. It seem he hummed and hawed, and stuttered and stammered; took out his handkerchief and wiped his face again and again; turned over two or three leaves at a time, but found it all just as bad; got out of the pulpit as fast as he could, and *swore* he would tell the Archdeacon what a trick that *sanctified* fellow, old Reader, had put upon him.

Wor. How in the world could he face his parishioners after this?

Loveg. Oh, sir, he has but few of them to face. Men of this cast are sure to empty their churches; but it should seem all his comrades had something to say to him; one asked him, Who made his ser-

any wise, be admissible among them, but such as leave them at full liberty to devote themselves to God and for the people's good. Wishing that you and all the clergy may be as much a credit to their office, as their office itself would then be a credit to them. *

"I am,

"Rev. Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"JAMES READER."

It may easily be supposed that Mr. Reader lost not a little of his custom in the business of sermon-making. Mr. Demure, however, *charitably* concluded that he was a little deranged through family misfortunes, and so it passed off.

* Some of these thoughts appeared in a former publication, which was not intended for extensive circulation.

mon for him? Another wondered, how he came so dreadfully to quarrel with himself? A third asked him, if his great-grandfather was not an old puritan, and whether he was not so much in a hurry as to take up some of the leaves of one of his old *long-winded* sermons? Poor Bob, it seems, laughed it off as well as he could. And thus ended this most disgraceful farce.

Mrs. Wor. Could Mr. Fribble approve of the conduct of Bob and the Archdeacon?

Loveg. Sir, he confessed, that Mr. Archdeacon Wildblood rather went a little too far, but that the clergy were *flesh and blood* as well as others; and that one of his best sermons was written upon this text: "We also are men of like passions with you." And when I told him, how dangerous it was to interpret the Scriptures according to the coarse vulgar sound of words, as thereby we might entirely pervert them, from their original most holy sense and design; he cried, "I beg your pardon, sir, but why may'nt my notions on that text be as good as yours?"

Wor. Could he then be so weak as to suppose that our Lord's first apostles might be as wicked as a set of heathens, by having the like corrupted passions with others; and, especially, when they came to preach the pure and holy dispensation of the Gospel, which directs and enables us to lay aside all our impure desires, and to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord?"

Loveg. I suppose he had not a thought, as it related to the connexion of the words, that the apostles were only entreating the poor heathens not to worship them as gods. But I have heard, before now, that the same passage has been pressed into the service of *licentiousness* by these inconsistent preachers of *morality.*

Wor. Instead of being *preachers of morality*, what are such better than *apologizers for sensuality?* But what had he to say for himself?

Loveg. Sir, he said, he thought the text might be taken *two* ways; yet, as to himself, he had no great notion of frightening people by being "righteous over much;" though, for his own part, he was very sorry people did not keep Good Friday more strictly than they had done of late years;* and that these were the sentiments of his father and mother before him.

Wor. What could you say to all this rattle?

Loveg. Indeed, sir, he gave me no time to say any thing, for he next began chattering away about the balls and card-parties they had in the town during the winter season; and then observed, how impossible it was to spend a set of long dull nights, one after another, without something to prevent jovial minds from being *hipped to death.* Then he directly asked me, what were my favourite games at cards? but instead of waiting for my answer, which, by the bye, would have puzzled me, he began crying out about a Miss Peggy Prim, a famous dancer in their town; and how she moved like an angel; and though Mr. Reader cautioned me against religious topics with him, yet I could not but observe, that I did not think a set of silly Misses in a ball-room moved like angels.

Wor. How did he take your hints?

Loveg. Oh, sir, the shatter-brained creature took no notice of my remarks; but went on chattering away about what an elegant skaiter young Mr. Dapper was, and that though he was reckoned a pretty good *dab* at it himself, yet how glad he should be if he could but exhibit in the same manner; and how

* The author is as much for keeping Good Friday as Mr. Fribble, notwithstanding the superstitious abuse of the day among some.

he and young Dapper, one rainy day, when they could do nothing else, played at battledore and shuttlecock, and that they kept up the shuttlecock two thousand and fourteen times before they let it drop; and that they performed this wonderful feat within the space of twenty minutes and then cried—"Wasn't that clever?"

Wor. Some people are children all the days of their lives. One would have thought he had scarcely left off whipping his top, or driving his hoop. But is he not a great man for archery also?

Loveg. He is fond of every thing that will introduce him to shew his empty airs among the giddy and the gay. But, at length, I thought my patience would have been quite exhausted: for after tea, he took down his fiddle, and began playing with his tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, and cried, "This is the first air my father taught me." Then he said, "Did you ever hear that charming fellow Giardini? he is certainly the first violin player in the kingdom." And when I observed, I never heard of that gentleman's name before, he exclaimed, "Odds bobs! I think you know nobody;" and then on he went, skipping and fiddling about the room like a monkey; and would, every now-and-then, be asking me how I liked this, and how I liked that; and when I said, that none of them suited my taste, he cried out, "By Jove, sir, you seem to like nothing!" I just gave him the hint, that I supposed he principally read heathen authors, as he had been taught to swear by their gods; and immediately Mr. Reader took up the cudgels for me, by saying, I was fond of such conversation as had in it something that was rational and instructive. So he hung up his fiddle, left off skipping about the room, and sat down.

Wor. I fear he was set upon a hard task, if he

was only to talk about that which was rational and instructive.

Loveg. Why directly upon this, he began complimenting me upon the supposed powers of my oratory, because I had persuaded Mrs. Chipman, though once so bad a woman, to renounce her connexion with Sir Charles; and how much the curiosity of the people was raised; and what a fine sermon they expected from me; and that there was one great orator about those parts called Dr. Puff; and that he had done all in his power to make himself such an orator by reading over Shakspeare's plays, and by studying Mr. Garrick's directions for reading the Common Prayer; yet he never could come up to the Doctor: and when I began telling him, that the change accomplished was not done by my oratory, but by the grace of God, he directly, with a great deal of complaisance, replied, "O surely, sir, it was by the grace of God, and your oratory put together."

Wor. I dare say he would have chattered with you upon any subject you chose.

Loveg. I suppose he would; for Mr. Reader says, the poor vain thing is very good tempered. However, he entertained us for awhile with the history of Sir Charles Dash; that he was once in company with him, but that he was not in the habit of telling those great people what was their duty; that his mother, Lady Dash, was still living; and that she was a great church-goer; and how mad the minister of the parish was at her for being almost the only one who came to Wednesday and Friday prayers when he wanted to drop them: that she scarce ever missed the sacrament, and that she was much *stricter* in her religion than people are now-a-days. Then, all at once, he burst out, and observed, "The clergy of our day seem to differ about how strict we should be

in our religion; Pray what are your notions on that point?" And when I began to tell him of St. Paul's account of the Christian minister, and the Christian ministry; he again immediately interrupted me, by crying, "Upon my word and honour, sir, I confess I don't pretend to understand St. Paul; and I know some of the clergy who are of opinion, that people would have been quite wise enough in their religion, if we had only the four Gospels, without any of the Epistles."

Wor. I remember some years ago, that a vehement anonymous pamphlet made its appearance against the writings and character of St. Paul, recommending to the bishops, that all the New Testament should be suppressed, excepting the four Gospels; as all the Epistles, especially those of St. Paul, had a tendency to promote a spirit of enthusiasm and methodism, as he called it throughout the land; and this book he dedicated to one of our bishops.*

Wor. How could you answer such a mere rattle?

Loveg. Really, sir, he saved me all that trouble; for he had no sooner said one thing, but without waiting for an answer, he would start something else, quite foreign to the subject. All at once he cried, "Oh, sir, as you come from near Mapleton, perhaps you may know Mr. Jack-a-dandy. He is my first cousin; our mothers were two sisters, the two Miss Prattles, that lived somewhere about those parts before they were married." I gravely said, Yes, I have heard there is such a young clergyman who lives in the next parish to Dr. Orderly. Mr. Fribble immediately cried, "Dr. Orderly! aye, Dr. Orderly! what a queer old *quiz* of a fellow he is! he always puts me in mind of *old square toes*. I suppose

* I remember this horrid production made its appearance above thirty years ago, and was dedicated to Dr. Hinchcliffe, a late bishop of Peterborough.

he would not put his foot into a ball-room for all the world; and I am told he won't speak to my cousin because he loves a little *harmless mirth*, he is such a *precise old codger;* and they say his curate, Mr. Sedate, is just such another. Now you don't think it necessary that we should be so strict as all that: and I have a notion, sir, you are a little strict in your way; though I can assure you such strict notions in religion won't do for the people of our town."

Wor. How could you bear to hear this frothy chap run on at such a rate?

Loveg. Really, sir, I could not bear it, I therefore only spoke a few words in vindication of the respectable old doctor, and turned him over to Mr. Reader.

Wor. And how did Mr. Reader deal with him?

Loveg. Sir, he talked to him far beyond my expectation, in a very serious and appropriate manner indeed. And glad enough we both were, after having been pestered with his nonsense for near an hour and a half, to make our escape.

Wor. I suppose Mr. Reader's views of such ministers are completely altered.

Loveg. Altered indeed! He wonders at his ignorance, that such miserable bits of vanity should ever have been esteemed by him as ministers of the word of God! And how he laments the pitiable state of that town, so awfully deprived of all that is necessary to their spiritual good!

But, sir, blessed be God, all this produced good notwithstanding; for I urged seriously on Mr. Reader the necessity of considering the lamentable state of the town, and to open his school-room, at least on the Sunday evening, for family worship, to which all his neighbours might have free access: and on those occasions, that he would offer up a prayer himself, or read a part of our excellent church service, together

with a chapter from the Bible; and then read some of the homilies, together with other books of good ancient divinity, once universally preached in the church of England, but, till of late, almost as universally laid aside; a plenty of which should be immediately transmitted to his hands.

Wor. Did he seem to acquiesce?

Loveg. Sir, he promised me to exert himself to the utmost of his power, but that he did not know how he could venture to undertake such a solemn charge.

Wor. I hope he will. This will prove a much more profitable way for people to spend their Sunday evenings than in idle visits and foolish chat.

Loveg. Why, sir, I have in a measure, I believe, pinned him down to the work, by telling him, with his leave, I would make a beginning on the Sunday evening, after the services of the church; and that, if he knew any of his neighbours who were of a serious turn, he might invite them as to family prayer: however, if he undertakes the work, it will be with much "fear and trembling."

Wor. The better for that. In all religious engagements, diffidence and success are constant attendants on each other. But must he not take out a licence for his school-room?

Loveg. I believe not, sir, according to the present disposition of the town; it is astonishing the attention and respect which was shewn me after the two sermons I preached on the Sunday. Prejudice, though it seems to me to be the brainless monster which the sons of bigotry universally adore, is, I trust, through the divine mercy, not so much that idol in Locksbury which it formerly was.

Wor. Blessed be God, as far as this, it is a glorious triumph. But should Mr. Reader take out a licence for himself and his school-room, where would

be the harm of it? He only swears allegiance to the state: and if he cannot swear allegiance to his protectors it is not fit that he should be protected.

Loveg. Yes, sir; but then does he not, by that oath, put himself under the protection of the act for the relief of Protestant Dissenters?

Wor. Certainly so. But there is nothing said why he dissents; that is entirely out of the question. He takes precisely the same oath enforced on the clergy. The law only demands, that every public preacher shall be obedient to the state. You and I, if we lived at Locksbury, should be dissenters from Mr. Fribble's ministry, if not from the established church. What can be more disgusting than to have the solemn service of God conducted by such unmeaning fops? That mild and wise law, therefore, "asks no questions for conscience sake;" but gives equal protection to all who can give a proper test of their obedience to the state: no man is obliged to swear *he is a dissenter;* but all public teachers, whether Dissenters or otherwise, *swear allegiance;* and would to God that all denominations of Christians were as candid to each other as the laws of the land are liberally framed for the protection of all.

Loveg. Upon these principles every clergyman may take out what is called a Dissenting licence, at any time, if there were occasion.

Wor. Indeed he may, unless he hates the government, and wishes to overturn it; and then, instead of protection, he deserves a gaol.

Mrs. Wor. [*To Mr. Worthy.*] Now, my dear, you have given your ideas as a justice about licences, do let Mr. Lovegood tell us how it fared with him as a minister on the Sunday.

Loveg. Madam, I found Mr. Fribble was willing that I should do the whole of the duty for him; so I read prayers as well as preached.

Wor. I am glad of that; it was, I doubt not, a good preparatory business to the sermon; your solemn way of reading those excellent prayers has been very useful before now.

Mrs. Wor. What was your text?

Loveg. Madam, in the morning I preached upon the purity and holiness of the law, from that text, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." You know, that is a favourite subject of mine; from thence I expatiated on the infinite holiness of God and his law; and in the afternoon I preached on the parable of the Prodigal Son. But it was with some difficulty I was admitted a second time into the pulpit; for the first salutation, after the morning sermon, from Mr. Fribble, was very coarse indeed: "Sir, [*said he*] you were too *strict*, you were a deal too *strict* for my congregation. Did I not tell you, that they would not like such *harsh* doctrine? I am sure my rector, Mr. Careless, will be very angry if I let you preach again." Immediately a very sensible sedate gentleman stepping forward, who I afterwards found to be one of the churchwardens, addressed Mr. Fribble, and said: "Sir, after such an admirable sermon, such an one as we never expect to hear from you, I am persuaded, the people of the town will be very much disappointed if they should not hear Mr. Lovegood a second time;" while many others expressed themselves with equal gratitude and thankfulness for what they had heard.

Wor. I suppose, after this, Mr. Fribble *drew in his horns.*

Loveg. Directly. His apology was, that he was apt to be warm; but begged I would be less *strict in my doctrine*, when I preached in the afternoon.

Wor. Sir, if you preached them such a sermon on the prodigal's return as you once preached to us soon

after Henry Littleworth's return, it was a very affecting one indeed.

Loveg. Sir, through divine mercy, I felt the subject exceedingly; the riotous living of the prodigal was easily exemplified by the riotous consequences of Mr. Madcap's horse-race. I hinted, however, but little on that low subject, before I expatiated largely on the infinitely tender love of God our Saviour towards all returning prodigals. Then I made a distant allusion to the character of Mrs. Chipman: and in the application, considering the circumstances which brought me there, I was much more affected than I can express. I was so overcome that my voice at times faultered exceedingly, and I could scarcely conclude the sermon without many tears; and indeed the congregation appeared not less affected than myself.

Wor. Sir, you never find our minds so seriously impressed, under a sense of divine truth, as when you feel their impressive influence on yourself. O, what ignorance and hardness of heart, that we are not all more affected at the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ!

Loveg. I confess, sir, I never saw people more affected in all my life! A vouchsafement of the divine presence, I trust, was very eminently upon the congregation.

Wor. Why, sir, the Lord has promised "to rain down righteousness upon us," and to give us "showers of blessings!" these are the happy times of "refreshment from the presence of the Lord."

Loveg. Yes, sir, and we have a right to expect more under the New Testament than under the Old. Christ, in his commission to his apostles, has entailed the same blessings upon us which he promised to them: "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." And I really think, if ever I felt the

divine presence, it was, through the mercy of God, when I was preaching at Locksbury church. Oh, sir, how much we lose by expecting little! and yet, what may we not expect from "the exceeding great and precious promises" of the Gospel?

Wor. And a man is to be esteemed as a downright enthusiast if he humbly waits the fulfilment of these promises!

Loveg. It is no great difficulty to put up with the reproach of the world, while we realize those blessings so frequently promised in the word of God. But there is a wide difference between the enthusiastical reveries of some, and these holy influences from above, which are so wise in their operations and so gracious in their consequences, as they are exemplified, by the peaceable fruits of righteousness, which are produced thereby.

Mrs. Wor. Dear sir, you know we are delighted to hear of good news of this sort. We wish you to be more particular. I suppose the church was very full?

Loveg. Oh, Madam, the church was crowded. The curiosity of the people, all round the country, was highly excited; not only by the return of Mrs. Chipman, but also from the character Mr. Fribble gave of me, that I was *a very great orator*.

Wor. Motives of mere idle curiosity are frequently over-ruled for an abundance of good.

Loveg. Such was the case here; for it was amazing with what affection and kindness the people received the word, how gratefully they expressed themselves to Mr. Reader for inviting me, and how earnestly many of them sought my acquaintance. Mr. Reader, threfore, hinted my design of introducing family-worship in his school-room in the evening of the day. The whisper soon circulated, and the school-room was crowded.

Wor. This was a good sign.

Loveg. Yes, sir, and the effects of it were not less pleasant to my own mind after that service, which was very serious, and I trust profitable. Many of the people came about me, and pressed me to continue with them another Sunday; mentioning how lamentably they were served between Mr. Fribble and his rector; and that the next parish, contiguous to theirs, was worse off still, as it was served by one Jack Bully, who was a complete blackguard.* I told them how happy I should be to comply with their request, but that my own parochial charge absolutely demanded my attendance; yet, if they could procure the pulpit for me, I would take the earliest opportunity to repeat my visit.

Wor. Your visit to Locksbury was attended with much more desirable consequences than your visit to Grediton. But don't you think, you have already done too much mischief against *the religion*, as I suppose they call it, of Mr. Fribble and his rector, to expect a second admission into the pulpit?

Loveg. Sir, I am told, that Mr. Careless does not mind who preaches, provided his parishioners are pleased, and he is left at liberty to do what he likes best; and as to his poor insignificant curate, he is nobody.

Wor. Hardly fit to be candle-snuffer to a card-table. What an evil when such men are entrusted with the care of immortal souls! and what a curse to the people who have them for their ministers!

Mrs. Wor. Sir, we now don't wonder that you

* His character must be omitted from the general list, as it would be too bad for public perusal, only that he was a great advocate for boxing and bull-baiting; I suppose also for cock-fighting and cudgel-playing; in order to give people an heroic spirit, and keep them steady to the church, that they may not be seduced by the enthusiastic spirit of the day.—See some speeches in the House of Commons on this subject, as detailed in the public prints.

did not come home till Saturday evening, as you were so well engaged at Locksbury.

Loveg. Madam, I found it impossible to leave them till the latest moment I could allow for their service. Many, even among the respectable inhabitants, invited me to pass the evening with them, that they might enjoy the same privilege of family prayer which they had at Mr. Reader's; and as to the poor, I was almost universally accosted by them, requesting me to repeat my visit and inviting me into their houses: and, on this occasion, I found that the bundle of little religious tracts, you gave me for distribution, were very serviceable indeed.—Sir, I humbly trust there is a work of grace begun in the hearts of many in that town which has laid a foundation for much future good.

Wor. One would think you had scarcely an opponent left throughout the town.

Loveg. Oh, sir, notwithstanding the general goodwill of the inhabitants, the Gospel, as in all other places, had its opponents. Dr. Rationality, the physician, Mr. Pestle, the apothecary, and Mr. Proveall, the mathematician, went about from house to house, saying, that all this talk about regeneration and conversion was downright nonsense; and that they could explain all these things from physical causes. And I heard that a Mr. Discussion, a man of considerable reading, and a very leading man in the town, though it seems he is wonderfully wise in his own conceit, went about saying, he could not tell whether he was more disgusted at the ignorance of Mr. Fribble, or the enthusiasm of Mr. Lovegood; while several other comrades of Mr. Fribble, especially one Jack Pert, pretended to ridicule what they could not understand. But still I humbly trust an abundance of good has been done: and the most pleasing circumstance of all arose from a visit I re-

ceived from a Mr. Thoughtful, a serious respectable clergyman, who seems to have been entirely bewildered with the religious notions of the day.

Mrs. Wor. It will be a great mercy if some of the clergy in these parts should be influenced by divine grace to preach, what all of them should preach, according to the Bible and their own subscriptions—the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ; instead of downright heathenish morality, or a sort of undefined jumble between law and gospel, which nobody can understand.

Loveg. Well, sir, I think Mr. Thoughtful is in a fair way of proving all that could be wished, as a minister, in those parts. He heard me twice expound the Scriptures in private houses; and, with a great deal of humility, he acknowledges his defective views of the plan of the gospel of salvation. His moral conduct, at all times, has been perfectly correct, and he seems to me like a devout Cornelius, and one who wishes to know the truth.

Wor. I should hope his acquaintance with Mr. Reader will be a benefit to them both.

Loveg. I trust it will; for, before I left Locksbury, Mr. Reader, seeing how many people of the town were struck at these things, became quite courageous: though at first he was timid, yet he is now, however, determined to open his school-room upon the plan I first mentioned.

Wor. I really hope an abundance of good will come of all this. Oh, sir, you must visit them again as soon as you can: we must put up with Mr. Considerate, or even Mr. Legal-definition, sooner than that you should neglect this call in providence.

Mrs. Wor. You said, you thought poor Mrs. Chipman began to look a little more cheerful before you left town. These tokens for good were enough to make you all cheerful.

Loveg. Sir, I prevailed with her so far as to get her into the school-room on the Sunday evening; she sat next to her father weeping and sobbing all the time; but when she heard how much the people of the town were affected at the sermons, which had been preached on the Sunday, she began to take some consolation from what I had frequently hinted; that God permits evil indirectly for the advancement of his own glory. So all this good was brought about at Locksbury, indirectly, by her unhappy elopement, in submitting to the intrigues of the abominable Sir Charles Dash.

Wor. But, under such uncommon displays of divine mercy, what need there is to guard our minds against the sad temptation of doing evil, that good may be the result!

Loveg. Yes, sir, St. Paul's caution on that subject is truly wise and good; but all true penitents are sure to be preserved from such presumptuous sins, while they fear God and tremble at his holy word. The idea of apostatizing into sin will be more tremendous to them than hell itself; such as are among the pure in heart, who shall see God, will never more wallow in the filth of sin.

After this commenced a deal of talk about Regeneration, on which point Mr. Lovegood was very accurate and great, and it might be very edifying if here transcribed for the reader's perusal. But as these Dialogues have already swollen far beyond the original design, nothing further shall be related than an abridgment of the present subject.

Mr. Reader wrote to Mr. Lovegood, about a fortnight after his departure, sending him the most de-

sirable information he himself could possibly have wished to have received, as it respected his visit to Locksbury. This letter threw an abundance of labour into the hands of that attentive and invaluable servant of God. He had first to write Mr. Reader a letter, half as long as a sermon, for his own private instruction; then he conceived it necessary to aid Mr. Reader in giving him some heads of sermons, upon a better plan than what he formerly adopted: and, besides all this, he had to write a variety of letters to each of his new friends at Locksbury; as, from the state of spiritual ignorance in which he found them, he thought it necessary to give them individually a copious share of his wise and pastoral advice.

While thus engaged, he received a letter from his old friend, Mr. Slapdash, informing him of his intention to give him a visit: for, though he had never seen him since his removal from Abley, yet, that now providence seemed to grant him a release, he hoped they might be indulged with an interview with each other, from the following cause: his church was much out of repair, and wanted also a considerable enlargement: he had been reading prayers and preaching in the church-yard as long as the season would permit; and now he should have about three sabbaths to spare before the public service of the church could recommence. This unexpected event gave an opportunity to Mr. Lovegood to repeat his visit to Locksbury much sooner than he intended: he having been brought to a determination thereby to pass the first sabbath with Mr. Slapdash at Brookfield, and then offer his services for Locksbury on the two last sabbaths that his good old friend meant to continue in these parts.

Matters being thus settled, Mr. Lovegood imme-

diately determined upon a considerable abridgement of his epistolary design, as a personal intercourse with his new friends in these parts was likely so soon to be renewed. On the arrival of Mr. Slapdash the reader may expect a further narration of events.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

BETWEEN THE REV. MR. SLAPDASH, MR. MERRYMAN, AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

THE FOLLY AND EVILS OF SECTARIAN BIGOTRY EXPOSED: TOGETHER WITH A FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHARACTER OF MR. SLAPDASH.

AT the time appointed, Mr. Slapdash arrived at Brookfield. He first went to the vicarage: but as Mr. Lovegood's house and pocket were too scanty to deal much in the entertainment of others, he was immediately conducted to Mr. Worthy's, where he was most affectionately received, according to the standing order of that hospitable house.

Here Mr. Slapdash first met with Mr. and Mrs. Merryman, who were there on a visit after their marriage. The unmeaning compliments of the people of the world are never needed among those who "love the Lord Jesus in sincerity:" Mr. Slapdash says he never had any, and therefore never attempted to fabricate them; the courtesy of the Christian being composed of better materials. A deal of conversation naturally took place, as it related to that variety of events which have already been made known to the reader. These were heard with delight and rapture by Mr. Slapdash, and attended with such remarks as might naturally be expected

from one of his warm and animated, yet affectionate turn of mind.

Mr. Lovegood, however, was very desirous to hear how matters stood at Abley, after he had been dismissed from his curacy; and one morning, after breakfast, Mr. Worthy being detained at home on some business as a magistrate, the three ministers walked around the pleasure grounds, when the following conversation took place.

Loveg. I am anxious to know how matters are at Abley since I left them. Does Mr. Steepleman continue in the curacy, who was sent to succeed me when I received my dismissal?

Slapd. Aye, he has been preaching up the church till he has driven almost all the people out of the church; and has been preaching against schism, till they are all turned schismatics, at least in his esteem, throughout the neighbourhood.

Merrym. What sort of a character is he?

Slapd. Why, he is half a papist.—He is quite a papist.

Loveg. Hush! brother Slapdash, you always speak so vehemently.

Slapd. There is no taking the devil by the nose but with a pair of tongs:* and I am sure Mr. Steepleman's doctrine is the doctrine of the devil.

Loveg. A heavy charge, brother Slapdash!

Slapd. No more than just, good *old brother Prudence*, be it ever so heavy. Who can bear the thought, that a set of ruined sinners should have their eyes and hopes turned from God, to seek for

*Alluding to a popish legendary story respecting St. Dunstan; when the devil accosted him as a tempter, the saint took him by the nose with a pair of tongs.

salvation in outward churches, as they are called, and in the tricks of priests?

Merrym. [*To Lovegood.*] Why, there is a deal of truth in the observation; thousands, in different ways, are deluded by these means: I shall take sides with Mr. Slapdash. But do, sir, be more particular about Mr. Steepleman's religion.

Slapd. Sir, salvation with him is just the same as with the papists. "You must keep yourself in the church, and trust in her priests." As to our good old reformers, while they universally charged the church of Rome as Antichrist, Mr. Steepleman will tell us she is the true old Christian church, and the mother of us all; and that though in some things it might have been necessary to reform, yet that in others we had gone too far. The power of the keys is his favourite topic, and that Jesus Christ has delegated all the powers of salvation to the priesthood, who can turn in and turn out, lock in and lock out, just as they please. He says the reformers ruined the church by giving up confession and absolution.

Merrym. Mr. Deliberate, it seems, before he came into these parts, spent two years of his time in Ireland, and he gives an awful account of the horrid evils of priestcraft in that country. He tells us, that thousands of the poor ignorant papists can live in open violation of the pure and holy laws of God, without the least apparent remorse; but directly as they transgress the laws of their church, or the directions of their priesthood, they are alarmed at the consequences, as though certain damnation were just about to overtake them; and I fear that Mr. Steepleman's religion is but little better.*

Loveg. How many thousands there are, of all

* See much of this in Sir R. Musgrave's account of the late rebellion in Ireland.

quarrelsome sects, " who make void the law through their traditions ;" and how terribly are the consciences of sinners screened from conviction and hardened in sin thereby !

Slapd. Now, I said it, and I think I can stand to it, that Mr. Steepleman is quite a papist in all this. First, he supposes, should a man live like a devil, yet, if he be of the true church, it will prove a great step towards his salvation ; but, on the contrary, should a man live like an angel, and be what he calls a schismatic, through this damnable sin, the most tremendous consequences are to be expected ; and as to priests, he will have it, that the efficacy of their functions is in their office, and is not at all affected by their characters ; so that a priest, though as wicked as sin can make him, in himself, has a power, by a sort of spiritual conjuration, to send others to heaven, while he himself, if wickedness can take him thither, is going fast for hell.—Is not this popery ?

Merrym. Indeed, Mr. Slapdash, it is popery downright.

Loveg. [*smiling.*] I thought brother Slapdash would soon make you a convert.

Slapd. Why, can't you remember, when you were curate at Abley, at a meeting of ministers, how you preached in my church, and what a sermon you gave us on that text, " Having the form of godliness, but denying the power :" and how you explained to us that excellent definition of a sacrament we have in the church catechism, that, in itself it was only " an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace ;" and was meant only as a pledge or token of the divine mercies ? Don't you recollect how you ript up all the lying hopes of those who trusted in these outward signs and formal churches, instead of

seeking for the inward and spiritual grace ?—I think you were *Slapdash* on that occasion.

Merrym. Well, well, we must all give up the point. The consequences are really awful, when such wretched substitutes are permitted to occupy the mind instead of the realities of the gospel. Just so far as a vain confidence in churches and priests prevails, the need of that which is inward and spiritual will sink in our esteem. "The kingdom of God is within you."

Slapd. Yes, and one evil is almost sure to beget another. When you [*to Mr. Lovegood*] were curate of Abley, what were the grand objects the poor people were directed to seek after? What you felt you preached, that you and all your congregation were a set of ruined sinners; so that if you had not had Christ to set before them, in his justifying blood and sanctifying Spirit, you had all been in despair together; and this you know was the top and bottom of all your preaching: and you remember in what a loving uniting spirit you were then all kept as one, having nothing in view but "the one thing needful." But when Mr. Steepleman came with his chaff, no wonder that such as felt any thing like a spiritual appetite were constrained to seek after something better; and I wish with all my heart that they could have found what they sought after. But here from one extreme they were hurried into another; for, while they were driven from the church by the disgustful trumpery of Mr. Steepleman, they unfortunately hit upon a Mr. Stiff, who first, it seems, made an unsuccessful attempt to get into the established church, though afterwards he put himself under the tuition of a Dr. Buckram, and then turned out one of the most narrow-minded rigid dissenters I ever met with in my life. Having procured a licence, he

preaches in the farm-house where Mrs. Goodworth lived: and while Mr. Steepleman keeps railing at separatists and schismaticks, Mr. Stiff will be casting out his invectives against the church and all establishments; and conceitedly insists upon it, that their church government is the only one exactly modelled according to the word of God, and the practice of the primitive Christians.

Merrym. Oh, the terrible consequences of these controversies about mere empty forms! For, after all, who are the people that constitute the real church in the sight of God? Why penitent believers, when convened together, of every party. How dreadful, when any, who are thus saved and blessed, are found to anathematize and condemn each other!

Loveg. How much to be lamented is it, that a man of a meek and mild turn of mind could not have been found to instruct the poor people, when they were under the necessity of seeking for instruction from another quarter. For although it may appear how well designed the established church is in itself, for the conveyance of general instruction; yet still, in a variety of instances, through the prevalence of corruption, the end designed thereby is by no means accomplished. Were then the work of public instruction confined merely to any establishment, however good, the evil complained of would be necessarily increased. It is evident, therefore, that something is needful to be done, which, after all, cannot be done by the members of any established church. What an impediment, therefore, to the advancement of the general good is it, when people are contending about outward forms, while none of these things are precisely settled in the word of God!

Slapd. Mr. Stiff would have given you a good trimming if he had heard you advance that doctrine.

Loveg. I suppose he would, and almost every exclusive sect, on the most frivolous pretensions, has claimed the same; but as for my part, I can find nothing more in the Bible respecting these matters, than that the primitive Christians lived in connected harmony and friendship with each other; that elders, or overseers, or bishops,* if you please to call them so, were ordained, or appointed, in different cities, to govern the juniors; and sometimes we hear of many of these elders, who presided over one and the same congregation, which happens to be the plain English of the word *church;* and some of these, it seems, had the puplic management or superintendance of the people, while others of them were its public teachers.

Merrym. Why, don't you think, that all these elders or bishops were teachers?

Loveg. By no means. That passage evidences the reverse: "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine:" and respecting these we hear the word of direction given to the people, "to know them which labour among them, and are over them in the Lord, and admonish them: and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake;" or, as we have it elsewhere, "obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account." It is strange that, from such simple rules, different parties should have formed such various conclusions against each other.

Merrym. Why, it appears to me impossible that a precise mode of discipline could ever have been fixed in the New Testament, circumstances as they then were being soon afterwards exceedingly altered. We

* These words in Scripture are evidently of the same import.

cannot suppose that the ministry of the twelve apostles, or of the seventy disciples, was meant as a standing order for the church, otherwise every preacher must continue a perpetual itinerant. Though the same need of an apostolical spirit will ever remain, because, from the corrupted state of the human race, the church is continually apt to decline; and without such revivals we should be in a wretched state indeed.

Loveg. From the epistle to the Corinthians it is evident, that the mode of worship among the primitive Christians was very different from that which in after ages was necessarily adopted. While the extraordinary influences of the Holy Spirit rested upon the church, full liberty of speaking was allowed to all, even to the women, without any limitation.

Merrym. Do you think then that the women were, some of them, public preachers in those days?

Loveg. They certainly were; for the apostle directs them how to preach, with their heads veiled or covered in the public assembly. "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head," for that it was "uncomely that a woman pray unto God uncovered." This general permission, however, for all to speak was attended with some disorder, even in the purest ages of the church. And indeed it should appear, from the directions given in St. Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus, that somewhat more like a standing ministry would be wanted, when the immediate and supernatural influences of the divine Spirit should be withdrawn. We know, indeed, that an attempt to revive this mode of public worship has been made among the people called Quakers, as though the same divine power still existed. But, alas! they also prove, that while one sect runs into one extreme, another can run into that which is directly the re-

verse; and thus they naturally prove the weakness of each other's pretensions.—It appears, therefore, to me, that many things must naturally have been left to future circumstances. Still we should follow the general outlines of the word of God, and see that "all things be done decently and in order."*

Slapd. When Mr. Stiff was ordained, there was a great talk among them, how the right to the ministry entirely depended upon the election of the people. As to myself, I cannot recollect in what place of scripture that sentiment is revealed, as being a part of the discipline of the New Testament church.

Loveg. No more can I. And, what is more extraordinary, I never could find out, that any one pastor was ordained as the settled teacher over any particular church;† and yet I most readily admit that it is a very good *human* regulation, that people should have their stated ministers, and that proper means should be made use of to provide a pure and holy ministry, for the edification of the Christian church, and that the people's choice, so far as they are fit to choose, should be properly consulted. It is astonishing that such disputants cannot discover upon what

* See 1 Cor. xi. *ad fin.*

† I have heard that some have supposed this matter from the allusion made to the angels of the seven Asiatic churches; but, in my humble opinion, prophetic allusions fall exceedingly short of positive proof. Others have also supposed that the word CHEIROTONEO proves the point from its derivation, to choose by the holding up of the hand; but scarce any terms at all times abide by their original derivation. We find this word twice in the New Testament. In 2 Cor. viii. 19. we are told of Titus and another brother, who was *chosen* by the churches in Corinth to take their alms to the Macedonians. This might have appeared to the point had it been to *choose a minister*. The other place is in Acts xiv. 23. where Paul and Barnabas first travelled through different cities, confirming the churches, and then left them, after *they* had *ordained* or *chosen* them elders in every city. It appears here then the reverse to what might be expected. The elders were ordained, not by the people, but by the apostles.

a slight foundation they ground their contentions against each other.

Slapd. O, how Mr. Stiff railed against our church episcopacy, though, I believe, other dissenters, milder than he, are much ashamed of him for his vehement spirit; and what a dressing Mr. Steepleman gave him in return on the Sunday afterwards, as one of a set of schismatics, insisting that it was impossible there could be a Christian church without a bishop at the head of it! How the devil must have been delighted at this!

Loveg. Well, but according to Mr. Stiff's plan of government, he need not have been alarmed at the name of bishop, for his brethren's notions of equality render the whole body of them a set of bishops or overseers among themselves, as the rule equally belongs to all: such are the clashings between Mr. Steepleman and Mr. Stiff. No wonder at the terrible confusion created on every side of the question by such extremes; but, with the leave of Mr. Stiff and Mr. Steepleman, somewhat more moderate might have been the discipline of the primitive church. I never could see the great improbability or impropriety in the idea, that, when the church began to be considerably enlarged, the presbyters, that they might make their government more compact among themselves, should think it necessary to appoint a superintendant over their body; as we have it in civil matters, a mayor in a corporation, presiding among his brethren, the elders, eldermen, or aldermen of the city: and what is there in all this that is either despicable or absurd? and yet this might have existed without the least affinity to that strange unwieldy government, afterwards adopted in the times of darkness by the church of Rome.

Slapd. But what a wonderful piece of work Mr.

Stiff made in ordaining what he called his seven deacons.

Loveg. Why seven?

Slapd. I suppose that he might closely imitate the conduct of the apostles, who ordained seven deacons, as we find in the Acts.

Loveg. Deacons! where are they called deacons? not in that chapter, but in the translator's preface, and that won't stand for inspiration; though the summary they have given to each chapter is generally very correct and good.

Slapd. What must we call them then?

Loveg. Seven men of good report, the Scriptures call them;—and I suppose their office was to attend to the proper distribution of the estates sold in the times of persecution, when it was necessary people should have all things common.

Slapd. Mr. Stiff has not adopted that into his primitive discipline, though that might turn to his advantage.

Loveg. Nor does he wash the disciples' feet, I suppose, and yet these were scripture precedents, as well as the seven deacons, as he supposes them to be. If it be necessary we follow them in one point of view, I think we should in all; or else at once admit, that each body of Christians should act for themselves as they judge best, and still manifest towards each other all that candour and moderation which the cause evidently demands.

Slapd. Nay, but brother Lovegood, do not we hear of bishops and deacons in the epistle to the Philippians?

Loveg. Put the words in plain English, and it only means overseers and servants; and this accounts for it, why presbyters or elders are not mentioned on the same list, because they are the same characters.

Slapd. But is there not a particular account how a set of people called *deacons* should act?

Loveg. That is how the *servant* should act, and in all other places in scripture the same expression is translated servant or minister; and this point, by a little attention, might easily be proved if we had leisure. *

* I lay before the reader an abridged criticism on this subject, printed on a former occasion.

The word *Diakonos*, though in very frequent use, is only translated *deacon* in two places in the New Testament; once in 1 Tim. iii. where the word is carried through the chapter; and in Paul's dedicatory address to the Philippian Church. Now I really conceive, strange as it may appear, that the mistakes arose from a Popish original; that communion being over-fond of garnishing their church by a multiplicity of officers, and pretended mystical ideas, adopted in their vulgate Latin translation, abstruse expressions, only calculated to mislead. Hence the word *Parakletos* must be by them translated Paracletus, so they have rendered it in English Paraclete; in our translation, the Comforter. So by the same Popish translators, only in the two instances quoted above, we are treated with the barbarous word *deacon;* and our language knows nothing of the character, but as received from them. To illustrate this: how preposterously would it have sounded, had it been translated, Christ was "made a *deacon* of the circumcision!" there translated minister, Rom. xv. 8. And still more so, is Christ the *deacon* of sin? There also minister, Gal. ii. 17. Thus again Christ speaks of his worshippers, "Where I am, there shall my *deacons* be:" there rendered servants, John xii. 26.—St. Paul, speaking of the civil magistrate, says, "He is the *deacon* of God to thee for good," Rom. xv. 4. People little think, that the lord-mayor of London is a *deacon*, or rather an *archdeacon*, peradventure. Phoebe, "a servant of the church," should, to have kept up this translation, been called a *deacon* of the church; and, if one word be better than another, she well deserved it. But it would have been a curious translation indeed, had it been rendered, "Who then is Paul, or who is Apollos, but *deacons*, by whom ye believed?" properly called ministers, 1 Cor. iii. 5. Similar to this, "Whereof I, Paul, am made a *deacon*:" that is, minister, Col. i. 23; and again, v. 25. "And so Timothy, the Grecian bishop, is also called a *deacon*." "If thou put the brethren in mind of these things, thou shalt be called a good *deacon* of Jesus Christ," better translated minister. See also, 1 Thes. iii. 2. So also, had our translators gone through with the coinage, and rendered the verb *diaconeo* to *deaconize*, they would have been nearly as preposterous; for then it would have ran, "Peter's wife's mother being healed of her fever, arose and *deaconized* unto them," Matt. viii. 15. So it is said, "Our conversation is to be always to the use of edifying, that it may *deaconize* grace to the hearers," Eph. iv. 9. The women who ministered to our poor Saviour of their substance, that we through his poverty might be made rich, are said to have *deaconized* unto him, instead of administered. And, again, "The Son of man came not to be *deaconized* unto, but to *deaconize*," Matt. xx. 18. And as a further proof of the clumsy effects

Slapd. Then we may as well say, those three honest men who are digging in that shrubbery are some of Mr. Worthy's deacons.

Merrym. Yes, and that poor woman and her daughter are two more of his deacons, who are picking up the loose stones from off the lawn.

Slapd. What would Mr. stiff say, if he were present to hear all this about his deacons?

Merrym. And what must we say about our deacons also?

Loveg. Why, that Mr. Stiff and ourselves have both mistaken their real office or character; and however wise it may be to put men into a probationary state of orders, yet it would have been wiser still to have given them another name.

Slapd. And what must become of our archdeacons also? Oh how Mr. Stiff used to play it off against that order of our church clergy!

of this aukward, unmeaning, new-invented word, even the damned themselves are represented as saying, "Lord, when saw we thee sick, &c. and did not *deaconize* unto thee?" Matt. xxvii. 55. And, to finish my criticisms on this subject, Judas was a *deacon*; unless it can be proved that the person who does the office is not the officer: for thus stands the original word, "He was numbered with us, and obtained a part of this *deaconship*"—*diaconia*, more properly ministry. And yet this *deaconal* office was the apostolic office. Acts i. 15. brings this to a point: "that he," the elected person, Matthias, "may take this ministry, *deaconship*, and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell." Many other criticisms of the same sort might have been brought forward to prove that a *deacon* is no new officer, only a servant. Upon the whole it appears to me that some good people have been misled by the barbarous word *deacon*, and mistaken the servant for the elder. Dr. Owen, while he pleads for the independency of the churches, as it is called, yet strongly urges the necessity of the existence of a little presbytery for internal management of those churches. I believe a variety of Christian congregations would be much more happy among themselves, if, instead of being governed "by old men and maidens, young men and children, provided they call on the name of the Lord," and are admitted into their communion, they had constituted among themselves such a sort of a spiritual committee for the management of their church concerns. I insert this criticism that all parties may be less positive, and more candid and affectionate towards each other, and to see if I cannot bring Mr. Stiff and Mr. Steepleman nearer together.

Loveg. Why, in point of positive institution Mr. Stiff's deacons, and our deacons and archdeacons also, seem pretty nearly on a par; only we are not so strenuous to contend for their divine appointment. However, had our good reformers reduced the size of our bishoprics, and dispensed with this race of *second-hand* bishops, our church discipline had been nearer the model of the primitive times. Yet, after all, I see very little, if any, impropriety in the office of our archdeacons, if they did but seriously attend to that office, as coadjutors in the episcopal work, by stirring up the clergy in their different districts to a more diligent discharge of their sacred work; so that if Mr. Stiff chuses to keep to his deacons, and we to our archdeacons, as mere names are of little or no consequence, we should act much more consistent with the spirit and temper of the Gospel.

Merrym. Really, it appears to me, as though the apostles and their successors in the ministry, after they had received their commission, acted as circumstances seemed to direct them, without laying down any plan of regular operations for themselves or their successors.

Loveg. So it ever appeared to me. And if this sounds loose in the ears of some bigots, who insist upon it that their's is the only form prescribed in the word of God; we need to be under no great apprehension from the mismanagement of these outward matters; each party takes into consideration the purity and spirituality of the word of God, and, according to their different modes of government, they direct their churches agreeably to that excellent rule.

Slapd. I wish both Mr. Steepleman and Mr. Stiff were within your reach, that you might give them a good lecture for their bigotry.

Loveg. Though I utterly dislike controversy of this sort, yet, as I equally hate the bad consequences, of bigotry, I should not care if they were. I would then ask Mr. Steepleman what would become of his high church episcopal religion, were he to pass the Tweed into Scotland, where the established religion is presbyterian. Then he immediately becomes a dissenter, or, to speak in his own proud language, "he would be living in schism against the established religion of the country;" and would maintain, that there were no Christian church, because they have no bishops.

Slapd. And consequently they are all going to hell together, though their hearts may be as full of grace as his head is full of these strange high-church imaginations. I think you might ask also, where is the harm if a Scotsman should continue a presbyterian in England, and where is the harm of an Englishman being an episcopalian in Scotland? Have I a right to knock a man's brains out because he is a Jew or a Mahometan? How much more horrid, therefore, when they, who call themselves Protestant Christians, cannot have the least Christian charity one towards another? I believe there is not a party bigot upon earth that would not persecute if he could. Blessed be God for a more enlarged heart, that we may love all that love God, and love to obey him.

Loveg. And upon this principle, my good old friend, I feel it would be my privilege to hold christian communion with every protestant church upon earth. Were I in Germany, it would never be a question with me, Are you Lutherans or Calvinists, but are you Christians? Nor would it distract my brains, or concern me, if their modes and forms did not altogether suit my judgment or taste: and were

I to attempt a reformation of such matters at the expence of peace, I should do abundantly more harm than good thereby. As in the church, so it is in a great measure in the state. Have I, or has any one else, a right to go from state to state and try to overturn their different existing governments, because they are not modelled according to that which I so much admire in my own? This would be like an unskilful surgeon, who would hazard a mortification for the sake of cutting off a wart. I wish people would but act more according to that excellent prayer in our church liturgy, that we may be "kept in the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

Slapd. Ah, church liturgy! how Mr. Stiff rails at church liturgies; while his own prayers, with a very little variation, are as much a form as any of ours, and I am sure not more scriptural, nor more spiritual.

Loveg. I suppose, then, we should have but a bad bargain of it, if we were to exchange our forms for his. But what are their psalms and hymns but forms of prayer or praise? I think the least he can do is to let us alone with our forms, while he is so formal himself. It would have been well if the poor people of Abley could have met with such a man as Mr. Peaceful instead of Mr. Stiff.

Merrym. Was not Mr. Peaceful the minister, who was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Goodworth? I have often heard you mention his name with much approbation.

Loveg. O, he was a man of a most excellent spirit; and though from principle he was a dissenter, yet nothing could equal his love to all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Every thing that was bitter and railing he utterly abhorred, while he was the

kindest apologist for all, however he might differ from them in things not essential: and while he would make an apology for himself, as it respected our church liturgy, to which he could not well subscribe, yet he would admire its general tendency, and even would say, with its few defects, that he esteemed it to be one of the national blessings of the land, as a general knowledge of the truths of the gospel was wonderfully preserved thereby.

Merrym. It is much to be lamented that we should lose the services of so good a man on account of such scruples of conscience.

Loveg. Not at all. The dissenters are a very useful body. May God bless and preserve them!

Merrym. I hope you except Mr. Stiff and his fraternity.

Loveg. With all my heart. But these good men may work where we cannot, and in many places where their aid is deplorably needed; and why should we wish all the good men to work in one line? —It is amazing what an abundance of good Mr. Peaceful does among all the dissenters in these parts, his spirit is so tender and good.

Merrym. I suppose Mr. Peaceful might have had some other objections against conformity?

Loveg. Yes, he had. His principal objection seems to have been, the much lamented want of discipline, as also the too near affinity between the church and state; but then he would candidly acknowledge, as it was national, it could scarcely be expected to be otherwise, and that national establishments, like all human things, must have their advantages and disadvantages; that consequently as the state had a right to her choice about religion, so the dissenters were left at full liberty to chuse for themselves; and that it was no more right for the

dissenters to attack the established church than it would be for the established church to oppress the dissenters. But nothing delighted Mr. Peaceful's mind so much, as to make his annotations on St. Paul's view about the distinction of meats and days, and of meats offered to idols, which exemplifies so much of the forbearing mind of Christ in the character of that apostle.

Merrym. Sir, my mind has been much occupied on that subject of late. How much the apostle urges the meekness and gentleness of the christian character!

Slapd. One wonders that an angry bigot can live after he has read those chapters, if he has the grace of God in his heart.

Merrym. A bigot with the grace of God in his heart! Two principles strangely opposite, and these to be the inhabitants of the same bosom!—But let us retire into this pleasant retreat, and talk these matters over more seriously; the weather is delightfully mild for this advanced season of the year, and I fear this subject is too much overlooked; I am sure it has been so by me.—[*They sit down, and the conversation recommences.*]

Loveg. [*With a small Greek Testament in his hand.*] Nothing can equal the tenderness of the apostle's mind in the 14th of the Romans. You know that this chapter refers to those Christians whose minds were not perfectly free from Jewish prejudices; and though they ill understood the holy liberty of the gospel, and their consciences were consequently misguided, yet still it was in matters not essential to salvation. These, while thus "weak in faith, were to be received, but not to doubtful disputations," or, in other words, to unnecessary wranglings and discussions. The dispute ran in this chapter, it should

seem, upon keeping Jewish seasons, and eating meats according to the Jewish law; this was certainly for want of better knowledge; and yet what a kind apologist St. Paul was for them, in regard to eating meats ceremonially impure? What a spirit of love he inculcates by that observation, "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him."—"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth; yea, he shall be upholden, for God is able to establish him." In the same spirit he goes on about days, only observing, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and I remember that was a favourite expression with Mr. Peaceful.

Slapd. I wish it had been a favourite expression with Mr. Stiff; it might have made a better man of him.

Loveg. Aye, and of Mr. Steepleman too; but let us forget them both, and mind the lovely remark of the apostle on the subject: "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it: he that eateth, eateth unto the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks:" that is, on both sides of the question they acted according to their light, and consequently were not to be judged of each other.

Merrym. And what a lovely conclusion he draws from it, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself! For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." What a wonderful change must have been

wrought upon the mind of this once stiff bigotted persecutor, to make him so much the reverse to himself, so gentle and so mild!

Loveg. But I think this most lovely spirit was still more richly displayed in what the apostle further remarks: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block (or cause of scandal) in his brother's way. I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean in itself, [though before the coming of the Lord Jesus many things were prohibited as being unclean,] but still to him who esteemeth any thing unclean to him it is unclean." And now mind what a lovely conclusion he again draws: "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably, or (according to love:) destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died."* "Let not then your good be evil spoken of; for the kingdom of God is not meats and drinks; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Slapd. Stop there, brother Lovegood, for a moment,—that's the point.—If any could go to the devil with such blessed excellent tempers, I should like to go with them for the sake of good company.

Loveg. You will speak like yourself; but it is next said, that "if in these things they serve Christ they are acceptable to God and approved of men." There is no hell for the holy, nor heaven

* The reader may find, that Mr. Lovegood, in reading his Greek Testament, made some slight alterations in the text, which, after all, are so insignificant, that they prove how well the public may confide in the present translation. But on that expression, "destroy not him for whom Christ died," he first remarked, that the drift of the argument was only to shew how the *peace* of such was destroyed, and not that the purposes of God according to election could not stand, if the will of an angry bigot should strive to prevent it. He further shewed, that such were at least the attempts of such angry bigots, however unsuccessful those attempts might prove.

for the unholy; indeed we have heaven in us upon earth when we are holy. But do let us finish our observations on the chapter, which I conclude to be one of the best *recipes* to cure the bigotry of the human heart. "Let us therefore pursue the things which lead to peace, and the things whereby one may edify, or build up another: for meat destroy not the work of God." Now, in my opinion, this evidently refers to those immortal spirits for whom Christ died, and who are the workmanship of his Spirit. Then we see how the apostle next observes, that, through the liberty of the gospel dispensation, "all things are pure; but that it is evil to a man who eateth with offence," against his own judgment. "Therefore, it is good neither to eat flesh, or drink wine," by which a weak brother stumbleth, is offended, or made weak. "Hast thou faith, have it to thyself before God? Happy is he who condemneth not himself in that which he allows, for he that doubts" about the matter, "is condemned" in his own judgment "if he eat," for want of this faith or knowledge; "for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Slapd. I wish the worthy translators of the New Testament had used a milder word in their translation of that passage. Mrs. Scruple, a good woman in our parish, one of a very conscientious turn of mind, was kept from the sacrament a long time, till I explained matters to her, and gave her to understand that the passage had no reference to the sacrament whatsoever; and that the passage which still more alarmed her about eating and drinking our own damnation, did not mean eternal damnation, but a temporal judgment, as was evidently then the case of the Corinthian church: "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

Loveg. I fear many good people are sadly puzzled about such passages as these; but then we should take more abundant heed to explain them.

Merrym. It has oftentimes struck me, that much of the same excellent temper and spirit is likewise manifested by the apostle, not only as it respects meats and days, but also in things offered to idols: this subject also among common people, I fear, is but little understood.

Loveg. As we have a little time before us, we will trace that subject also. You know that the heathens in those days adopted a superstitious trick, in offering the beasts they killed at the shambles to some of their heathen deities. A portion of the offerings was sold, and another portion of them was eaten in the idol's temples; while some even of the primitive Christians of a looser cast, two many of whom were found in the Corinthian church, were frequently seen sitting in the idol's temples, and eating these offerings with others, as though they were idolaters too. The apostle, therefore, very justly blames them for this lax and wanton conduct; for though they knew that the idol was nothing, and the food neither the better nor the worse for their superstitious conduct; yet while weaker brethren were offended thereby, that altered the case. What a spirit of love he exemplified, when he said, "If meat make my weak brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands."

Slapd. Oh, how soon would these bitter controversies about trifling non-essentials be at an end, if all were blessed with the same spirit of love? and what a distinction the apostle makes between that proud "knowledge which puffeth up, and that humble love which edifieth!"

Loveg. Yes, and how kindly he apologizes for those who in judgment differed from himself! "How-

beit, there is not in every man this knowledge, for some with conscience of the idol unto this hour, eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience being weak is defiled; but meat commendeth us not to God: for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse." But then we are to take heed, lest this liberty should become a stumbling block to them that are weak; for "if we sin against the brethren, and wound their consciences, we sin against Christ."

Merrym. Has not the apostle some additional remarks of the same nature, in the tenth chapter of the same epistle?

Loveg. Yes, and most tender and delightful remarks they are. Oh! what is Christianity without the loving and forbearing mind that was in Christ? but we will turn to them. He first observes, many things may be lawful that are not expedient, because they edify not: how beautifully he therefore directs, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth or good!" And after some further direction, as it respects the weak consciences of others, what an admirable conclusion he draws! "Whether therefore ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God; give no offence, neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to" your brother Christians, called, "the church of God; even as I please all men in all (lawful) things; not seeking my own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved."

Slapd. And I think to this we may also add that most beautiful passage, which displays so much of the same blessed temper. "Unto the Jew became I as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews: to them that are under the law, (ruled by the Jewish law,) as under the law:" while he acted the same towards

the Gentiles, as being without that law, that he might "gain them also." "To the weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some; and this I do for the Gospel's sake."

Merrym. Then it should appear the crime was not in differing in judgment with others; for it seems they differed even with the apostle himself; but for shewing such a contentious spirit against each other. One would think that this breed of coarse christians had never read the thirteenth of the first of Corinthians, concerning that charity or love, "which suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not easily puffed up"—Let me see, I forget what comes next.

Loveg. Why, that love is a modest grace; it does "not behave itself unseemly:" that it is a disinterested grace; it seeketh not its own: that it is a peaceable grace; "it is not easily provoked:" that it is an affectionate grace: it thinketh no evil. It is also a most happy and comfortable grace; for it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but it rejoiceth in the truth: and, lastly, it is a most patient grace; it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things."

Merrym. While mankind is so corrupted, what need have we for the exercises of these graces towards each other? *(To Mr. Lovegood)* Sir, when I first heard you preach, that naturally sent me to the Bible, and I was immediately convinced the religion of that book was the religion of love.

Slapd. Don't run from the subject, my young friend, as I do when I get into the pulpit, till my text brings me back again. What becomes of the religion of Mr. Steepleman or Mr. Stiff, if this be the religion of the Bible?

Loveg. Oh my old good friend, I am more than

ever convinced of this, when I consider other passages which have such a remarkably strong reference to our tempers, and the feelings of our minds, on all these occasions, before God. How much of the mind of Christ appears in that passage to the Ephesians! "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness; with long suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Merrym. And what a heaven even upon earth we should enjoy, if all people did but prove the reality of their Christianity, by following the same apostle's advice, in "laying aside all anger, wrath, and malice;" and instead of these, "as the elect of God, holy and beloved, put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, forgiving one another; if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave us;" and then again, "above all things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."

Loveg. Oh, this is Christianity indeed! I heard once of a deist who could ridicule the Bible while he was entirely ignorant of its contents and design. But when he was referring to the twelfth of the Romans, he was struck with his own wickedness and folly, for having ridiculed a book so wonderfully calculated for the good of mankind: and how admirably are these blessed tempers inculcated in the same chapter! "Let love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good; be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another."

Slapd. Almost the whole chapter runs upon that subject; but the conclusion is most excellent: "Recompence to no man evil for evil. If it be possible,

live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Merrym. We shall have enough to do, if we quote all the passages that relate to this subject: the sum and substance of the Bible seems to be nothing but love.

Slapd. I am sure, all the epistles of John are entirely on that subject. "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

Loveg. Aye, born of God; and by that word how evidently it appears, we have no solid proof of regeneration, but by its effects as produced by the grace of love; for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Merrym. The doctrine of a divine change seems to me to be the glory of the scriptures.

Loveg. Yes, and a full proof of their divine original. None but a God of almighty power could dare to give the promise to change the heart of man, since nothing short of an almighty power could accomplish such a change.

Merrym. I can put my solemn *amen* to that truth; I never can be too much humbled for what I was, nor can I ever be too thankful for what, by the grace of God, I now am.—Oh, that text, "What, know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's."

Slapd. It strikes me, I'll preach upon that subject in your church, when you are gone to Locksbury.

Loveg. You cannot take a better.

Slapd. But will you try to make me a hymn suitable to the occasion? I am no poet,.

Loveg. I'll attempt to put a few rhymes together to the best of my power.

Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy and Mrs. Merryman came up, otherwise their profitable conversation on the new birth might have continued. They took a further range about the pleasure grounds, and then returned to the house.

Mr Lovegood shortly afterwards went his second journey to Locksbury, which was not less grateful and satisfactory to him than the former. But Dr. Rationality, Mr. Discussion, and others, took the pains to procure Dr. Stately and his curate Mr. Leadhead, to whom Mr. Fribble very readily lent the pulpit, to confute the *enthusiastic* notions of Mr. Lovegood. But this they did in such an absurd and contradictory manner, that they entirely confuted themselves thereby. Dr. Stately held him out at arms length, with the most supercilious contempt, as being hypocritically strict and sanctimonious in his religion, while his curate Mr. Leadhead, could understand him no better, than, that he was a preacher of faith without works; both of them charging him also with several other preposterous notions, the most contradictory and absurd; and the result was, that the people's minds were not a little confirmed in those essential truths, which Mr. Lovegood had formerly delivered among them.

Mr. Lovegood also told about a Mr. Timid he found out in that neighbourhood, who, though he preaches the gospel, yet does it in such a cold and cautious manner, that nobody is the better for it; that he is ever pleading the necesssity of so preaching, as not to give offence; and that he had no notion of

exciting people's prejudices, by being too plain. Thus, while by attempting to render "the preaching of the cross" of Christ palatable to the world, so as that "the offence of it might cease;" neither the world nor the church would give him credit for his design. Mr. Lovegood, however, is of opinion, that if he could be got to take some of Mr. Slapdash's elixir, which, while it warms the constitution, and is an excellent stomachic, yet never throws into a fever, it might purge him of some of his worldly prudence, and thus make him an useful minister in those parts.

As it is now high time to abridge all these events, nothing more shall be laid before the reader, than Mr. Lovegood's hymn, made for Mr. Slapdash's sermon as mentioned above.

The sermon, it seems, was much in his own style. When he had to display the regenerate heart of man, under the metaphor of the living temple, his imagination became so sprightly, and his language so animated, that it was almost a query with Farmer Littleworth, Thomas Newman, and many others, whether he was not nearly as great a minister as Mr. Lovegood himself: however, the reader may depend upon it, that Mr. Slapdash became a great favourite at Brookfield, and that his visit was attended with an abundance of good, though it was the opinion of Mr. Spiteful and Mr. Dolittle, that he was one of the madest fellows that ever entered a pulpit; while he was followed with the cold pity of Mr. Wisehead, that he was sorry he was not more *rational* in his religion, though he believed him to be a *good-hearted* man.

Were the whole life and conversation of Mr. Lovegood to be drawn out at full length, so holy and active was he in all manner of conversation, that these little volumes might soon be swollen into vo-

lumes almost as bulky as the Statutes at Large; on this account, many pleasant and profitable occurrences must be omitted, while the copy of the hymn, mentioned above, shall conclude the dialogue.

THE HYMN.

" Believers the Temples of the Holy Ghost."

Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Produc'd at first, by pow'r divine,
Man as a creature stood,
A sacred building in design,
A dwelling-place for God.

With finish'd art the pile was rear'd,
Well fitted for it's use;
Just symmetry throughout appear'd,
And glory fill'd the house.

God smil'd in friendly visits there,
And thus his dwelling blest,
While solemn acts of praise and prayer
The creature's love exprest.

But sin defac'd its form, and broke
The stately structure down;
His ruin'd temple God forsook,
And left it with a frown.

Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd,
The house in ruins lay,
Until again by Christ restor'd,
His glory to display.

Laid deep in love this building stands,
Cemented with his blood;
Work'd all with unpolluted hands,
And fitted up for God.

Here his transforming Spirit dwells,
To beautify the place;
With kindly influence sin expels,
And sheds forth life and grace.

Oh, dearest Lord! return, reside
  Within each sinful heart:
Be thou our king, and none beside,
  And never more depart.

As temples of the living God,
  Thus shall we prove thy grace:
We'll sing aloud redeeming blood,
  And chaunt thine endless praise.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

MR. CONSIDERATE, MR. TRAFFIC, FARMER LITTLEWORTH, AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

NO GOOD MARRIAGES FROM BAD MATCHES.

SOME time after Mr. Merryman set the example of marriage in his union with Miss Worthy, which is said to be so honourable in itself, and was so honourably conducted by them, other matches were thought of. Henry Littleworth had the happiness to be united to Mr. Considerate's daughter, and Billy Traffic was determined to make himself happy with Miss Nancy Littleworth; and about the same time Miss Patty Littleworth was married to Will Frolic, mentioned in dialogue the sixth.

Previous to the final settlement of these marriages, it was thought necessary that the old people should meet together, to arrange the family concerns of each party. As it would, on the one hand, be very wrong in me to divulge these family secrets; so, on the other, it would by no means prove an interesting subject to the reader. Suffice it to say, the meeting took place at Mr. Considerate's, Mr. Lovegood, for the sake of his wise advice, being one of the party; and in the evening of the day the conversation took the following turn:

Farmer. Well, Mr. Considerate, I *tells* my son Harry he is in high luck to have your daughter: the Lord keep him humble!

Consid. A difference of a few pounds, as it respects money matters, is of very little consequence either one way or the other, where the best principle for happiness is solidly established by the blessing of the grace of God upon the heart.

Loveg. All our happiness between each other rests upon very slippery ground, independent of the grace of God. Even the common social and relative duties of life, which so plainly recommend themselves to every man's judgment and conscience, will be ill practised where this divine principle is wanting.

Farmer. Aye, aye, so we found it in our house, till we found the grace of God in our hearts. And if dear Harry makes as good a husband as he has been dutiful and loving to me as a son, since he has been blessed with this precious grace, I have no doubt, though he is but a farmer's son, that they will be *main* happy with each other.

Consid. Why, Mr. Littleworth, your son has his share of good sense, and you gave him a good education, and God has given him the blessing of his grace, and my daughter is an excellent child: I have no doubt, therefore, if God preserves their lives, but that they will be a happy pair.

Farmer. Ah! my poor daughter Patty, she will never be so happy with that wild young *blade*, Will Frolic, and she is quite bent upon having him.—Poor girl, I cannot help it; if she will please her fancy, I fear she will plague her heart.

Loveg. Why, Mr. Littleworth, under these circumstances, things must be permitted to take their course. When children grow beyond our restraint, oftentimes opposition answers no other end than to rivet them in their purposes. You can go no further than to act a parent's part, and commit them to God.

Farmer. Yes, yes, sir, I shan't mind giving her a child's portion; I can afford it without injuring the

rest of my children, for the Lord has wonderfully blessed me of late: But I am afraid *that spark* is more fond of the money than of my daughter, though, at times, he appears *desperate loving*. He took it as a hard *gripe* upon him, when I would have the money settled upon my daughter and her children, especially when I did not think it necessary to bind up Billy Traffic in the same way, in his marriage with my daughter Nancy: but why should I? for Billy is a very sober, regular, good young man; but as for Will Frolic, if I had not bound him up *pretty tight*, he would soon have made *ducks and drakes* of all the money.

Consid. Your determination had almost been the cause of breaking the match.

Farmer. Why that was the *upshot* of the design. Harry, dear child, said, that would be the best way to settle matters, though he was once so wicked himself; but when his old miserly uncle, Mr. Stingey, the tallow-chandler, said he would give a bond to his nephew of two hundred pounds more to be paid after his death, provided it was all secured to my daughter and her children, that brought on the match again; and though they now appear so loving, I am sadly afraid they will soon live like *cat and dog*.

Loveg. I should not wonder at it; for there is no real foundation for love, but in the love of God. That foolish fondness, which some people discover towards each other, very frequently degenerates into complete disgust.

Farmer. It is *to admiration* how I used to remark what a different way of courting my Harry and Billy Traffic had to Will Frolic. Whenever Billy came to my house to see Nancy, he would behave so decent and orderly, that it was quite a comfort to see them together. And whenever your daughter visited us, we always found she never would come with-

out *Madam* Considerate or yourself; and what nice profitable talk we always had? But when that wild blade would come to see Patty, he would act as if he was half mad. Neither I nor Harry could keep him in any tolerable order: and I never could get rid of him, till I called the servants in for family prayer, and then he would be *off like a pistol.*—Poor girl, I am *desperately* afraid that the match will be her *ruination.*

Consid. I am sorry to hear that he is such a sad wild fellow; and I am told also that he is very insulting in his conversation.

Farmer. Why, he never could keep his tongue in any sort of order when at my house; what an uproar he made one night, when he told my daughter Polly that she would never be married because she had lost two of her fore teeth, and then she was all in a passion—She is so full of envy that her younger sisters Patty and Nancy should be married before her.

Consid. (*Smiling.*) Perhaps if the loss had been on the tongue instead of the teeth, it might have been a less calamity.

Farmer. Ah, poor Polly, even from her cradle she was a sad *crabbed* child, and I think she is *crosser* than ever, since she has taken to spend so much of her time at Madam Toogood's; and then she comes home as *brim full* of scandal as ever she can hold; but still she is my child—The Lord make her his child!

Consid. Well, I am glad, Mr. Littleworth, my daughter's visits were so acceptable at your house. I can assure you, Mr. Henry's visits were not less so at ours. His conversation at all times was much to the purpose, and instead of being driven away on account of prayer, he would often stop and be our family chaplain; and much to the edification of us all.

Farmer. Aye, aye, dear child, and he prays so humbly, and so much from the heart; I am sure it does my heart good to hear him. And then, as soon as ever he has done the business of the farm, away he goes after some of his good books; and directly as he has saved a little money, he is sure to go and buy some fresh ones: but he is extravagant in nothing else, dear child!

Loveg. Really, Mr. Littleworth, it appears to me, that the grace of God mends the head, as well as converts the heart. It brings the mind into such a sober, holy, regular frame, we can know nothing of the good of our own existence till we exist in God.

Farmer. Why, now it appears just so to me, as though I had been all my days without brains, while I was living without grace. But blessed be God, what nice winter evenings we now spend at our house, when Harry sits and reads, and talks to us out of some of his good books. And then he gets Billy Traffic and some other young people to come and see him. At times we have quite a little congregation, and then we have such sweet singing and prayers; but as for my part, I never could sing, but I *does* my best to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

Consid. You can't think me to blame, Mr. Littleworth, while I give my free consent that my daughter should marry such an excellent young man.

Farmer. To be sure, sir, I cannot but be very thankful for the merciful providence of God, that has contrived such a charming match for my child. Little did I think when he was a wicked wild sailor, that he would ever be married to a gentleman's daughter, who has been twice mayor of Mapleton.—The Lord keep him from pride!

Consid. There is no great honour in being Mayor of Mapleton, Mr. Littleworth.

Farmer. Why, Mr. Strut, the present Mayor, don't think so; he fancies he has a right to act as though he were a little god. How he struts about our town, *like a crow in a gutter.* To my mind he thinks himself as great a man as King George the Third,—God bless him!

Loveg. I hope, Mr. Littleworth, your son has too much good sense and grace to be proud. Pride is nothing better than the offspring of folly, and the disease of fools; and pride turns all things into confusion. When proud people meet together, they never can be happy.

Farmer. Why Harry, dear child! makes us all happy; and Nancy is a sweet, humble, diligent girl. And she is so notable and attentive to her mother. My dame sees what it is that makes the best child. She begins to think of coming to Brookfield church oftener than she used to do. I hope to the Lord she feels more in her heart than she likes to express, for she is ashamed to say much, as she cannot forget how she thwarted us, when we began to think about the salvation of our souls. But the Lord be praised! she is wonderfully altered.

Loveg. Indeed, sir, I think she is. Nothing can please her better than the intended marriages of her son and daughter; while she is so much concerned at the union designed between Will Frolic and Miss Patty. But it seems that several bad matches have taken place in Mapleton and its neighbourhood of late; I am surprized, however, if in this world we are to be surprized at any thing, that good tempered, humble, young woman, Rachel Meek, the linen-draper's daughter, should have consented to marry that strange dogmatic young chap, Jack Positive the lawyer.

Consid. Ah, sir! love is blind; I believe the unhappy young woman heartily repents of it. If ever she presumes to give her advice, she is snapt at directly.—He will say, "Madam, when I need your advice, I'll ask it—till then, I shall act as I like best."

Loveg. What must one of her humble and tender mind feel, under treatment so contemptuous and cruel?

Consid. Sir, he will do worse than all this. If the poor innocent creature asks a question, his answer will be, "I shall do as I like best." If he should venture upon any wrong or wild pursuits, as obstinacy frequently misguides him, and she begins with ever so much meekness to expostulate, his answer will be, "I shan't be guided by a woman." Then, lest she should further provoke him, she very wisely keeps silent, only now and then drops a tear.

Farmer. Poor dear creature, she must have *a dog's life of it.*

Consid. I dare say a much worse life than your dog leads; for whatever he commands must be observed, be it ever so absurd: and when he has burnt his fingers by his own folly, he will blame her that she did not consult with him; while he appears so little to respect her judgment, as not to allow her to go to market to provide for the family, but under his orders and directions.

Loveg. Better to be a beast of burden than the wife of such a man. If "wives are to be in subjection," yet they are not doomed to be the abject slaves of such abominable tyrants. But her father, it seems, was always against the match.

Farmer. Ah, fathers can't, at all times, get their children to follow their advice; we are a stiff-necked generation; but to my mind that was another strange match on the contrary side of the question, when my

poor taylor, Simon Simple, married Fanny Pert the milliner, for though he makes the breeches, yet all the *folk* say she is determined to wear them.

Traffic. Why he has been the taylor for our family for some time, and while he does not want for a share of good sense, yet being of a meek and harmless disposition, he has unfortunately given the rod out of his own hands, and then she flogs him well for his folly. When my son Billy once went to their house about a job, he tells a strange story on his return.

Consid. What was it, sir?

Traffic. Why, the door being a little a-jar he heard her cry, "Simon, why, Simon; what are you at: why don't you come down directly? Young Mr. Traffic is here; I shan't stand bawling after you all day." And when he gave her to understand that he had overheard her coarse way of talk to her husband, she blushed, and said "she did not mean to scold him, and that it was only *the tone of her voice* that made him think so, and that they lived very happy together."

Consid. Happy! how can he be happy while she is dinning his ears all the day with her impertinent and noisy talk, and with her insulting reflections? I believe that all his happiness consists in patiently suffering himself to be *hen-pecked* whensoever she pleases, without saying a word on his own behalf.

Far. There is another match nearly of the same sort, which is quite as bad. You know a Mr. Placid that married Miss Fury. By all accounts what a life she leads the poor gentleman! I am told, there is not a bigger termagant in the town.

Consid. I know the unfortunate man very well. If ever he thwarts her, directly she is the downright tiger—She hears not a word of reason, but falls into a terrible passion, and then cries out of mad revenge.

Traffic. What can he do with such a creature?

Consid. Why, he puts her in good humour again as soon as he can; and, in order to keep a little peace, he is obliged to submit to all her whims and projects, and let her have her own way in every thing.—And all that won't do.

Far. Why, to my mind, she must be worse than the devil, for there is an old proverb, "The devil is good natured when he is pleased."

Consid. But it is a difficult matter to say when she is pleased: for if her husband dares not contradict her, yet she supposes herself at all times at liberty to contradict him. It has oftentimes grieved me to hear how rude and snappish she is to him upon every turn, and yet she won't suffer any one else to scold him but herself. Once on an occasion of this sort, he said, "My dear, I should not care if all the world scolded me, provided you did not scold me yourself."

Traffic. I'll warrant she gave him a good sharp *curtain lecture* for that speech.

Consid. No doubt of it. But this is not all of poor Mr. Placid's misery. She is such a horrid tormentor of her servants, hunting and driving them about like a mad woman; if there are any servants he likes, she is sure to dislike them, and to drive them out of the house as fast as she can. She says, if women won't *keep up their authority*, it is their own fault.

Loveg. It is a terrible evil when poor servants are to have their lives made a burden to themselves by such tyrannic usage. It is to be lamented, that such masters and mistresses were not made to serve also under the hard hand of oppression. There is not only a deal of ungodly cruelty, but a considerable degree of cowardly meanness, exemplified by the conduct of these petty tyrants. But while some matches about these parts have been terribly calami-

tous, others of them have been as singularly ridiculous.

Traffic. I suppose, sir, you allude to that strange match which took place the other day, between Miss Sally Chatterbox, and old Mr. Taciturnity.

Loveg. Oh, that was a strange business—They say, the sedate old man is so grave, that he won't speak till he has been spoken to, two or three times, while her tongue is never at rest.

Consid. It seems she is good tempered, but the greatest chatterer that ever lived; and runs on with such egregious stuff (for people who talk much frequently talk nonsense) that she often puts the poor old man sadly to the blush.

Traffic. I wonder how the old gentleman can answer half her questions.

Consid. I am told she does not ask so many questions, but keeps on with a strait-forward rattle; and the few questions she asks, the old man evades as well as he can. He hums and haws: and now and then cries, "Yes, my dear," and then "No, my dear;" and then again, "I can't answer you, you speak so fast." And when his patience is nearly exhausted, he'll cry, "My dear, you talk so fast that it quite makes my head ache."

Loveg. What is supposed to be the difference between their age?

Consid. Why, *Miss* was about twenty-five, and the old gentleman about sixty-five, and it seems this young lady is his third wife. He is a very good sort of an old gentleman, and has a considerable deal of money, while the young lady has little or none, only she had, as it is called, a very polite education at a boarding school; where, I suppose, she was taught to talk at this extraordinary rate.—But did you never hear what a sad mistake took place, when the old gentleman was on a journey, about a fortnight

after their marriage, with his new wife and his son by his first wife, to pay a visit to some distant friends ?

Loveg. The story is quite new to me.

Consid. Sir, report says, that when they came to the inn where they were to rest for the evening, the old gentleman and his son retired to sleep somewhat sooner than the bride, she being engaged to write some letters to her friends on this happy event. When she called for the chambermaid, she unhappily turned her into the chamber of the old gentleman's son. The young man finding that a young woman was beginning to undress by his bed side, and not immediately recollecting her, cried out against her as an impudent strumpet; and told her to get out of the room, or he would kick her down stairs. Directly she made her escape, called for the chambermaid, told her what a mistake she had made, and asked where the other gentleman was gone to bed; the maid answered, "Why ma'am, there is no other strange gentleman gone to bed in this house, but your grand papa."

Loveg. What blunders are produced by these imprudent matches! But how came Mrs. Liberal to put up with Mr. Scraper for her second husband ?

Traffic. By all accounts there is sad quarrelling between them already. While she will always have her table covered with sufficient provision, that a plenty may be left in the pantry for occasional visitants, he will be hunting after bits and scraps, supposing that almost any thing will do to mess up for a dinner. And as about food, so he is about raiment. He would appear like an old broken tradesman out of a workhouse, with his tattered clothes and darned stockings, if his wife would let him; and when she only gave away some of his old clothes the other day, that had got into this trim, to a poor

old neighbour, this so offended him that he would not speak to her for near a fortnight.

Loveg. Does not he want her to dress as shabby as himself?

Consid. O yes, Sir; and he is always telling her where the cheapest old remnants are to be bought; and that she leaves off her clothes too soon, when she might scour and dye, and then turn them, and thus wear them over and over again.

Loveg. This must make sad jarrings between them: what strange confusion is created in the world by the contests which exist between the different corruptions of the human heart!

Consid. Yes, and when people are united, who are under the influence of the same sort of corruptions, the evil will be abundantly worse. What a terrible misfortune it was to Mr. Sharp and Miss Trimmer, that ever they should make a match of it!

Traffic. Ah! that poor girl was ruined from her childhood. Her foolish mother humoured her on every occasion; and though her temper was naturally bad, yet her mother has made it ten thousand times worse, by puffing up the pride of her heart, in telling her she was a girl of fortune: and yet at first they appeared fond of each other, though such love scarcely deserves the name.

Consid. Whatever love might have been between them, 'tis all hatred now. While he tries to thwart and contradict her upon every occasion, she flies at him in return like a fury, calling him fool, puppy, and tells him he would have been a beggar if it had not been for her fortune: though his business, as a large vinegar merchant, is quite equal to the trifling sum he may have received with her.

Farmer. But I'll warrant she pays him home again, and gives him *tit for tat.* I remember she came once to our house to see my daughter Polly, so dress-

ed up in her *furbelows* and *fal-lals*, and I thought her tongue run *desperate* glib. I have a notion she is a sad *saucy puss*.

Consid. Her husband, however, it seems, can match her in language and insolence. "Hold your tongue, you insolent jade."—"Madam, I will be master;" and sometimes the house is all of an uproar between them. Of late, it seems, she has been very jealous of him, and trims him well on that score.

Loveg. Oh, the terrible consequences of sin! What a variety of little hells are created in hearts, and in families, and throughout all the world by its horrid existence! Lord, what is man! who can deny the fall?

Consid. True, dear sir, and I think there is another union in our town, which perfectly proves the same awful truth. It evidently appears to me, that it is almost as necessary to prove that a man is to die, as that he is a fallen creature.

Loveg. To what other matches do you refer?

Consid. Oh, sir, it was that unhappy union between Miss Jemima Meek, and Mr. Lofty, who is a great man in his own esteem, because his great grand-mother was the daughter of some lord, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second; and on this account, though he is almost a beggar in his circumstances, he can strut about with such consequence!—

Loveg. What silly thoughts can feed that carrion bird of pride, when roosted during the night time of our ignorance in the unregenerate heart of man! But who is this Mr. Lofty?

Consid. He is the gingerbread-baker, that lives in Pride Alley.

Loveg. Oh, that is the shop, I suppose, where Mrs. Considerate is so kind as to buy her fine golden kings and queens, as presents to my little children.

Consid. Yes, sir, and while he is selling these fine golden things for a farthing a-piece, he is feeding upon the conceit of his ancient noble blood. Besides, he fancies himself a man of reading and great knowledge.—He is one of Dr. Dronish's hearers.

Loveg. Well, this beggarly pride is the worst of pride. But how does he treat the poor young woman?

Consid. Why, in language like this. If she asks a question, he answers, "Child, I'll tell you by and by." If she humbly repeats it, "Child, don't be troublesome:" if she ventures to speak in company, "Child, don't expose yourself;" or "How should you know, child?" If she proposes to do any thing, his answer is, "Child, I shall think of it." If he wants her to do any thing it is, "Child do this," or "Child do that;" in short, he scarcely treats her with the respect due to an upper servant.

Farmer. Old Betty Bustle, who has lived in our house these five and twenty years, would run away from us, if I and my dame were to talk to her as *Master* Lofty, the gingerbread baker, talks to that poor creature.—Well, the Lord be praised, that he has a little humbled my proud nature; but to my mind, I had once such *noble blood* in my heart, while I was living without God in the world, and while I was blustering with my big looks about the market.

But now for an abridgement of the subject. It was during the same evening's conversation much lamented, that Mr. Lion should have been married to Miss Pigeon, who treated her with an abundance of austerity, though it caused some laughter when they conversed about the marriage of Mr. Blunt to Miss Prudish; while the plainness and simplicity of the

one were contrasted with the unmeaning affectation of the other; though it was a much less laughable concern when Mr. Smart, who was all vivacity and wit, married Betty Dull; and no wonder that soon after their marriage he treated her with sad neglect.

A counterpart of the same sort of unhappy matches took place between Mr. Consequence and Miss Nobody, who never could find out her stupidity till after he had married her, and then treated her with cruel contempt.

After this, Mr. Lovegood had to improve the subject. He very wisely remarked, that our infinitely merciful God had so regulated the government of the human race, as that they should be helpmates to each other, that thereby a bond of general union might be created for the good of the whole. That the poor, though in servitude, should find guardians and supporters in the rich, who have it in their power to make even their situation a blessing to them, by their merciful and kind deportment towards them. That parental authority was most mercifully instituted according to the laws of nature, so that the care needed by children, and the respect and honour due to parents arising therefrom, might create a bond of union between families through life. And that the foundation of this originated in the marriage contract which civilized nations had universally adopted, and which, when broken, rendered mankind a set of barbarians and brutes.

He next observed, all duties of this sort were reciprocal. Masters are to command with mercy; while servants are to submit and perform their office with fidelity. Parents are to educate with the tenderest affection; children are to obey with the purest simplicity and love. So as it respects the marriage union.—Minds differ. It was certainly determined that the wife should submit and obey; she was "the

first in transgression:" but then the husband's duty is not the less to "love, cherish, and respect her," as "the weaker vessel." And while the divine mind has determined that she should be in subjection, yet such husbands as are blessed with the mind of Christ will remember, that they are directed to "love their wives as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water by the word. For that no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church."

Next this excellent moralist on evangelical principles, asked the question: Will such christians act as tyrannic lords over their wives, because it is said "the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man;" that "the man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man?"

I once knew a pretended boaster of religion, who was ever quoting against his poor wife, that "the husband was the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church," and that "as the church is subject unto Christ, so wives are to be subject to their own husbands in all things:" and Oh, how he used to *bore* the poor woman on these words, "in all things!" But let all these jarring strings be reduced into holy harmony and order, and let the wife learn, as the scripture has directed her, "to reverence her husband;" and let her distinguished ornament be that "of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price;" and in that happy union each of them will find their paradise regained.

Mr. Lovegood, at the same time, gave it as his opinion, that nothing was more beneficial to the good of society than that young persons, blessed with the fear of God, should thus unite themselves to each other on an early day. That it was the duty

of parents not wantonly to thwart, though to regulate, the inclinations of their children, and that also in the mildest manner, as circumstances might require. But that, from the instances which had been before them in conversation, a similarity of disposition above all things should be first sought for, yet not with rigid exactness. A good man may be overgenerous: can he do better for himself than to seek for a partner who is frugal and attentive, without being covetous and mean? Should another be hasty and rapid; what can he do better than to unite himself to one who is dispassionate and calm? And if the young woman has an unhappy tendency to that which may be frivolous and indiscreet, who knows but that she may be much corrected, should she meet with the man who may be cautious and reserved? In short, that it is not so much the dispositions themselves as their evil tendency, through the corruption of mankind, against which we should be put upon our guard; as it was evidently not the disposition itself, but that disposition, being under a corrupted influence, which was the cause of every calamity that had been the subject of their present conversation.

Mr. Lovegood also mentioned, that a little equality, as it respected money matters, might not be an improper consideration, as this too often creates the most unpleasant reflections and disputes. And last of all, as being ultimately of the least consequence, respecting age, he observed, though many inconveniences from that quarter arise from such inconsiderate unions, yet that it was beyond a doubt, a variety of old and young fools, at least somewhat like it, good-natured creatures, have lived very happy with each other.

Mr. Lovegood lastly urged some very impressive ideas respecting the sad perturbation of mind, created among all those of every rank, whose tempers

were completely contrary to the holy mind of Christ. That even heaven itself would bear a semblance of hell, could such minds surround the holy throne above: perfect holiness and infinite happiness are inseparably united.

Thus Mr. Lovegood went on well. So also my young readers would determine, had I time further to transcribe his wise and good advice; for their sakes so much is presented before them on this most important subject. There is something very engaging in the undisguised simplicity of unpolluted youth. Oh, that my dear young friends had the advice of a Lovegood always sounding in their ears; and the like grace, which is the delightful theme of his preaching, constantly dwelling in their hearts! Such will not only be graciously protected from the evils of life, but as mercifully directed into every path that is wise and good. And under such regulations, how happy shall I be without fee or reward, so far as I can gain the permission of the Dolittles of the day, (while a denial from the Lovegoods is scarcely to be apprehended,) to tie the bond of union that makes the parties so happy in each other.

The kind public, it seems, have been frequently inquisitive to know when the concluding dialogue would be laid before them. It will, however, appear that events could not be related till time had brought them into existence; there were several marriages to be brought forward: but wise people know better than to "marry in haste, lest they should have to repent at leisure."

The writer also had some further designs to have exposed the folly of those professors of christianity, who are still living in conformity to the world. He

had once likewise thought to have entered more seriously into the subject of divine influences, so as to guard that holy doctrine from the ridiculous interpretation of the enthusiast; and yet to vindicate the same divine truth from the infidel objections of the empty speculatist of the day; but as, upon recollection, these subjects have been so much interwoven with the dialogues at large, and finding that the publication has already swollen far beyond the original design, it was determined that a further investigation of these subjects might too much clog the work, which had brevity for its main design.

Nor yet would the reader have had the melancholy subject of the invaluable Mr. Merryman's death, for the closing dialogue, had it not brightened before it concluded with the happy prospect, that a minister, like minded with Mr. Merryman, will still be established at Sandover.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

BETWEEN MR. HONEST AND FAMILY, SHOPKEEPERS IN SANDOVER, MR. AND MRS. RHYMER OF THE SAME PLACE; AND MR. INQUISITIVE, A MANCHESTER RIDER.

SAD TIDINGS FROM SANDOVER, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. MERRYMAN.

AFTER the necessary orders of the shop were settled, Mr. Inquisitve requested Mr. Honest would come and take a supper with him at the inn; but as that house was ill conducted, being patronized by 'Squire Wild, in opposition to Mr. Merryman, Mr. Honest excused himself, and requested that Mr. Inquisitive would rather come and take a cup of tea with him; and, as that would best suit his family engagements, the invitation was accordingly accepted.

Mr. Inquis. How do you do, sir? I am come according to appointment, but I am sorry to see yourself and so many of your friends all in mourning; I am afraid there has been a sad mortality in the place.

Mr. Hon. Oh, no sir, we are all pretty well; but we are in deep mourning indeed for our minister, who was buried about a fortnight ago.

Inquis. What, is it the custom about these parts for people to go into mourning for their ministers? I never heard of such a custom in other places.

Hon. Perhaps not, sir; but out of respect to one we all so admired and loved, the whole parish almost, that could afford it, have thought proper to put on mourning. To be sure, he was one of the best young men that ever lived upon the earth.

Inquis. Well, I could not have thought that you should all distress yourselves so much on that score; no doubt but that you will soon get another clergyman in his place.

Hon. O yes, sir, we are sure to have a minister, while he is to have the tithes; but it is not every minister who will suit us after that most excellent creature, who is now no more.

Inquis. Oh, but you should all keep up your spirits, though I confess too many of the clergy are no better than they should be, yet others of them are very moral and sober; and perhaps the minister who succeeds him, may be a virtuous man also, and mind his duty, as well as the good gentleman you have lately lost.

Hon. Ah, sir, but we shall think ourselves ill suited, if we have one who has nothing further than the decency of a moral Heathen: we want the man who is blessed with the spirituality of the real Christian, and who, consequently, is given up to the love and service of God; and who wishes "to spend and be spent for Jesus Christ."

Inquis. Why, sir, the people in our parts are seldom so strict about their ministers.

Robert, the son of Mr. Honest. Such a minister as we have lost, may not be esteemed as a loss among those who have never felt the worth of religion on their own hearts; I am sure it was so with me. Till it pleased God to convert our late minister, I lived an unconverted Heathen myself; my father knows, to his cost, what a wretched turn of mind I was likely to take.

Inquis. Converted! Was it possible that he could be a clergyman and not a Christian? and I thought you and your whole family were all bred up in the same religion.

Hon. He was a fine Christian truly; nothing better than a sort of a good natured madman, running after all kinds of nonsense and fooleries; making the parish, if possible, ten times worse than he found it. If his head did not want to be converted to Christianity, I am sure his heart stood in sad need of being converted from its wickedness; and it is poor work to talk of Christianity, while many of us are as bad as Heathens, and others even worse.

Inquis. Oh, that is what you mean by conversion. I thought you meant he had changed his religion; but I confess yours is a better notion of conversion than mine.

Hon. But how can people who have no religion, change their religion? I never thought that either my son or our minister had any religion, when both of them were half mad for the want of it.

Inquis. Really, sir, what you say seems to interest me so much, that I should like to hear some further particulars about the young minister, whose death is so universally lamented. I cannot account for the difference; but, from my childhood I have been inquisitive after truth. I once read the history of all religions, till I was quite tired of reading about their nonsensical ceremonies and forms; religion must be something better than all that.

Hon. Oh, sir, had you known that invaluable young minister, you would have perceived that there is a difference when the grace of God takes possession of the heart; and in him the difference was so truly great and glorious, that it was to the admiration and astonishment of all. The last minister we had, who was only sent to die among us, old Mr. Mumble,

lived like a stupid log; and when he died, though the form was huddled over him, yet there was such a degree of indifference among all who attended, that it appeared to me as though he was "buried with the burial of an ass."

Inquis. Then it seems you had no great loss of him.

Hon. He was a mere piece of church lumber. But oh, what a difference took place in the parish, as soon as Mr. Merryman became a Christian indeed!

Inquis. How long has he been your minister?

Hon. About seven years. And at first when he came into the parish, I thought he would have made my son as wild and giddy as himself.

Rob. According to all human probability he would have ruined me, if God, by his grace and mercy, had not saved him; though it was not two years after he first came, before he proved himself to be an altered man indeed. And it struck me, when he would be seriously dissuading me against those very evils which had been all his delight, that such a wonderful change could never be accomplished but by God alone.

Inquis. I never thought about religion in this way before; I should like to hear more of your minister, and how he went on.

Rob. Dear man! as soon as he saw the evil of his ways, he would get up in the pulpit and weep over us, on account of the bad example he had set before us; and pray and beseech us in such a tender and affectionate manner, that he won all our hearts before we well knew where we were.

Hon. (*To his son.*) Ah! my dear child, I have as much reason to bless God for him as yourself; for though I have been kept from being wild and wicked, and have been just in my dealings between man and man, yet till it pleased God to convert dear Mr.

Merryman to the Christianity of the Bible, I was as ignorant of the grace and power of real religion as a mere Heathen.

Inquis. Well, it is a great blessing that your minister could persuade you to reform.

Rob. I have no reason to believe, that the reformation of my manners would ever have taken place, if it had not been for the renewal of my heart. But of that doctrine I fear the generality of us were entirely ignorant, till the meaning of it had been exemplified to us, by the life and preaching of dear Mr. Merryman. Oh, how he would stand and exhort us, and persuade and intreat us, with all fervency of spirit, "yearning over us in the bowels of Jesus Christ," that we might be reconciled to God, and find for ourselves the power of that salvation, by which a change so glorious had been made upon his own heart! But that most dear and precious servant of God is now no more! [*Poor Robert is quite overcome, and weeps abundantly, while all the family mingle with him their sympathetic tears.*]

Inquis. Well, I am very sorry for you all; I don't wonder now, that you put on mourning.

Rob. As to myself, I have lost the sweetest companion I ever met with, and I suppose, ever shall in all my life; though we were companions in the times of our ignorance, yet we never knew what the real sweets of friendship were, till after we were blessed with the grace of God in our hearts.

Hon. My son and he were like two brothers. Oh, how it used to delight us to see him come into our house! his disposition was so sweet, and all his ways were so engaging and kind.

Rob. (To Mr. Inquisitive.) Yes, sir, I have known him in my life, I knew him in death; and ever since he has had any thing which deserves the name of Christianity, both in and out of the pulpit, he was the Christian indeed.

Hon. I am sure I could not love a child of my own better than I loved him. It is impossible to tell the good he has been the instrument of doing to our family, after he became an altered man: and what sweet and edifying seasons we have passed in this room, where we now sit! Either he would say something good to us out of the Bible, or read us some profitable letters; or select passages out of different good books; or tell us some good news about others of his parishioners: nobody can tell how we feel the loss.

Inquis. It seems he was but a young man; how came you to lose him!

Rob. Dear man! while a putrid fever raged in the parish, he would go from house to house, and visit the most dangerous cases; attend among the most abject of the poor with the greatest tenderness and love; and thus he caught the disorder: and though he recovered of the fever, yet he died soon afterwards of a rapid decline.

Hon. Our feelings have been all sharply exercised by this event; he lay near a month in his fever, while, for several days, we expected every hour to be informed of his death. Oh, how our minds were racked between hope and fear, day after day. What a season of constant anxiety and suspence! And what a solemn gloom sat upon every countenance, while, evening after evening, our serious neighbours came into our house, to pray for the preservation of his precious life!

Mrs. Hon. I look upon it as a kind providence which preserved the life of our son, who was with him for a longer or a shorter time every day; they were so fond of each other!

Rob. Well, mother, and I humbly trust those visits will be a blessing to me, to the latest moments of my life. But oh, what an affecting scene it was! Poor Mrs. Merryman had scarcely lain in with her

first child a month, before she was called to nurse her husband, while she had to nurse her child also. There she would stand by his bed-side till her eyes began to float in tears; and then, from the agitation of her spirits, she would be obliged to retire.

Inquis. It seems they were a very happy pair.

Rob. Oh, sir, in their solid and affectionate regard and attention to each other, their conduct was the most exemplary that could be set before us.

Inquis. Your hopes and fears must have been much more excited by the event of his first having a fever, from which he recovered, in a measure, than if he had been removed from you by a consumption only.

Rob. A great deal; but then he had an opportunity of exemplifying more true Christian-patience and resignation; whereby he left such a testimony behind him, as I trust we never shall forget; he was so entirely resigned and given up to God.

Inquis. I suppose he must have been a man of amazing fortitude.

Rob. What is generally understood by fortitude, was not the principle by which he was supported; it was the animating cordial of the love of God upon his heart, which so wonderfully upheld him in death: though he was mostly in a stupor while he was in his fever, yet what precious things, at intervals dropt from his lips! at all times manifesting that his mind was kept in the most holy and submissive frame! And what was very remarkable, while he lay in this stupor, he would sometimes speak as though he was engaged in preaching to his congregation; and at other times he seemed to suppose that he was praying with them: and what he said on these occasions was astonishingly affecting and fine, even superior to what he ever said in the best days of his health.

Hon. We may judge by this, while his bodily

frame lay under such a stupor, yet his heart and spirit were quite alive in the blessed work of his Lord and Master; and at intervals he would be perfectly recollected.

Rob. But during one of these intervals, oh, how it affected me when visiting him a day or two after, I found him quite low and in tears; and when I asked him what was the cause of it, he cried, "Oh, what would I give could I recal the time when, as a wicked and careless minister, both in my life and doctrine, I was the cause of the ruin and delusion of so many souls! It was all my doing, that poor Bob Trifler was invited to the ball, whereby he caught the fever which carried him to the grave. Though I doubt not that God has forgiven me, yet I am ashamed to think how wicked I have been." And when I began mentioning the good he had done since he had been blessed with the grace of God, and mentioned myself as one that would have eternal reason to bless God for his ministry, he seemed to smile, took me by the hand, and said, "Yes, my dear Robert, and this is the only reason that makes me wish to live, that I may bring more sinners to Jesus Christ." Then the gloom soon dispersed, while he in general lay happy and composed.

Mrs. Hon. I shall never forget the night in which I sat up with him, for we all took it by turns to nurse the dear man, while many of us thought it would be the last night of his life, with what wonderful melody he broke forth and sang:

"The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty and endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
There oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

" There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin:
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns."

While he thus lay, I thought I would not interrupt him. He soon broke out again, as though he had forgot himself, and then cried, " When will my dearest Saviour come?" and then he again sang with greater rapture still:

" He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend.
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace,
For evermore."

While he was thus singing, I went up to his bedside. He caught my eye, and said, " Oh, Mrs. Honest, what made you pull me down? what made you pull me down? I thought I was going up into glory, with thousands of singing spirits with me, and was singing with them; and that somehow my soul was all full of singing and praise, for the redeeming love of Christ." Soon after this, he seemed to be going quite off, as he lay without recollection for several hours. During that time, the report was circulated that he was actually dead; and no one can tell the feelings of the people on the occasion. The next day, however, contrary to all expectation, he revived; and appeared, by slow degrees, to be upon the recovery.

Hon. And he was so far recovered as to be able to attend the duties of the church for four Sabbaths. Oh, how delighted we all were to see him again,

though in great weakness, staggering abroad, for a little air and exercise, in hopes that his strength would be fully restored. And when his father-in-law, Mr. Worthy, who had frequently been to see him, sent his chaise for his use, that he might enjoy the benefit of the air and moderate exercise; how every body was blessing God to see him yet alive with us! he smiling again upon his affectionate friends and neighbours, while they beheld him as one risen from the dead.

Rob. After this you know he and Mrs. Merryman went and passed a week at Mr. Worthy's; and upon his return he appeared somewhat recruited, though very weak; and the Sundy after that he preached for the first time after his illness. Oh, what uncommon joy we all felt on that occasion, while every hand and heart was lifted up in thankfulness for the mercy! For, though he was led up the aisle with much weakness, yet we lived in hopes that his health would be restored. What a sermon he gave us from these words, "My soul is even as a weaned child:" and in what an affectionate spirit he addressed us, while he told the feelings of his own mind during his sickness; hoping that the solemn warning he had received might quicken his zeal, that he might be enabled with greater earnestness to entreat us, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. In short, the affectionate spirit, in which he addressed us, was too much for himself and all his congregation.

Hon. From that very sermon I thought there was too much of heaven in him to live long upon earth; and, from the first, I had my forebodings, lest the cough, which interrupted him during the service, might settle on his lungs.

Rob. Why, on the Sunday afterwards, he seemed to revive our hopes that he might recover, though his cough certainly continued.

Hon. But on the Sunday after that, you know, my dear, how much our fears were excited by the increase of his cough, and its terrible hollow sound, by which we were all again so universally alarmed; our hopes now began to sink faster than they were formerly raised.

Inquis. No wonder at it; for you could have no hopes of his recovery from a consumption; but it is a pity he did not take more care of himself, and abstain from preaching.

Hon. Sir, it was his design to have lain by for the recovery of his health; and Mr. Worthy had written to Mr. Brightman, an excellent young man, belonging to one of the Universities, to come and supply for him; but as Mr. Brightman* could not come so soon as he was desired, especially as he could not get another acceptable supply, the dear man was determined to attempt to preach on the Sunday following.

Inquis. Surely he was too anxious to preach while in so weak a state.

Rob. Sir, his anxiety to preach was so strong, that there was no keeping him out of the pulpit; all the time he was ill, his desire to return again to his delightful work was ardent and perpetual. But, alas! the following Sunday was the last we ever enjoyed with him.

Inquis. Could you have foreseen that this would have been his last sermon, it would have rendered it a most affecting sermon indeed.

Hon. Oh, sir, as we knew he meant to remove to Brookfield for the recovery of his health, we had our strong forebodings that it would be the last time we ever should see him in the pulpit; and the church

* This Mr. Brightman is a very near relation to the Mr. Brightman mentioned in Dialogue IVth.

was so crowded—I never saw such a scene in all my life!—(*He is too much affected to continue.*)

Rob. And after Mr. Sedate, Dr. Orderly's curate, had read prayers, (for both the good doctor and his curate were remarkably attentive to our dear minister, during his illness,) he got up to preach, and his appearance alarmed us more than ever. What a text he took, and how we were all struck at his delivery of it!

Inquis. What was the text?

Rob. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." How he described the glories of the eternal world, our perfect deliverance from sin, and our everlasting enjoyment of God! with what rapture he mentioned those words, in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more! how he begged and intreated us as for his life to accept these unutterable joys, and to fly from the wrath to come, as it was, probably, the last exhortation we might ever receive from his lips, that might so soon be closed in death. His very soul was so deeply engaged in the subject, that he could not speak without a tear, while the hearts of all the people were melted down as the heart of one man. The dear man had not addressed us above fifteen minutes, when he was so overcome by his own feelings, and the heat of the church, through the excessive crowd, that he quite fainted away. What a scene we saw when he was carried from that pulpit, from whence we had received such an abundance of good! I believe this astonishing young spiritual Sampson slew more by these his loving strokes at his death, than ever he slew throughout all his life; but his poor body fell under these exertions.

Hon. I rather thought from the first that it was a

confirmed consumption. You know he never stood long in the pulpit; not above half his usual time: nor yet was he able to exert himself as formerly, though he preached so delightfully. But on the Tuesday following, after a severe fit of coughing, he burst a blood-vessel, and then we began entirely to give him over. And, you know, two days after this Mr. Worthy sent for him and his wife, who was obliged, through grief, to part with the dear infant, to hang upon the breast of another woman, who was not its mother, in order that she might devote the utmost care to her dying husband, through the last stages of his disease. And oh, what an abundance of tears were shed while they thus passed through our village to Brookfield Hall: all of us concluding that we should never see him again, who was so much beloved and respected by us!

Rob. You know, father, I went to visit him several times when he was at Brookfield; and, I bless God, I did. What patience and resignation he showed throughout the whole of his sickness! He would say, that God had given him every earthly enjoyment that his heart could wish; that it would be hard parting with such an affectionate wife, and his new born babe, and a congregation that he loved as his own soul; but that he now could give them all up. That he only had to breathe out his soul into the hands of God, saying, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done."

Hon. Perhaps Mr. Inquisitive would like to hear what an affecting conversation took place between Mr. Merryman and his father, who came to see him at Brookfield before he died.

Rob. Mr. Merryman was greatly agitated as soon as he heard his father designed to come and see him: and the first interview was affecting indeed. The father seeing his son, though lately a fine person-

able young man, so reduced, at once melted into tears, and cried, "Oh my child, I am sorry I did not set you a better example when you was young, as that may have been the cause of driving you into this extreme in religion which has brought you into your present state." Mr. Merryman cried, "Oh my dear father, what a mercy that I was not the cause of my own death, while living in the mad and wild ways of sin. What consolation could I have obtained, if I had been in the like situation then, as I am now?" His father added: "But my dear child, why did you run into danger by thus visiting the sick?" Mr. Merryman answered, "O my dear father, duty called and I obeyed. I am sorry you should grieve over one, who feels more joy and happiness than words can express, adding, I have 'a hope full of immortality:' believing in that blessed Christ, who has changed my heart, and pardoned all my sins, I can 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' After this, though in extreme weakness he addressed his father in the most affectionate manner, assuring him that there was a reality in religion, which he humbly intreated him to seek after, as the greatest blessing that could be enjoyed in life, and the only cordial that could support us when sinking in the arms of death; begging with many tears that he would mention the same to his dear mother, while he made it his last request that they would both seek for the salvation of their souls.

Inquis. The father must have been much affected at such an exhortation.

Rob. Very much so indeed, and they say a considerable alteration has taken place in his conduct. God grant it may be lasting!

Hon. I think you were with him the day before he died.

Rob. Yes: and I never shall forget with what holy

triumph he expressed himself, while all the family stood weeping around his bed. "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen." The last words I heard him utter were, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," that by faith I can say, with St. Stephen, 'Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right-hand of God.' I shall soon be there." After this I saw no more of him till he was brought back in a hearse; for it was his earnest desire to be buried among us.

Inquis. I suppose, that the funeral of such a man must have been a most solemn scene.

Hon. I don't think that in the memory of man such a funeral was ever known in our parish before. Almost all the inhabitants in our large village, who could get themselves a little decent mourning, went nearly two miles out of town to meet the hearse, that they might follow him to the grave. You might read the deepest grief upon every countenance.

Rob. Why, father, how could it be otherwise, when the cause of our grief was so universal? Was he not the kind father and instructor of every poor man's child? Was he not the husband of every dejected widow? Was there a case of distress, that he was not affectionately willing to attend to? Was it possible to have a minister more zealous and attentive for the good of our souls; more kind and friendly as a neighbour, and more exemplary in every point of view as an example to the flock of Christ, which he fed with so much simplicity of wisdom and spiritual understanding! And when the funeral procession entered the church, surely a more solemn scene was never exhibited! Oh, could you hear but half the stories of his merciful attention to human

woe, you would never have been astonished at the people's affection. But what made the scene by far more affecting was, that dear Mr. Lovegood, who was the instrument in the hand of God to bring him to the knowledge of the powerful truths of the Gospel, had to lay him in the grave. He was so affected, that after several attempts he could not proceed. At length Mr. Brightman, who was sent for to supply for Mr. Merryman, was obliged to perform that office; and while they were preparing to put the corpse into the grave, it was designed, that the children of the Sunday School should sing a solemn funeral hymn; but instead of singing, recollecting the dear friend and instructor they had last, they all burst into tears, and wept aloud over his grave.

Inquis. How could you all stend such a moving sight?

Rob. Alas! the tears of the poor children affected us all in such a manner, that there was scarcely a dry eye in the place.

Shopman. Sir, Mr. and Mrs. Rhymer are in the shop.

Mrs. Hon. (*To her husband.*) Do, my dear, step out and invite them in. (*To Mr. Inquisitive.*) Sir, they are only two of our neighbours. The gentleman is a respectable tanner. Poor things, their hearts are as much broken down as ours, on account of our loss. [*Mr. and Mrs. Rhymer come in and the conversation recommences.*]

Hon. Sir, we were lamenting before this gentleman, who is a rider from Manchester, our sad loss in our minister; he wondered to find us all in mourning; and we have told him the cause of it.

Inquis. Why really, sir, having been so much engaged in business, and in riding about from place to place for orders, I fear I have never thought of these things as I ought. I hope that the cause of your grief will do me good, and lead me to consider matters more attentively.

Rob. I pray God, it may ! I hope still that his death may be the life of many ; for even the very enemies of religion so greatly admired his character, that they never speak of him but in terms of the highest respect. And now they join with us in lamenting the loss of him exceedingly.

Rhym. But, sir, I am come to tell you who is to be our new rector.

Hon. I fear we are in no hopes of having another Mr. Merryman ; but who is it ?

Rhym. Sir, it is Mr. Tugwell ; he got it by being the pot companion of Mr. Toper, who is nearly related to the patron.

Hon. Oh, that will be shocking.

Rhym. Not so shocking as you think for.

Hon. Why what good can we ever get from an ignorant careless glutton ?

Rhym. Why that is the comfort of it, he is so careless, that, if he can but pamper his appetite, he cares no more about religion, than that Heathen magistrate, Gallio, of old. I believe he thinks of nothing but about taking care of his body, and he says the people may have who they like best to take care of their souls for them ; for he knows that all the people will run away from the church, and build themselves another place, unless they have one of *Merryman's way of thinking*.

Rob. Oh, what a mercy it would be, if he would but let Mr. Brightman be his curate ! He is a young man of very great ability, and, I humbly trust, blessed with real Christianity.

Rhym. Well, I am told from pretty good authority, that he will have no objection to Mr. Brightman's having the curacy, provided he will be contented with forty pounds a year !—At the same time he means to raise the tythes, that he may pay the salary.

Inquis. A mean old glutton! How does he think that any one can live in these times for forty pounds a year?

Hon. Oh, well, never mind that, if we may but have a minister among us who preaches and lives the word of life. Should this be the case, what an unexpected blessing will be conferred upon us!

Rhym. Really, sir, I am happy to tell you, that it is almost a settled business; and my errand here this evening, was to lay a plan, that Mr. Brightman may be provided with some suitable support.

Rob. Blessed be God, this is the best news I have heard since our dear minister died. Father, how glad shall I be to work the harder, if you will but subscribe to Mr. Brightman's support.

Hon. I shall do it, my dear, with the utmost cheerfulness; and blessed be God that I have somewhat to spare for so good a cause!

Rhym. It will be much less expence to us to pay the curate, than build a place and provide a minister for ourselves. Besides, none of us want to leave the church, unless we are compelled to it, as thousands are by the bad doctrine and conduct of some of its ministers: and I can tell you also, that Mr. Worthy of Brookfield-hall means to subscribe ten guineas a year towards Mr. Brightman's support, together with ourselves.

Hon. What a generous heart he has got!

Rhym. Oh, sir, we shall not want supporters, if we can but keep the Gospel in the church.

Mrs. Hon. Well, well, we will dry up all our tears notwithstanding our heavy loss, should God restore to us the enjoyment of those mercies, which we have forfeited by our unprofitable attendance. In the midst of judgment he has remembered mercy, and we will praise his name.

The reader will be very thankful to hear that, soon after Mr. Brightman became the curate of Sandover, things went on the same as when Mr. Merryman was their rector. Their new rector Tugwell continued no longer among them than was necessary for himself, in raising the tythes, which were demanded with great moderation by the invaluable Mr. Merryman. Mr. Tugwell, however, to make up matters, gave leave to his curate to add to the pittance of his salary by raising his surplice fees. His maxim was to get all he could, and to give as little as he could: as soon as he had raised the living upwards of another good round hundred, that he might have more to consume in good eating and drinking, away he drove.

The friends of the late Mr. Merryman, however, behaved with much more generosity than to leave Mr. Brightman under the necessity of wringing the money out of the poor people's pockets by the surplice fees; while he, being a man of very lucid and brilliant abilities, it is to be hoped, that he will be kept as humble as he is able, and then the loss of dear Mr. Merryman will be little felt, though, whenever recollected, much lamented.

Thus the reader has the conclusion of my dramatic attempts, and, if I may presume to anticipate, what may be the general sentiments of the public, I should suppose remarks similar to what follow may be expressed:—

"This Mr. Lovegood is neither a bigotted churchman nor a friend to stiff dissenters; he is neither one thing nor another, and for this, the rigid professors, on both sides of the question, will *give it* the author on *both sides of his ears.*" This, however, will be to him nothing more than *the old thing over again.*

" He has lashed, say some, the *regular* clergy with the most contemptuous severity."—Not the *regular* clergy.—Look at their names and characters, and say, for the credit of the church, Are these the *regular* clergy? The *regular* clergy he has treated with respect.

" A wicked wretch! he hates the church, and wants to overturn it! If it be not overturned by the above-mentioned *regular* clergy, *regularly wicked*, it will never be overturned by him. Indeed! Indeed! he loves the church and wishes for its reformation.

" But we are sure he hates bitterly the state; and Mr. Spiteful and his comrades will prove the fact." When he and his adherents * leave off abusing the government, under which they are protected themselves, they will then be left at liberty to make good their mad and wanton charges against others as fast as they can.

" He is at times much too jocular."—How was the poor author to act under this charge? Some have privately advised a graver style, others have said, " Let every man appear in his own dress." He only begs, that his kind critics would bear with him; for if, at one time, he has been too jocular, at another time he has been too dull.

" He has been holding up the doctrine of faith without works!" Strange assertion! let the reader put on his spectacles, for his sight cannot be clear, and read again; and then see, if the whole design of the book be not to prove that real Christianity inspires holiness to God, devotedness to his glory, and universal benevolence towards all mankind.—" But he is certainly an advocate for the old free grace notions of the reformers."—Yes, and let our modern

* The Anti-Jacobin Reviewers, who have done more by their inflammatory publications in kindling the present war than any other set of scribblers besides.

reformers of the doctrines of the reformation prove, that they have done more against all the wickedness existing in this day, than those great men of God did in their day against popery and its concomitant evils; and the point is given up.

"But what will that terrible literary phlalanx, the Reviewers, say?" Oh, that matter is easily settled; they, like wise men of Gotham, tell the world, even by the title page of their books, under whose service they have registered their brains and pens; the man who minds them (I speak of them as a body) proves he has no mind of his own; and the greatest literary amusement a man can have, if he has but time, is to read their most curious contradictions of each other. It appears, that a certain set of these reviewers has already discovered, that the writer of these dialogues is both a Solomon and a fool. If, however he may be permitted to speak for himself, he has been writing for no party—he wishes matters to stand as they are—he is for the existence of an establishment, together with a free toleration to all dissenters, under the protection of the most excellent constitution, on which our government is framed—he is for no revolutions; as whatever corruptions may defile us, an excellent platform for reformation is always before us.

May that blessing, which is from above, be upon every reader, that whatever has been represented that is evil, may be detested and rejected: and, on the contrary, may all that has been exhibited, which is lovely, honest, and of good report, be the abundant portion of every reader's heart.

FINIS.

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